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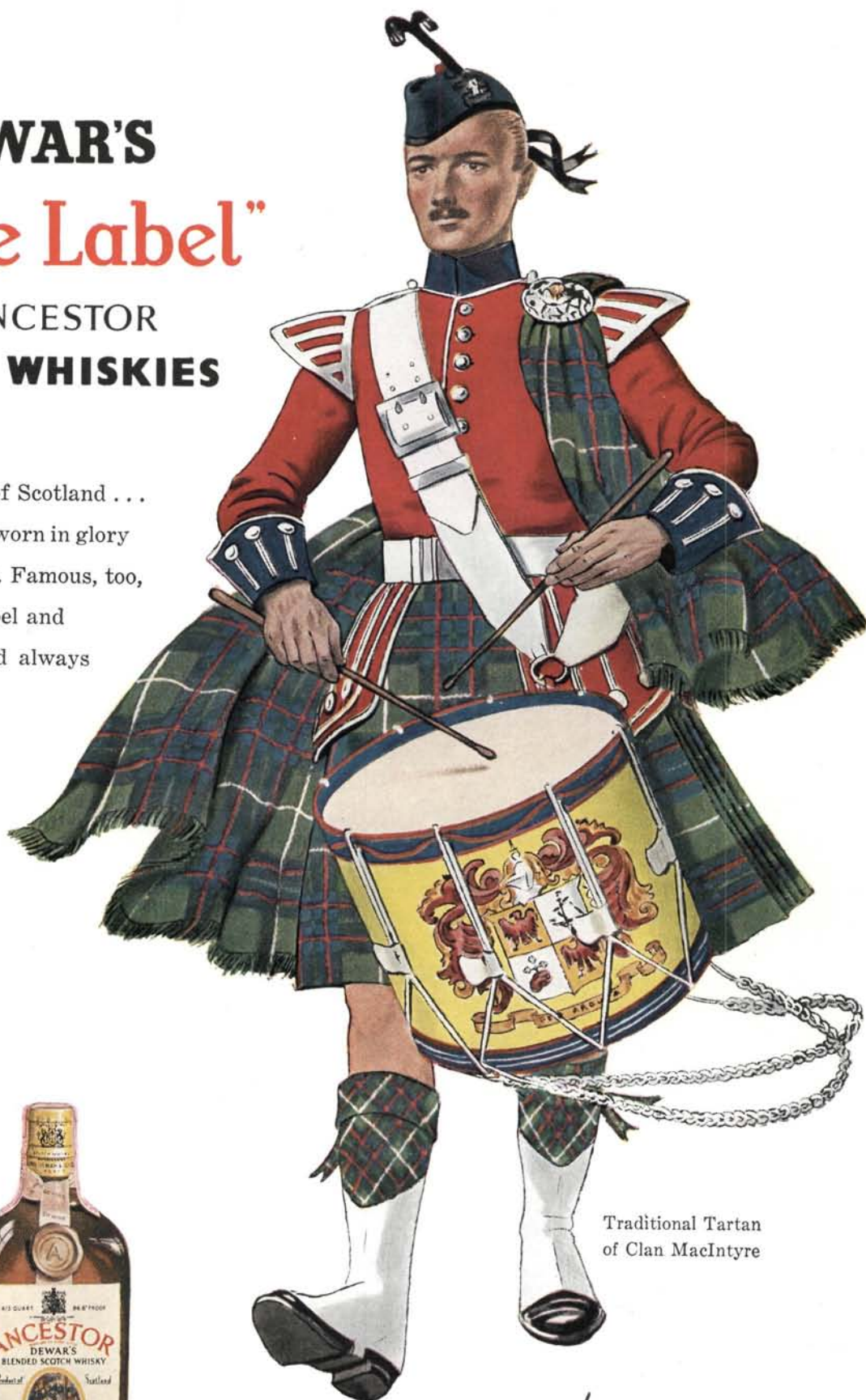
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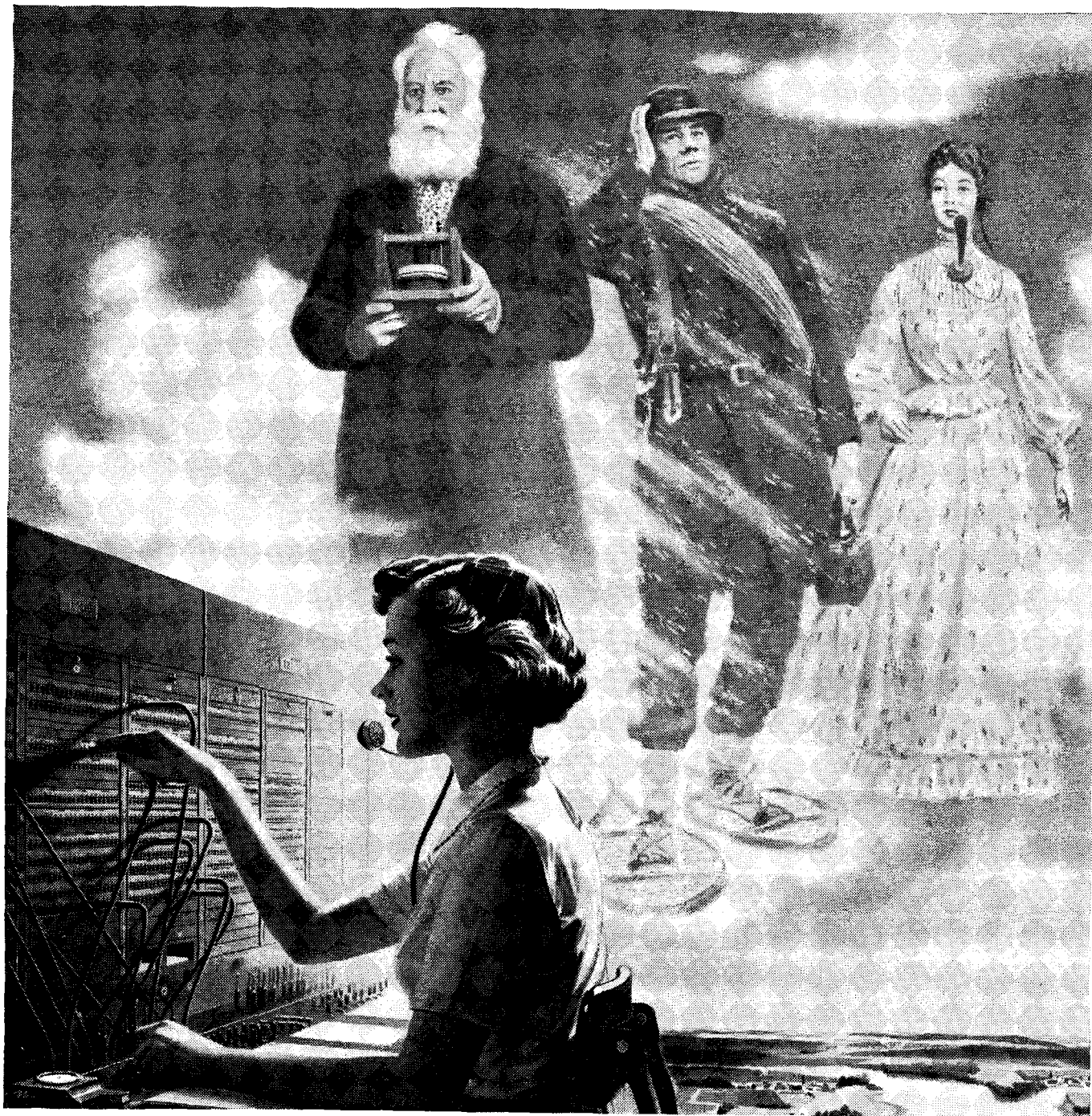
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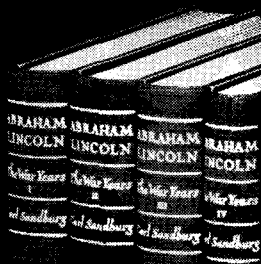
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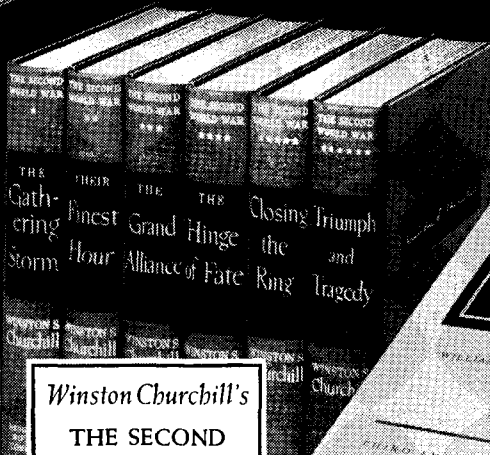
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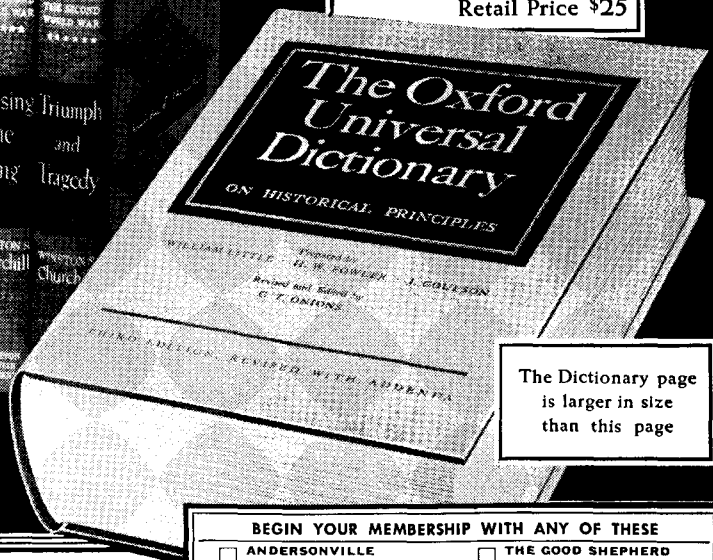


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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

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Red China



URGENT economic and political reasons have caused the Chinese Communists to accelerate greatly the process of collectivizing agriculture. From the resultant turmoil, Peiping expects to secure tighter control over the peasantry and more grain for the state.

There are no indications that this situation might get out of hand; in analyzing developments in China today the observer always must come back to the central fact that rigid political control already exists. In spite of this, the stiff new rural policy has provoked a crisis in the villages.

This policy was announced dramatically last July 31 by Mao Tse-tung in his first really important public pronouncement since 1951. This was the now famous speech in which Mao criticized many comrades — including, presumably, a number in high places — for “walking unsteadily, like women with bound feet.” Specifically, he condemned them for slowing down the rate of development of agricultural producers’ coöperatives, the interim stage between land reform and the full collectivization of agriculture.

Mao ordered the pace doubled, choosing to ignore the quite valid reasons for the slowdown. Principal among these was peasant discontent; many peasants who became landowners for the first time through the land reform of 1950–51 viewed the formation of coöperatives as the first step toward state appropriation of their recently acquired holdings.

The peasants’ understandable efforts to make the most out of their new property have been condemned officially as a “spontaneous tendency toward capitalism.” In his speech Mao said, in effect,

that any slowing down of the revolution would be disastrous; the party must again seize the initiative in the countryside.

Mao also chose to ignore the serious shortage of trained party workers in the villages; he directed that the job be pushed through with the means at hand. At Mao’s command party workers at all levels snapped to attention; the newspapers which only the day before had been weightily justifying the slowdown did a complete about-face. Within three months the number of coöperatives jumped from 650,000 to 1,240,000. It now is planned to bring between 75 and 85 per cent of all peasant households into coöperatives by 1958.

This program has great political importance, but the urgency behind Mao’s directive sprang from China’s pressing need for more grain to finance its ambitious industrial program. Already, for lack of finance, a number of industrial projects have been curtailed; and in China grain is the principal source of investment capital.

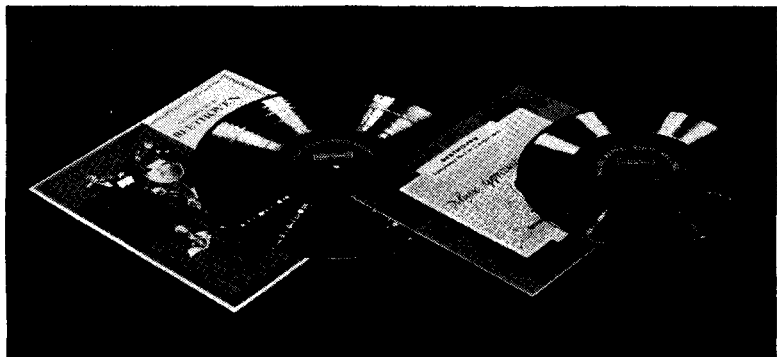
The state tightens the reins

The organization of the peasant population into coöperatives is intended to increase the state’s share of grain production. As long as the peasants are allowed to raise grain on an individual basis they eat more; consequently the state gets less. The coöperatives will ensure closer control of the peasants; in the future the government, in effect, will measure out each bowl of rice the peasant eats.

While coöperatives were being formed at the old slow rate, the Communists endeavored to boost the state’s share of the crop through quotas, rationing, and a state monopoly of the grain trade. This re-

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The Atlantic Report on Red China



duced peasant initiative and was inadequate as a control device. A disgruntled peasant working his own farm can slow down easily enough. But he would find this very difficult as a member of a co-operative of 20 or 25 families, the more so since the state sets every man to spy on his neighbor.

Membership in the coöperatives, in theory, is voluntary. Initially, although the largest dividend will be paid for labor, members will also be paid for land they contribute to the coöperatives. The differential must be carefully adjusted so as to attract both the poorest peasants and those who have a little land to lose.

In the "higher" stage, ownership of land and draft animals becomes collective, and only the dividend for labor will be paid. The regulations for the coöperative drive have set no schedule for this transition; these decisions will be made at lower levels as the process goes on, thus adding to the heavy responsibilities of village political workers.

The crisis in agriculture comes at a most crucial time—midway through the first five-year plan. The Chinese Communists claim they will lay "a firm foundation for the social and technical reform of the national economy" by 1967. This eighteen-year program dates from 1949 and consists of three years of "economic recovery" (1949–1952) followed by three five-year plans.

There was little real planning during the first two years of the current five-year plan. Early proposals for vast projects were followed by revisions and reductions, experimentation, and piecemeal planning on a year-to-year basis. Last August, almost one third of the way through the eighteen-year period, the Communists published for the first time their plans for the earlier stages of economic development. The 1952 industrial production is to be increased 98.3 per cent by 1957, and the gross value of both industrial and agricultural production is then to be 51.1 per cent greater than 1952.

These spectacular percentages are misleading, because the Chinese start out with such a small industrial plant. It will be many years before China can become a real industrial power. Nonetheless, if the Chinese reach these goals—and it seems quite possible they will—it will represent significant progress for an economy as backward as China's.

Accent on bigness

Following the Soviet model, the emphasis is on heavy industry at the expense of consumer goods.

By the end of the first five-year plan, steel production is to be tripled, machine-building plants will be expanded two and a half times, electric power capacity will be doubled, and crude oil production will be more than quadrupled. The transportation plan concentrates on improving the double-track existing railways, completing the new rail links with the Soviet Union, and constructing strategic railroads in south China, opposite Formosa.

Everywhere bigness is stressed; the first plan is organized around 156 large projects, designed by Soviet technicians and equipped, to a great extent, by the Soviet Union. Many of the most important projects, including the new steel centers near Hankow and at Paotow, in Inner Mongolia, will not be completed until 1961 or 1962.

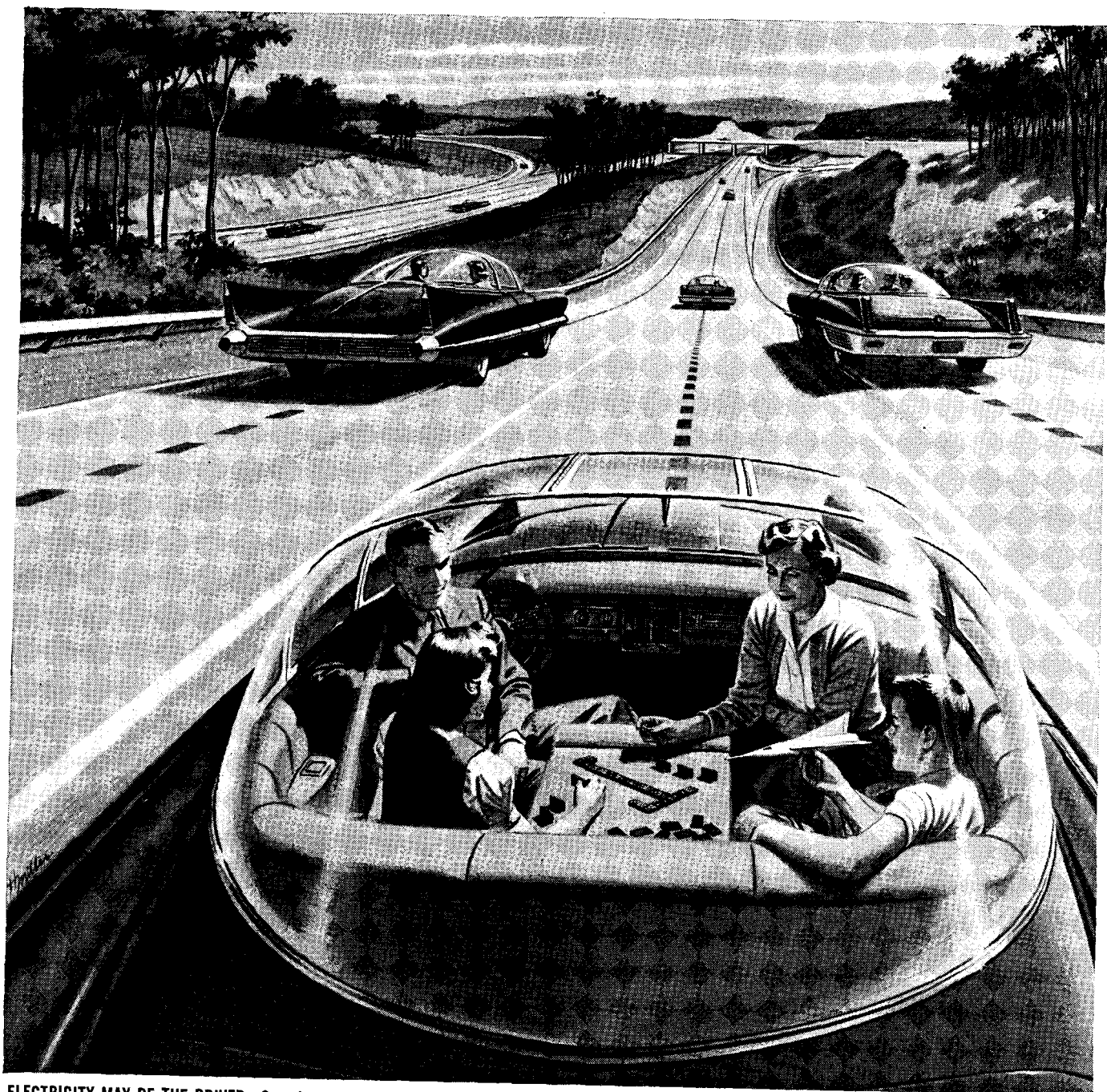
There have been changes in the plan even since its publication last summer. Originally there was to be a definite but fairly gradual increase in the number of state-owned and joint state and private enterprises, at the expense of private firms. Last October, however, in his second major speech of the year, Mao Tse-tung called for a speed-up in the liquidation of private enterprise, and this may well affect some of the plan's production targets.

Getting the intellectuals into line

This quickened tempo in the continuing revolution by no means has been confined to agriculture and industry. The Communists hold that any pause or any slackening of pressure is dangerous, especially in victory. During 1955, therefore, an attack on so-called counterrevolutionaries (a term that may be applied to anyone) was launched, cultural circles and Christianity were brought under heavy fire, and even greater stress was laid on the need for tighter discipline within the party itself.

The new campaign against counterrevolutionaries was really an intensification of a process which has never stopped. This phase got under way only in the second half of the year. Yet, in July, Shih Liang, the unsmiling lady who is Minister of Justice, revealed that from January, 1954, until May, 1955, no less than 364,604 cases involving counterrevolutionaries or economic saboteurs had been tried by the People's Courts.

Early in 1955 a pronounced effort was made to frighten intellectuals into unquestioning submission once and for all. Such campaigns need scapegoats, and in this case it was an unfortunate writer and critic named Hu Feng, who, though never a party member, had supported the party from the early



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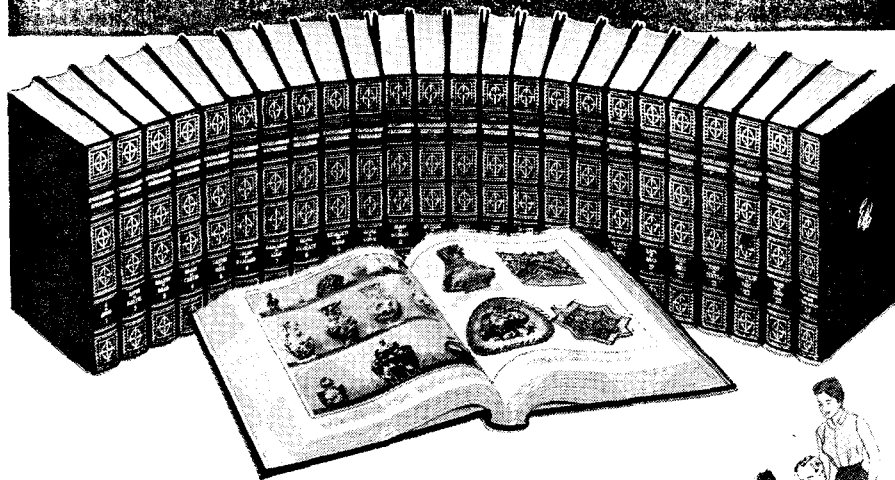
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years of the revolution. He made the mistake of maintaining that writers and artists should be allowed some individuality, even under Communism; and with that the roof fell in upon him.

Literally millions of words of denunciation were written about Hu Feng. During this intensive campaign, his name became a household word, well known even to peasants who could not have begun to read one of his books.

In September, Peiping began a new persecution of Catholics, obviously designed to eliminate the church's last remaining influence in China. The Communists continued to maintain the fiction that there is freedom of religion in China even as hundreds of Chinese Catholic priests and thousands of laymen were being rounded up and marched off to prison.

These campaigns, and others like them, invariably were used to emphasize the need for more rigorous discipline in the party itself. Thus the case of Hu Feng served a double purpose. It was a warning to writers, artists, intellectuals, and the public in general; and it alerted party members for what the *People's Daily* termed the "stern fight against the degenerates and class undesirables who have slipped into the party." Throughout 1955, heavy, insistent stress was laid upon the need for party purification. Mao's comments on party responsibilities in agriculture gave this the authority of gospel — and, incidentally, put an end to speculation that Mao no longer was actively directing affairs in Peiping.

Diplomatic gains

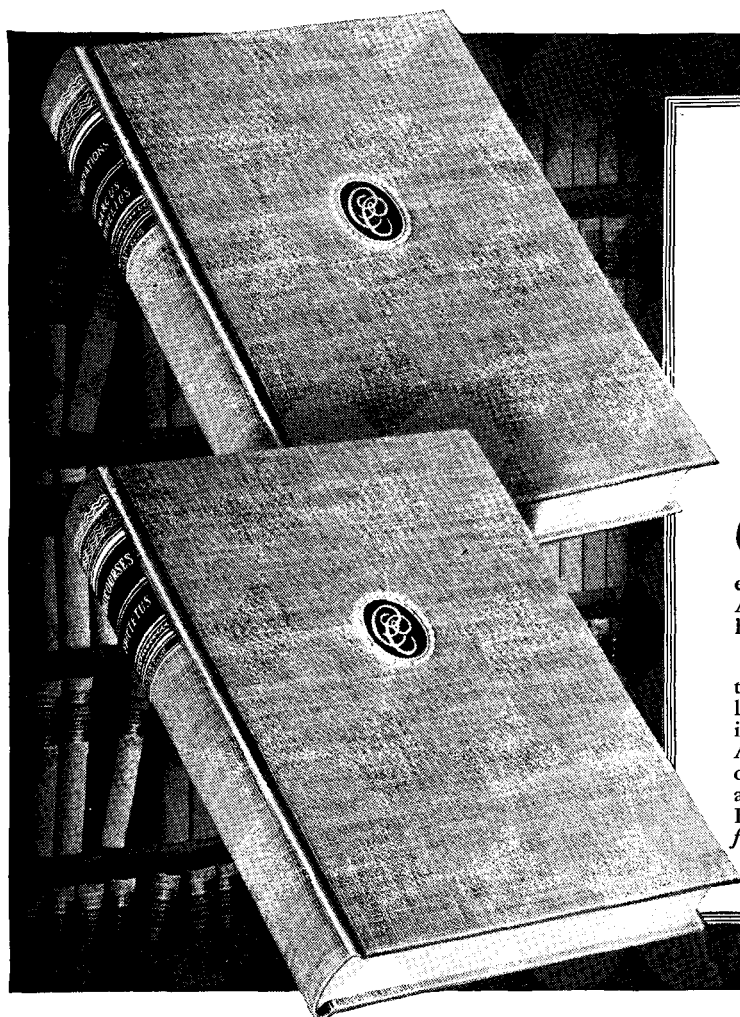
Despite all this domestic turmoil, the Chinese Communists have displayed a confident attitude on the international scene, and in Asia particularly they scored notable domestic gains during 1955. The Bandung Conference, at which Chou En-lai completely overshadowed Nehru, is an example. Chinese intransigence at Geneva reflects the same confidence that Chou displayed at Bandung.

Indeed, in a remarkably short time Communist China has emerged as the most powerful force in Asia. Asiatics, who have great respect for strength, are well aware of this. Peace is a popular theme in Asia today, but a

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number of neighboring governments subscribe to Chou En-lai's much-publicized "five principles" simply because they fear China.

For, while the Chinese Communists talk blandly about peaceful coexistence, they maintain the world's second largest army. It no longer is a peasant army. It is being modernized on the Soviet pattern, and the recent conscription law is designed to provide technicians for the new army, navy, and air force.

Furthermore, the first five-year plan is geared largely to military requirements, and in every budget more money is allotted for military purposes than for economic development. Communist China is arming with an urgency and a secrecy that contrast strikingly with all the talk of peace.

In their daily claims that China wants peace, Peiping's propagandists always make it clear that Formosa and the offshore islands are a special case. This inconsistency does not necessarily bother their Asian neighbors: India takes a similar attitude toward Kashmir and Goa, and so

does Indonesia toward western New Guinea. Last November, in a move clearly intended to fit in with Indian agitation over Goa, Peiping laid claim to Macao, the tiny Portuguese settlement on the south coast of China.

Meanwhile, much of Communist China's military effort since the end of the Korean War has been concentrated on transforming the coastal area facing Formosa into a powerful military zone. New airfields are being constructed in the provinces of Chekiang and Fukien, and existing ones enlarged to handle jets; seasoned army units from Korea have replaced less experienced troops; and work is being rushed on a strategic railroad that will link the port of Amoy, directly opposite Formosa, with China's main rail network.

These preparations would imply that the Communists still intend to invade Formosa. For what it is worth, however, Chou En-lai and other leaders in Peiping have stated recently in private conversations with Western diplomats that they are convinced that Formosa will come into their hands without an invasion. Although

Peiping hardly ever mentions Formosa without threatening war, it may well be that this is a diplomatic stratagem rather than a statement of intention.

Peace as a tool

Peace has been the principal topic of Peiping officials who, during 1955, entertained more than 200 visiting foreign delegations. They have also dwelt at great length on the profits to be made in unrestricted trade with China. With the possible exception of the Soviet Union, delegations from Japan have easily outnumbered those from any other country. A threatening economic situation, need for cheaper raw materials, and a long history of trade with China make the Japanese susceptible to the Chinese argument that Japan would be much better off if she would simply disregard international strategic export controls.

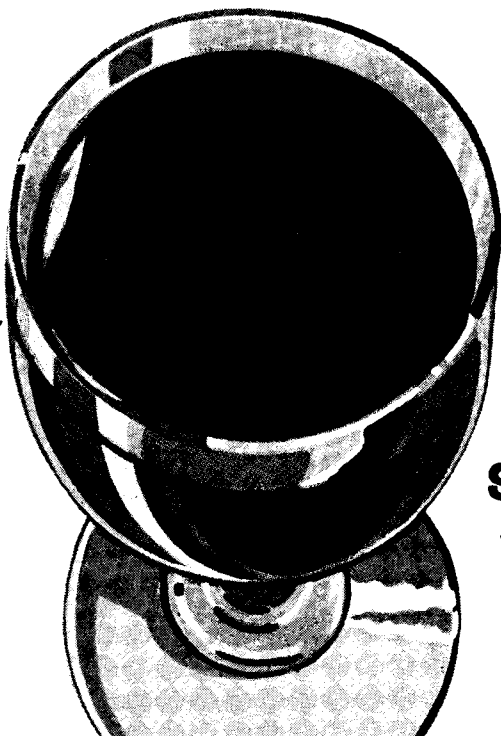
Although it is true that Sino-Japanese trade would increase if the embargo were lifted, and equally true that China's demand for equipment from abroad is very great, the real limitations to trade with China are the overwhelming orientation of Chinese trade toward the Soviet bloc and China's limited export capacity. Here again the grain problem plays an important part.

Communist China's all-out effort in 1955 to win non-Communist friends does not mean there has been any substantial change in the Sino-Soviet alliance. The relationship remains a firm one. Dutiful praise of the Soviet Union by now has become a built-in feature of all Chinese Communist propaganda; and last fall the Chinese helped the Russians boost Soviet prestige in Asia by inviting many Asiatics to a Soviet industrial fair in Canton. Clearly Communist China now is a partner rather than a mere satellite.

During the past year non-Communist visitors to China saw much to criticize, even on their carefully circumscribed tours. Most of them were deeply depressed by the drab unsmiling uniformity that has been imposed on a cheerful, highly individual race of people. They were repelled by the cruel, calculated use of fear as the principal weapon of control. But all agreed that a new power has risen in the East, and come to stay.

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Turkey

IN GIVING open support to the conflicting claims of their Greek and Turkish “compatriots” in Cyprus, both Athens and Ankara have piled new fuel on the embers of a latent nationalism and dealt a deadly blow to the fragile Balkan alliance. As far as Turkey is concerned, the prominence that the popular agitation against Greece has assumed is thought by many experienced observers to be due to the Menderes government’s deliberate desire to divert public attention from a growingly serious economic situation at home. The anti-Greek riots which erupted in Istanbul and Izmir last September have also been used by Ankara to introduce a regime of martial law and to tighten the gag already placed on the freedom of all opposition elements.

The ostensible cause of the turmoil is the island of Cyprus, which lies so close to Turkey’s southern coast that it is visible from the mainland on a clear day. About 100 miles long and 50 miles wide, Cyprus has a population of some 400,000 Orthodox Christians who call themselves Greeks and 100,000 Moslems who call themselves Turks. Racially they are a mixture of many different peoples, and in their veins flows the blood of those countless mariners, freebooters, fishermen, and traders who have sailed these seas since the legendary day that the goddess Aphrodite rose out of the sea at Paphos on the island’s southern coast.

Cyprus under British rule

Ever since 1878, when Disraeli obtained the Sultan’s permission to occupy the island with British forces, Cyprus has been administered by the English. Today this beautiful island enjoys a higher standard of living than any other area in the Middle East. With its balmy Mediterranean climate, it would probably also be one of the most peaceful places in this troubled part of the world but for those Greek agitators who in the past few years have stirred up a hornets’ nest of opposition to British rule.

The Turkish inhabitants of Cyprus have been British subjects ever since 1914, when England annexed the island at the start of the First World War. In the forty years that have elapsed since then they have had little to do with Turkey and

they have manifested no discontent with British administration. The one thing they have never wanted, however, is to be placed under Greek rule. In the last year, as Greek agitation for the annexation of the island by Greece has mounted, these Turkish-speaking Cypriotes have grown more and more alarmed. Their cause has been espoused by Ankara, and a highly emotional interest in their “plight” has been worked up throughout Turkey.

The opening step in this campaign was the establishment some time ago of a government-sponsored committee flaunting the inflammatory title *Kıbrıs Türk* (“Cyprus is Turkish”). The title is a reflection of the widely held Turkish claim that, since Cyprus was an Ottoman possession for three centuries before the British arrived, it should, if it is to change hands at all, revert to Turkey. Prior to the September disturbances this committee was very active and it plastered *Kıbrıs Türk* posters on street walls and windows everywhere, and even on the façades of shops owned by Greek citizens.

Paralleling this was a press and radio campaign, orchestrated by the Ankara government, which denounced the “Greek imperialism” of Athens with steadily mounting violence as the summer wore on. It was in this surcharged atmosphere that the London Conference on the Cyprus question opened at the end of August. To make matters clear as to just where his government stood on this thorny issue, the Turkish delegate and Acting Foreign Minister, Fatin Rustu Zorlu, made a blunt speech informing the world that if Cyprus went to the Greeks, the Turkish government could assume no responsibility for the consequences.

Shortly thereafter, these words began to assume a sinister meaning as the rumor spread through Istanbul that something was afoot. Fearing the worst, some of the 70,000 Greek Orthodox inhabitants of Istanbul asked for special police protection, but the request was denied. The same thing happened in the seaport of Izmir. Then, late in the afternoon of September 6, the news was received that a bomb had exploded in the garden of the Turkish consulate at Salonika, damaging the house where Kemal Atatürk was born. Though it even-

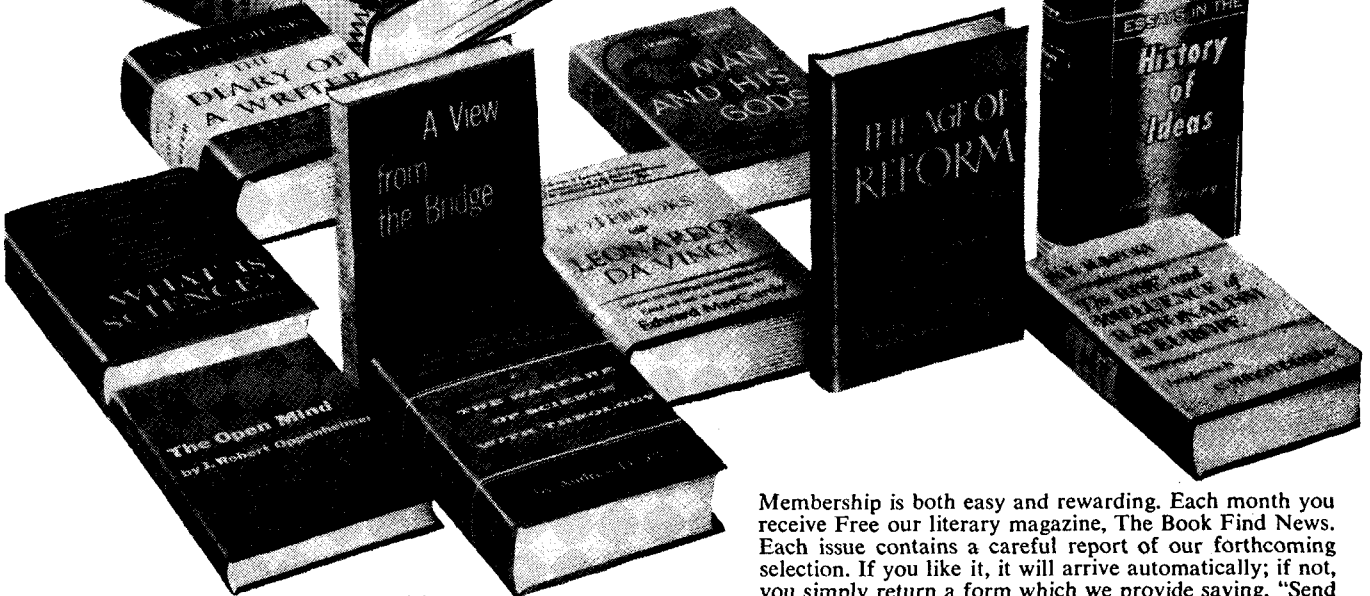
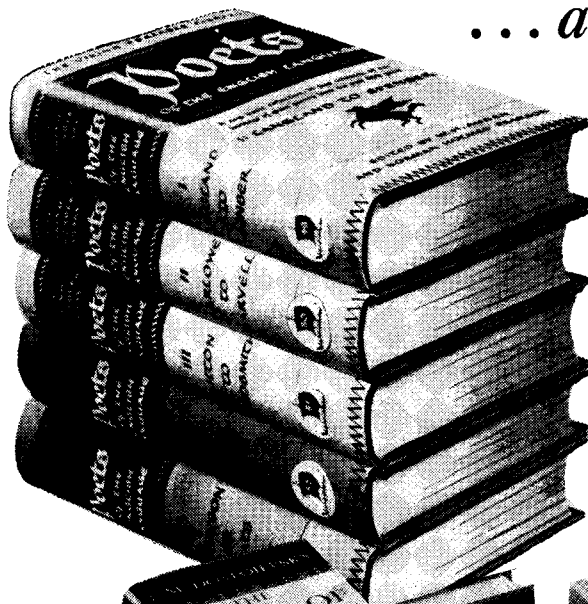
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tually turned out that only a few windows had been broken, this was enough to ignite the explosion that had been building up for days and to set off the most massively organized "spontaneous" demonstrations which Turkey had seen in years.

Riots in Istanbul

The trouble began about seven o'clock that very evening with a demonstration by the students of Istanbul University. At the same time, and with suspicious rapidity and uniformity, well-organized "demolition squads" appeared all over the city. They were equipped with crowbars, axes, and bludgeons that were considerably heavier than baseball bats, and were led in many cases by standard-bearers. Methodically they set about demolishing Greek shops, wrecking the interiors and scattering the debris all over the streets. Where the owners had had time to ring down their protective iron shutters, the demolition teams pried them loose and destroyed everything inside.

Each squad, after thoroughly ransacking all the Greek shops in one area, would proceed to another assignment, being driven there in taxis and trucks. No Greek shop in the city was spared, and some demolition crews even went out to the islands in the Sea of Marmora to complete their work of destruction.

By ten o'clock that evening the main street of Beyoglu (the cosmopolitan part of Istanbul, where the hotels and consulates are located) was a mass of broken glass, smashed china, wrecked iceboxes, radios, and furniture, and unrolled bolts of many-colored fabrics. A number of Turkish as well as Armenian, Jewish, and a few European shops were also pilaged, possibly because of the failure of their owners to hang out the Turkish flag. Each squad, as it proceeded on its mission of destruction, was egged on by crowds of cheerful onlookers whom the police made no attempt to disperse.

About eleven o'clock armed Turkish soldiers began appearing at strategic city points, but they contented themselves with leaning on their weapons to watch the show. At the same time some squad leaders were overheard urging their men to work faster because "we have only four hours to finish the job." Promptly at

midnight the demolition stopped, the crowbar crews disappeared, the onlookers retired for the night, and troops began patrolling the streets.

By that time, however, the damage was done. Every Greek shop in the city had been smashed and a great number of Greek Orthodox churches destroyed or damaged. (According to one Greek estimate, 80 out of 90 churches had their interiors damaged beyond repair.) The inside of the Orthodox Cathedral was a shambles, and everything in it that could be burned, from painted ikons to tasseled curtains, had been thrown on to a bonfire and ignited. Everything else had been defiled. Even the Orthodox cemetery was not spared; tombs were broken into, and coffins and bones were strewn all over the place.

What happened at Istanbul was more or less duplicated at Izmir. But as this city has been for the last three years the headquarters of NATO's South-East European Command, the anti-Greek rioters here did not content themselves simply with destroying Greek shops and setting fire to the consulate. They even rode out to the country to pillage the houses of Greek officers serving in the joint Greco-Turkish headquarters under the command of an American general.

Planned destruction

It may be some time before all the facts underlying this orgy of planned destruction come to light, so that it is still only possible to sift the truth from a number of unconfirmed reports. These reports coincide, however, in suggesting that the whole operation was planned and carried out by the government-sponsored *Kibris Türk* committee.

The President of the Turkish Republic, Celal Bayar, the Prime Minister, Adnan Menderes, as well as the Minister of the Interior, were in Istanbul on September 6. It was reported immediately after the riots that they had personally discussed the feasibility of an anti-Greek "demonstration" at this time with the local Governor, and that despite the latter's opposition to the idea, it was decided to stage the demonstration that night. The President and the Prime Minister boarded the train for Ankara that evening, just as the rioters were getting down to work. They were reported to have left in-

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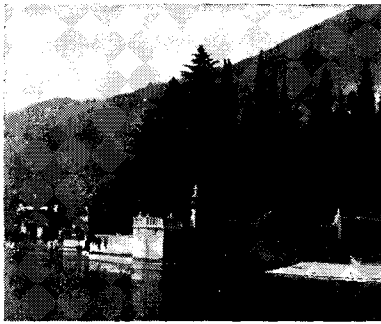
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structions that they be kept informed of the progress of the demolition operations. On reaching Izmir, a town on the Sea of Marmora two hours away from Istanbul, they got off the train and rushed back to Istanbul by car to "restore order."

The following morning the Prime Minister issued a communiqué stating that the whole thing had been a Communist plot, that a national emergency existed, and that martial law was needed to restore order. Some Communists were arrested along with a number of Turks who protested in vain that they had only been carrying out orders the night before.

Why did the government not act promptly to control the riots? In a single night this organized action destroyed millions of dollars' worth of property, wrecked Turkey's relations with Greece, dealt a telling blow to NATO's right flank, and dissipated much of the fund of international prestige which Turkey has laboriously built up in the last five years, ever since she sent a brigade to fight in Korea. To this question there are basically two answers — the first economic, the second political.

Economic slump

Underlying the recent strains and stresses of Turkish political and social life has been a steadily deteriorating economic situation. The last two years have been drought years, putting an end to the country's previous cereal export boom, which was caused not only by the importation of some 40,000 tractors but by three consecutive years of plentiful rain.

To make matters worse, the Menderes government has been heavily subsidizing the price of grain. This has been done in part to improve the lot of the long-underprivileged peasant, but it also reflects the government's desire to curry favor with the farmers of Anatolia, who comprise 80 per cent of the country's population. The grain subsidy has made it virtually impossible to sell, except by barter agreement, what wheat surplus there might be, for Turkish prices have ranged from 30 to 40 per cent above the world market level.

At the same time, a number of Turkey's short-term loans have fallen due and the country's foreign trade deficit has steadily increased. As

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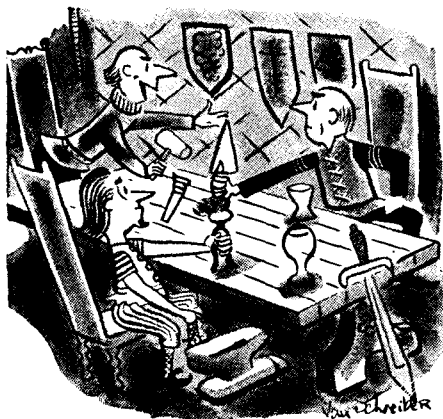
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Turkish importers have lacked the foreign credit with which to pay for their imports, foreign firms have suspended shipments. Imports of gasoline and diesel oil have been reduced to a trickle; motor vehicle transport has been drastically restricted by shortages of rubber tires and spare parts; factories have even had to halt production or proceed at half-steam for lack of essential raw materials.

With these import restrictions the cost of living has risen dramatically. Simultaneously the value of the Turkish lira has sunk. Though it is still officially pegged at 2.80 to the dollar, it recently reached 12 to the dollar on the black market, which is raging more fiercely than ever.

Realizing that the country was headed for an economic crisis, the Menderes government last spring appealed to the International Bank for a \$300 million loan. But a number of international bankers have felt for some time that Turkey has been trying to industrialize itself too fast and sometimes has used valuable foreign credits to undertake expensive and relatively uneconomic projects, often for domestic political reasons. For this reason the International Bank refused to make Turkey any loan unless Ankara agreed to use the money on projects specifically approved by the Bank's own experts. This the Turkish government—and in practice that means Adnan Menderes—chose to consider an intolerable interference in Turkish domestic affairs, and the negotiations were broken off. Menderes then appealed to Washington, but only succeeded in getting a \$30 million increase in American aid.

These economic difficulties have naturally exacerbated a feeling of latent discontent in a country where some 200,000 Armenians, Greeks, and Jews—or less than 1 per cent of the population—control about 70 per cent of its export-import trade and a large part of its retail business. The difficulties have also provoked increasing criticism of a government which seems determined to use every weapon it can forge to stifle resistance to its policies.

Stifling the opposition

Since the crushing victory of the Democratic Party in the elections of May, 1954, when it won 508 out of 544 seats in the Turkish Parliament,



**"When
will
Daddy
come?"**

Sul Ja wants her daddy. Every day she looks for him. Every day she asks her mother, "When will Daddy come?" Sul Ja is only four years old. How can her mother explain why Daddy doesn't

come—that he still is a prisoner of the Communists in North Korea, that he may even be dead?

Sul Ja's mother doesn't say these things. Like Sul Ja, she hopes that her husband will come back some day. In the meantime she struggles desperately to keep her little family together. In war-torn Seoul, where thousands of refugees strive to rebuild their lives, the young mother runs a roadside stand—and makes \$10 a month! This does little more than pay the rent, let alone meet the needs of a growing child like Sul Ja. With Korea's bitter winter here, her plight is still more precarious.

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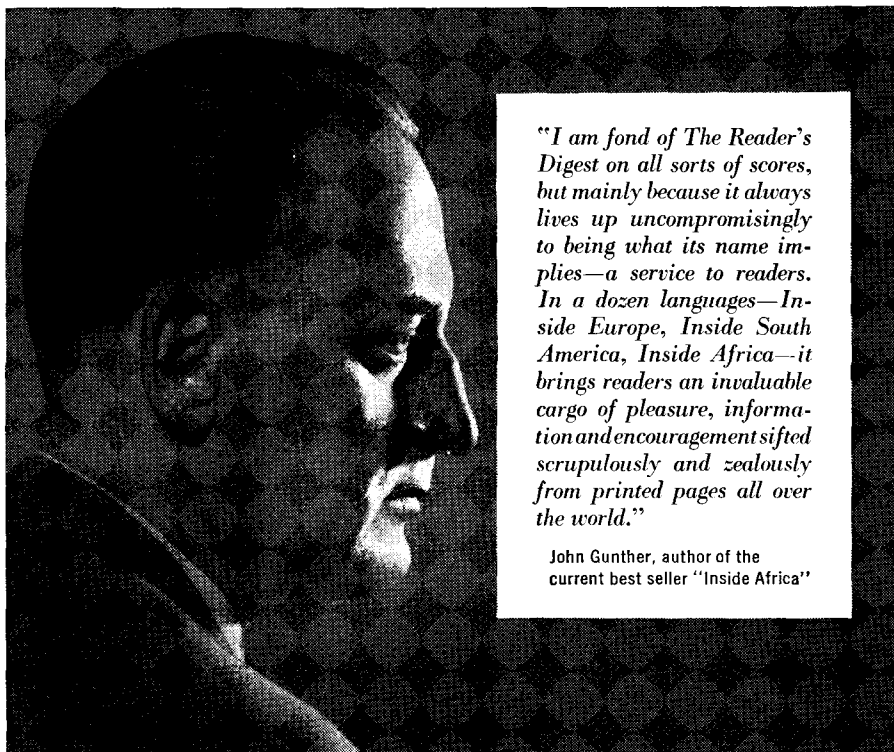
the Menderes government has set out systematically to muzzle all opposition elements. The property of the main opposition party, the People's Party (the party of Atatürk and Ismet İnönü), has been seized, newspapers critical of the government have been suppressed, journalists have been imprisoned or banished, and politicians have been arrested.

It is in this context that the anti-Greek riots of last September take on their full meaning; for in recent months a new spirit of revolt against the Menderes government's authoritarian tactics has sprung up within the Democratic Party itself. Something remarkably similar happened thirty years ago, in 1924, when a group of deputies in Atatürk's own party revolted against his increasingly dictatorial rule and formed an opposition party. Atatürk promptly seized upon a rather minor "Kurdish revolt" in the eastern provinces of Anatolia to declare a national emergency, proclaim martial law, and have the opposition suppressed.

The present situation in Turkey is obviously not identical with that of 1924, but the resemblances are suggestive and disturbing. When, immediately after the September 6 riots, Adnan Menderes summoned a special session of the Grand National Assembly to approve a one-year proclamation of martial law in the cities of Istanbul, Izmir, and Ankara, he met opposition on the floor of the house. Anti-government speeches were made, and the martial law period which the Prime Minister asked for was reduced to six months. But when ten Democratic deputies persisted in their criticism of the government, they were purged from the party.

Since that time about ten more deputies have seceded from the government majority and together they have formed a new Liberal Party that has adopted the platform and principles which the Democratic Party originally proclaimed but which it has failed to live up to in recent years. Some Turkish observers believe that this revolt against the Menderes government's strong-arm methods will gather strength in the months to come. In any event the struggle that is shaping up is crucial, and on its outcome may depend whether or not the real spirit of democracy is going to win out in Turkey.

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Washington

THE first thing to be said about the 1956 session of Congress is that it will be very difficult to distinguish its activities from the presidential campaign. There will be some on both sides of the party aisle who will try to be statesmen. But for the most part, newspaper readers and radio-TV followers will do well to view rival party programs, congressional voting, and the loud echoes from Capitol Hill as all related to next November's election.

In some respects, the shape of things to come is reasonably apparent. Democrats will concentrate on what Senate Leader Lyndon Johnson, a wily politician, calls "a program with a heart." Most of his party will be echoing his line that the Republican opposition "responds a little faster to the fat cats than to the folks." While Johnson and Speaker Sam Rayburn, who is much closer to being a statesman, do not always see eye to eye, they and their lieutenants agree that the chief appeal of the Democratic Party lies in furthering the belief that it is the party of the masses of voters. And there are plenty of legislative ideas available to demonstrate the point.

The Republicans will sing the song of the middle road, peace and prosperity, and General Eisenhower. Trouble in the Middle East or elsewhere may somewhat mute the line that "everything is booming but the guns." On the whole, however, the GOP will be paraphrasing the '52 Democratic cry, "You never had it so good; don't let them take it away."

The Administration, under pressure from its nervous political chieftains, has given ground on school aid, highway construction, social security extension, and changes in the farm program — but not on Secretary Benson's flexible supports. Each of these concessions is designed to undercut the Democratic argument by demonstrating that the Republicans are just as much for the masses as anybody else.

By any of the old political rules, a party in power amid such domestic prosperity as the United States is enjoying should not have any anxiety

about re-election. But the GOP has been suffering losses ever since it captured the White House and the Congress in 1952. This electoral erosion has it worried. And the signs from the farm areas are the cause of recurrent alarm, if not panic.

In this rather unusual situation, efforts to "do something" for as many voters as possible will be more than routine. Every politician facing the voters would like to have a tax cut to talk about. But the majority of the leaders of both parties know that the world situation is so critical that the United States cannot afford to cut its revenues.

Maneuvering to cut taxes?

As usual, it may be expected that last-minute events abroad will influence the final size of military and foreign aid budgets. And last-minute revenue figures in a year when current tax rates are likely to bring in more than was estimated will play a large part in the maneuvering to cut taxes.

As the year opens, the Democrats would seem to have the tactical advantage on the tax-cut issue — that is, if they can agree. Most of them probably would follow Rayburn's prescription of doing something for the "little fellow" — such as raising the income tax exemption and making it up by removing some "inequities," perhaps the dividend allowance or some corporate exemptions. But the conservative Southerners on the Senate Finance Committee thus far have bucked this approach, and their votes were decisive a year ago in killing a Democratic tax-cut bill. A tax cut, therefore, is still uncertain.

Nor should the seeming Democratic agreement on other domestic matters be taken for granted. One issue likely to split the party wide open is the natural gas bill, one of Johnson's pet measures and already past the House by a hair. A bitter Senate battle is in prospect, with the division across party lines and essentially on a rural versus urban basis. It will not make a happy start for the new year among the Democrats.

Until the President has announced his own intentions, much of the congressional battling will

Oil and Man's Quest for Freedom

By COURTNEY C. BROWN, Ph. D.

**Dean, Graduate School of Business,
Columbia University**

Over the centuries man's efforts to live better and, at the same time, enjoy more leisure, have been part of his quest for freedom to develop culturally and politically. In earlier years the few in power usually secured this freedom and leisure by enslaving the many. As time has gone by, alternative means of supplying energy for man's work, more compatible with human freedom, have been developed.

Wind, animals, wood, water, coal, natural gas and petroleum have supplied the power to make our modern way of life possible. The petroleum industry is entitled to a proud place in this progression of sources of energy. In the last half century its contribution to energizing the world's work, and making it more mobile, has been spectacular.

America's oil industry, with its companies large and small, with

its local, state, national and international operations, with its geologists, engineers, financiers and marketers, is a striking example of free men voluntarily contributing their talents and efforts to a socially useful purpose.

The ingenuity, courage and adaptability of the industry is made possible by its voluntary nature. Those who are in the industry are there because they like it. They like the opportunity to be right or wrong, to compete with their fellows, to try new ways of doing things. And, of course, they like the just rewards a man can earn in the oil business.

Out of the restless and insistent stirring that characterizes the petroleum industry has come more

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be between parties. But if and when Eisenhower takes himself out, the Republicans are bound to be less amenable to party control from the White House.

Despite the sound and fury, there will be some substantial legislation this year on domestic matters — certainly for farmers, likely for highways, probably for schools, at the least. Barring a crisis, foreign policy will be continued without much alteration.

The not-so-peaceful atom

A decade of East-West arguments, proposals and counterproposals, and more arguments has failed to find a path to agreement on the atom in its military application. Now that the Russians have finally turned down the Eisenhower "open skies" proposal for mutual aerial inspection and have reverted to bully-boy language, disarmament is on the shelf again.

But even as this discouraging development takes place, a new problem of the atomic age is emerging with little notice. This is the problem of how to control the peaceful use of nuclear energy: specifically, how to make sure that when nations around the world obtain nuclear power stations they will not use them to make nuclear weapons.

The simple indisputable scientific fact is that a nuclear power plant not only can turn out electricity but also will turn out plutonium as a by-product of the fissionable material fed into it. The line between peaceful and not-so-peaceful uses thus is nonexistent, or very shortly will be, in scientific terms. Estimates vary as to how long it will be before there are nuclear power plants in nations other than the United States, Britain, and Russia, so far the only manufacturers of atomic weapons. But the estimates range from perhaps five years to a decade, with the minimum likely for an industrially skilled nation like West Germany.

The United Nations this fall voted to set up an International Atomic Energy Agency to further peaceful uses. During the debate very little was said about the not-so-peaceful problem. Russia's V. V. Kuznetsov came as close as anyone to reality when he told the U.N. that the production of atomic energy for peace-

ful purposes resulted in by-products which could be put to military use. The Kremlin's answer to the problem was to demand that the U.N. atomic agency should be linked to the Security Council where the big power veto could be applied.

Control through the back door

But others who have been trying to face up to the problem believe that there may be better solutions. Specifically, they believe that because there is a common Russian-American (and British) interest in not allowing the fragmentation of nuclear power, in the absolute sense, there is a chance for agreement to use the new U.N. agency for inspection and control.

Why not, they ask, build up inspection and control services as nuclear power grows — starting from scratch in both cases? The advantages would be obvious. The world would have some sense of security that nuclear power plants would not become sources of nuclear weapons materials. Many nations now without nuclear weapons and impatient at the Western demand for strict controls before agreement on a disarmament plan would learn firsthand of the importance of control. Inspection and control techniques could be tested and perfected as the problem of inspection and control increases in the power field. Perhaps in time the world would have enough faith in such a system to force the large nations to apply it to the central question itself.

In effect, this amounts to going around to the back door since the front door has been slammed. But for any such idea to be effective, some major decisions will first have to be made. The new U.N. agency will have to go into the international business of owning and controlling fissionable material contributed to it. (The United States, Britain, and Russia all have now promised such contributions.)

Secondly, no nation alone can be allowed to produce fissionable material other than the Big Three, and probably Canada. Here the problem, and it is an immediate problem, centers in Western Europe where for months experts from West Germany, France, Italy, Belgium, Holland, and Luxembourg have been discussing it. Europe wants nuclear-generated elec-

Yes, Christ Left Us a LIVING Witness

Our Lord knew, of course, that in future generations His teachings might be distorted, misunderstood—even challenged.

He knew that His Apostles and Disciples would in a few short years, go the way of all flesh... and when this happened none would be left to speak with authority founded upon first-hand knowledge of the Savior and His teachings. If those yet unborn were to hear the Gospel as Christ had preached it... and as He intended they should hear it... He would have to provide a means to assure this.

Many sincere and pious people are convinced that by giving mankind the Bible, Christ fully provided this protection. But if the Bible were the sole and complete authority for Christ's teaching, how could so many different and conflicting meanings be drawn from its pages by honest, righteous people?

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Catholics, of course, share with other sincere Christians a deep love and reverence for the Bible. We know that it is divinely inspired and that it testifies eloquently to the life and teachings of Our Lord and Savior.

But as Catholics see it, Jesus left us a *living* witness—the Church. This we know because Jesus said: "Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build



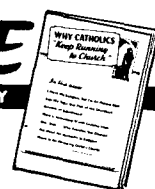
my church." We believe that the Church is a faithful witness and a positive authority because Christ said further: "He that hears you, hears me; he who rejects you, rejects me."

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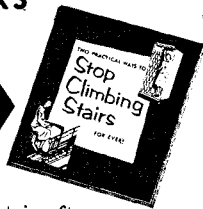
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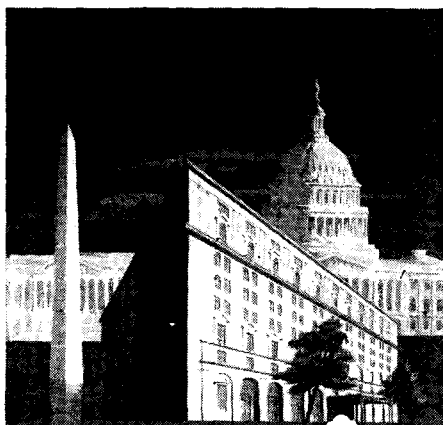
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tricity. Belgium already has ordered its first small power plant. Some high officials in Bonn see in nuclear power a new third dimension for Germany's rise to the status of a major power once more. The French, despite recurrent governmental crises, are making progress in the field.

European atomic authority

Jean Monnet and his fellow "Europeans" see in Euratom, as they call the idea of a Western European atomic authority, a new step towards integration. The nationalists and a good many businessmen would prefer national industries; hence they look sourly at more international controls. Those who fear a resurgent Germany, and they are still legion, fear West Germany might easily slip across the line from producing nuclear power to producing nuclear weapons.

Secretary Dulles has tried to give the Euratom idea a push; but having been burned on the ill-fated European Defense Community, he wants to avoid a second defeat. Thus far there has been little recognition at the Capitol of the dangerous aspects of nuclear power plants scattered around the world.

Everybody is for peaceful use of atomic energy; everybody applauded the President's original proposal at the U.N. for an international pool. But most of the American effort has been on the negative side thus far. One incident will illuminate the ramifications.

The United States offered last September to help set up a nuclear research center in Asia for the Colombo Plan nations, to give a research reactor (which produces no bomb material) at once, and to give a small power reactor at some indefinite date. Thereupon the Administration was rent by an argument over where the center should be. Under Secretary of State Herbert Hoover, Jr., and AEC Chairman Lewis Strauss decided on Manila for one reason: it is behind the American military perimeter in the Pacific; hence a power reactor could be protected militarily.

Assistant Secretary of State George Allen and others who deal with Asia wanted the center in Ceylon to emphasize that the United States is just as willing to help nations which

do not belong to alliances with us as nations which do. However independent the Philippines are in fact, much of Asia considers them an American dependency. But such a center in Ceylon with American aid would have been a bold stroke for the United States. In the end, security won out, and Manila will get the center.

A dozen nations from both East and West are meeting in Washington to agree on a final draft of the new U.N. atomic agency statute. If they take into account both the perils and the opportunities inherent in nuclear power, perhaps a new avenue to the nuclear control problem will be opened.

Mood of the Capital

The central question in Washington is, of course, Will the President run again? Every conversation in the Senate lobby, on the House floor, at the Press Club bar inevitably gets around to that question.

There is substantial evidence that the President, in the long quiet hours of pondering his future, has reached two conclusions — that Adlai Stevenson will be the Democratic nominee and that no other Republican is in sight who can beat Stevenson. But this only heightens the uncertainty. And the Gallup Poll showing the President running almost exactly the same distance ahead of Stevenson as before his heart attack adds to the pressure that he run again.

Despite the Republican hope that the President would say yes, a good many politicians have felt for weeks that the President has decided not to run and wants Vice President Nixon as his successor. There is no question in Washington, even though a lot of visitors seemed to be amazed at the idea, that Eisenhower has the highest admiration for Nixon. He has said so many times, both publicly and privately. At the President's own insistence, Nixon is better trained than any Vice President in history in the technicalities of the Presidency.

But if the President has decided that Nixon cannot win, the question remains: Will Eisenhower run? In all the long history of Presidents making up their minds on a second term, no incident has approached this winter's uncertainty.



An Atlantic *Public Interest* Advertisement

A unique classroom driver training device, developed as a public service by the Aetna Casualty and Surety Company, proves its effectiveness in carefully controlled research. By cutting costs and reducing the number of teachers needed to provide "behind-the-wheel" training, the Aetna Drivotrainer will make it possible for more and more high schools to train their students to "drive and live."

TOWARD A GENERATION OF SAFER DRIVERS

One day last winter, a fast-moving car overtook a driver training car from Hollywood High School which was slowly making its way down Laurel Canyon towards the movie capital. The student driver had had only two hours of actual on-the-road experience and therefore was cautiously descending the steep and winding highway, no faster than 25 miles an hour.

The driver of the speeding car, disregarding a double white line which warned of a curve ahead, and with no thought of the danger he was creating, attempted to pass. Just as he overtook the student's car, a truck suddenly appeared, coming around the bend.

Panic stricken, the impatient driver cut in to the right, heedless of everything save his blind desire to avoid the oncoming truck. That he had the space to get back into his own lane without a collision which might have overturned his own car and hurled the school car down a steep bank was due to the correct and trigger-quick response of the student driver.

The student had spotted the truck the moment it appeared. Instantly he braked and veered to the right, foreseeing the other driver's desperate swerve back into line. The cars cleared each other by a matter of inches.

Dr. Walter G. Patterson, the instructor, who was riding in the front seat with his pupil, breathed a sigh of relief, and so did the other members of the class who were sitting behind him in their official role of back seat "observers." Dr. Patterson had gone into action himself with his dual-control clutch and brake when he spotted the truck, but there had been no need for his intervention. On the way back to the school, Dr. Pat-

erson pondered. For a beginning student to be able to react so quickly and correctly was something new in his experience. Might the explanation lie in the training the boy had received on an experimental device, the Aetna Drivotrainer, recently installed at Hollywood High? The boy had met several emergency situations on the Drivotrainer paralleling the one he had just experienced in real life. He had been drilled in the correct response. When confronted with the real thing, he had made a split-second response, and a *correct* one!

Dr. Patterson, one member of a special team of Los Angeles educators who were evaluating the new device, thought a lot more about the near tragedy in the ensuing days. The boy *might* have reacted that way without Aetna Drivotrainer instruction — but then again, he might not have!

Dr. Patterson had observed that the students in the Drivotrainer class appeared to have more confidence, and to be better at simple manipulative skills and at complex tasks like parallel parking. What if these things *were* connected? Maybe they were really on the right track in this unique method of driver training.

A Grim Prediction

The automobile death and injury toll has been called "the greatest uncontrolled social problem facing the country today." In 1954 approximately 38,000 men, women, and children were killed in traffic accidents. Two million more were maimed or injured.

In the last 50 years, *one million* Americans have died in traffic accidents, a greater number than all the American soldiers killed in combat from the start of the Revolutionary War up through the present day. A grim prediction from the Associa-



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tion of Casualty and Surety Companies warns that one out of every two Americans today faces the statistical likelihood of being killed or injured in a traffic accident!

According to the Association of Casualty Companies, only 15 per cent of all accidents come from mechanical or roadway defects. The remaining 85 per cent come from one source only: *the man behind the wheel*. Human frailties — including lack of knowledge, lack of skill and, in particular, improper mental attitudes — lie at the root of most accidents. An accident report may list the cause of an accident as “passing on a curve,” but the *real* cause of that accident is much more likely to be found in the mind or the emotions of one of the drivers — the lack of forethought, the impatience, or the irritation which made him ignore the dangers of passing at such a spot.

Education is needed for drivers in all age groups. But those who have studied the matter — the President's Highway Safety Conference, the National Safety Council, the National Education Association, the American Automobile Association, the Association of Casualty Companies, and many others — have agreed it is needed in particular for the boys and girls who come of driving age each year in our schools. In these young people, many educators believe, lies the best long-range answer to the problem of traffic safety. If all our secondary schools — public, parochial, and private — offered both classroom and “behind-the-wheel” driver-education we could, in a generation, put on our highways about 40 million drivers who had been *trained for safety*.

Although driver education is making some headway, it is a regrettable fact that of the 20,000 high schools in the country, only half offered driver education courses during the last school year. Only about 37 per cent of the schools offered both the classroom course *and* the “behind-the-wheel” instruction which educators agree is necessary to develop a really safe driver. Of the 1.6 million public high school students eligible for driver education last year, only 468,000 — or about three out of ten — received both classroom *and* “behind-the-wheel” instruction.

Costs and Teacher Shortage

There are two reasons why more students are not receiving behind-the-wheel instruction: high cost and the current teacher shortage. In a typical high school classroom today, a teacher instructs 25 to 35 students at a time in subjects such as

English, mathematics, and history. But in the driver-training car, the teacher can handle only three or four students at a time — the one who is driving, and the two or three observers.

This teacher-pupil ratio (the teacher is virtually a tutor) sends the cost of driver training skyrocketing compared with normal classroom subjects. Even when the training cars are loaned free of charge to the school district by public-spirited automobile dealers, driver training costs \$35 per pupil, on the average, and in some cases as much as \$50 or \$55 per pupil.

As a corollary to its high cost in dollars and cents, driver training has proved to be expensive in teacher time. With the current teacher shortage, many a school administrator has been reluctant to “spend” the manpower necessary to offer all his students “on-the-road” training. One of the best ways to make sure that driver training will be available to more students each year is to cut the cost of the training (in both money and teacher time) without reducing its quality.

With this aim in mind, the Ætna Casualty and Surety Company decided to lend a helping hand. Ætna Casualty has long believed that it is the function of an insurance company to endeavor to *prevent* as well as to *pay* for losses, not just among its own policy-holders but among people at large.

Because of its philosophy, which recognized a proper concern with public safety, and because of its experience as a pioneer in the field of driving tests, Ætna Casualty brought not only desire but a certain backlog of experience to bear on the problem. As its initial step, the Company several years ago began a series of discussions with educators to determine whether a classroom driver-training device, especially designed for school use, might make an important contribution. In these discussions, the concept which became the Ætna Drivotrainer began to take form:

1. The device would apply to the training of automobile drivers the same principle found successful in pilot training devices like the Link Trainer and the Dehmel Flight Simulator.
2. The trainer would be a *multi-place* device so as to enable one teacher to instruct 10 to 15 students or *more* at a time.
3. The aim of the trainer would be to *reduce*, not *eliminate*, expensive “on-the-road” time.



An Atlantic *Public Interest* Advertisement

4. The Ætna would produce *especially for use with this trainer* a series of motion pictures stressing: (a) judgment development in traffic situations; (b) handling the car in certain common emergency situations; and (c) the display of good driving attitudes at all times. In the films, educators agreed, students could be exposed to especially staged situations which could not be duplicated in real life due to the expense or hazard involved.

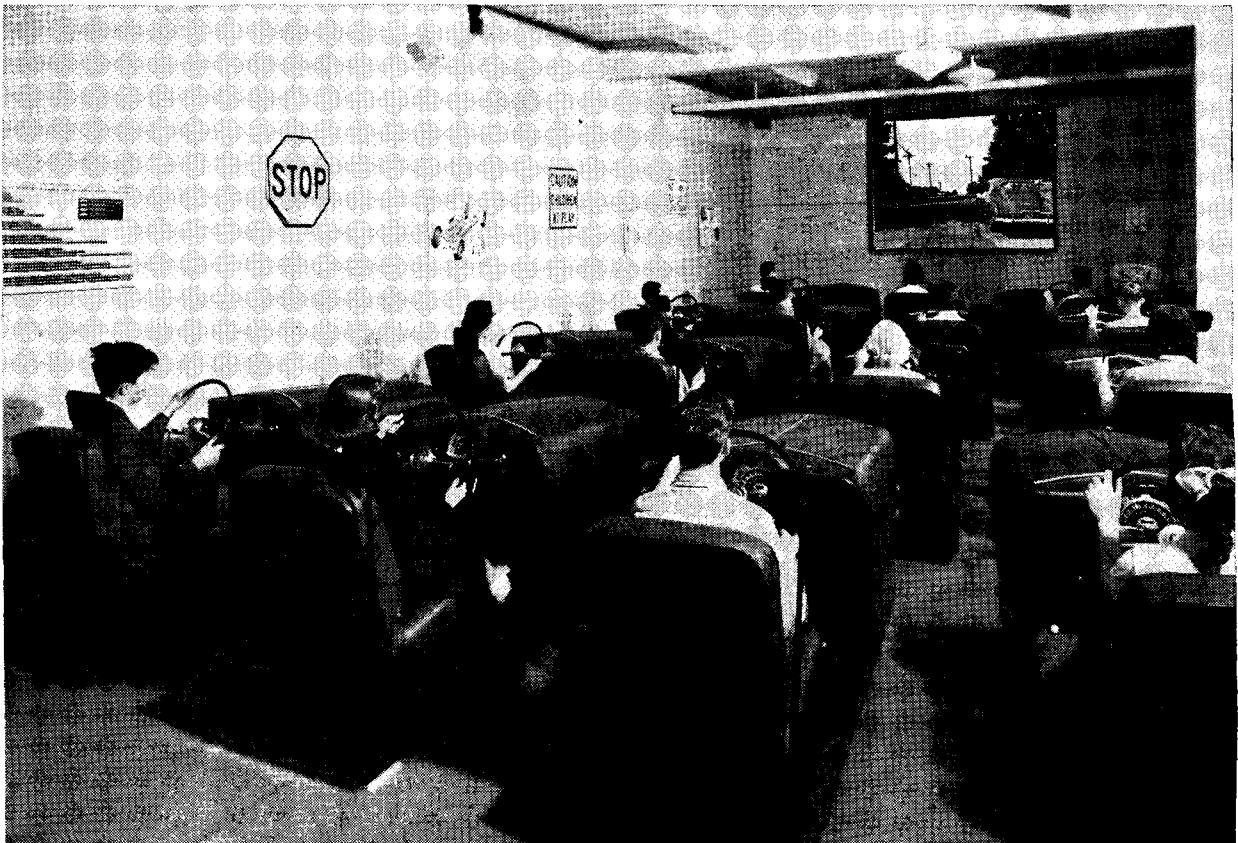
To find out whether such a training device would be both economical and effective, Ætna Casualty financed the development of the Drivotrainer and, working closely with a special committee from the New York City Board of Education, began the production of 19 teaching films for use with the new trainer.

Drivotrainer in Action

In order to get accurate, impartial appraisals of the Drivotrainer under differing circumstances,

Ætna Casualty made several installations for research and evaluation. A 13-place Ætna Drivotrainer classroom was established in New York City, first at Brooklyn High School of Automotive Trades, and subsequently at Bryant High School. A five-place unit was installed at Iowa State Teachers College, a natural choice because of its research facilities and its outstanding record of training driver-education teachers. An eight-place unit was set up in Hollywood High School, under the control of the Los Angeles Board of Education. Los Angeles gives driver training to more students each year than any other city in the country.

All equipment at these three "study" installations was loaned by Ætna Casualty to the school or college without cost. Facilities to house the Drivotrainer and the services of researchers, administrators, and teachers were provided by the two school systems and by the college as their share of the project. Full findings from all of these installations are not yet available but the shape of



Drivotrainer classroom at Oak Park-River Forest High School. Each of the "classroom cars" has the instruments and controls found in a real car. Students are required to "drive" to meet situations shown in instructional motion pictures. Screen at front of classroom represents view they would have through windshield of moving car. All their driving actions are automatically recorded for teacher's benefit on master score card.



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the final picture is becoming clearer. New York City expects to arrive at a definitive conclusion by the end of the current school year and is hopeful that the Ætna Drivotrainer may be one means of making driver training available to more of its students. Officials have already found that the Drivotrainer can make important contributions in sharpening driver judgment in traffic, making possible safe training in emergencies, and inculcating important attitudes for expert driving. Group instruction in these areas may be given more economically and effectively on the Ætna Drivotrainer than in a regular training car, New York observes in a preliminary report of its research.

Iowa State Teachers College will continue its research, but has already made an optimistic interim report. Research has been completed in Los Angeles and a formal report issued.

The Los Angeles Experiment

In the Los Angeles study, 240 students were divided into two equal groups. The "control" group received the regular California State Prescribed Course, namely six class hours of actual on-the-road driving. The "experimental" group received 15 class hours in the Ætna Drivotrainer, but only three class hours of on-the-road driving, just half that received by the control group.

The two groups were carefully equated at the beginning of the course on such factors as age, sex, IQ, previous driving experience. Before the course started they were given four tests: an attitude test, a driving test on the Ætna Drivotrainer, and two paper-and-pencil knowledge tests. These tests, says the Los Angeles report, "indicated no significant difference between the groups with regard to initial driving ability."

The same four tests were given at the end of the course to both groups in order to compare the effectiveness of the two methods of instruction. The Los Angeles report states that while both groups showed positive progress on all test scores, there was "a consistency in the direction of difference between the two groups and these differences were in favor of the experimental (Drivotrainer) group."

A searching, 20-minute road test was also given to both groups at the end of the course. Prepared by the safety section of the Los Angeles schools, the test was given by driver-training teachers who did not know whether the students they were examining were from the control or experimental

group. No significant differences were found between the two groups on this road test.

The Siebrecht Attitude Test given at the end of the course showed significant change for the better in the Drivotrainer group. No significant change could be found in the attitudes shown by the control group.

Recognizing the paramount importance of developing good attitudes in a driver training course, the Los Angeles report underlines this attitude gain by the experimental group by observing: "Educationally, this may have import for teaching methodology and for the Ætna Drivotrainer course."

On the driving test given on the Drivotrainer at the end of the course, the experimental group showed significantly greater improvement.

Summing up, the Los Angeles report states: "Results indicate that practically the same progress in driving skill and knowledge will be experienced by the student trained by either the experimental method, using the Ætna Drivotrainer plus three hours of on-the-road training, or the California State Prescribed Course." The report also says that, as a result of the study there is "greater awareness of the infinite scope of the contribution which the Ætna Drivotrainer may make to the field of driver education."

Substantial savings in per pupil instruction costs were possible with the eight-place Drivotrainer unit used in the study, Los Angeles reported, and these per pupil savings would increase sharply with a 15-place unit such as would be used under normal operating conditions.

Fully as important as cost savings are the contributions which the Drivotrainer can make toward solving the teacher shortage. Whereas five teachers could give behind-the-wheel instruction to 700 students in Los Angeles by the conventional, car-only method, these same five teachers could instruct 1080 students by using the Drivotrainer and giving three hours of on-the-road training — a 54 per cent gain in the number of students reached.

Confirmation that the Drivotrainer makes possible substantial reductions in on-the-road time came in the interim report released recently by Iowa State Teachers College. This report said: "The research staff has formulated one major



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preliminary conclusion: A combination of approximately 14 hours of Drivotrainer instruction and three and $\frac{1}{3}$ to four hours of practice driving is equivalent in instructional effectiveness to six hours of practice driving. . . . Project personnel not involved in the design of research plans or the analysis of results have come to a similar conclusion as a result of their personal observation of the program thus far."

Of the 19 Drivotrainer motion pictures — ranging from instruction in elementary skills up through driving in heavy traffic and meeting emergency situations — the Iowa report observes: "The teaching value of these films is unsurpassed in driver education."

The Aetna Drivotrainer Spreads

Important though formal research is to the new training device, enthusiasm for the Drivotrainer method of instruction has not awaited the completion of statistical analyses. The Oak Park-River Forest High School, just outside of Chicago, became the first in the nation to purchase a Drivotrainer, and is now well into its second year of instruction with a 15-place classroom. "The students like it; the parents like it; and, best of all, it works," Ray C. Soliday, the instructor, observed in a recently published article.

Out on Long Island, a mobile "classroom" consisting of an eight-place Drivotrainer installed in a specially designed trailer circulates among several schools. The Freeport High School reports that the Drivotrainer makes it possible to cut on-the-road time in half, to reach twice as many students, and to get results equally as good as those with the regular six-hour program.

In Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, and in Dearborn, Michigan, the local associations of insurance agents as a public service have given Aetna Drivotrainer classrooms to their school systems, and have thus established a *continuing* method of combining accident prevention and good community relations which several other agents' associations are currently considering very seriously.

Two commercial driving schools — one in Springfield, Massachusetts, and the other in Upper Darby, Pennsylvania — now offer Aetna Drivotrainer instruction: and a 15-place Drivotrainer has been purchased by an adult education association in Sweden for use in that country.

Though perhaps the most far-reaching in its

implications, the Aetna Drivotrainer is just one of the means by which Aetna Casualty shows its belief in the importance of public service. The Company believes that important measures of public goodwill, so necessary for the health and continued growth of any business, can be *earned* by taking a broad view of the responsibilities of good corporate citizenship. The primary function of a casualty insurance company is to provide financial reimbursement in case of loss. Its most natural opportunities to go beyond this function, to provide extra service to the public, lie in the field of trying to *prevent* those losses from occurring.

In addition to the safety engineering service offered to commercial policyholders, Aetna Casualty has maintained for a number of years a complete educational service designed to prevent or reduce accidents, crimes, fires, and other forms of loss. Included in this educational service have been booklets, folders, and posters; motion pictures, several of which have won the top safety "Oscars"; attention-arresting action displays; and a whole series of testing devices designed to teach drivers to compensate for physical limitations. All these aids are offered to the public without charge.

In addition to maintaining these general public safety activities, Aetna Casualty realizes that further progress is possible with the Drivotrainer. Consequently the Company is doing its utmost to ensure that this new and most promising teaching tool may be brought to maximum effectiveness. Testing of teaching techniques, working out the most effective blending of Drivotrainer and on-the-road instruction, study of existing films for effectiveness, production of additional films, experimenting with new "wide screen" techniques for the Drivotrainer — these are a few of the items on the agenda, now and for the future.

The Aetna Drivotrainer has reached its present stage of development through the "working partnership" which has existed between the Aetna Casualty and Surety Company and educators. The Company deeply appreciates the confidence implied by this relationship and looks forward to advancing with the schools, during the years to come, toward the common goal of training a generation of safer drivers.

Additional copies of "Toward a Generation of Safer Drivers" are available on request. Address: Public Education Department, Aetna Casualty and Surety Company, Hartford 15, Connecticut.

ATLANTIC

Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

Plagiarism

Plagiarism, an ever-present threat to every publication, cropped out in the columns of the December *Atlantic*. We published in that issue, in good faith, a poem titled "Lament of the Wife of a Psychoanalyst," which now proves to be a copy of all but one stanza of the poem which originally appeared under the same title in *Cosmopolitan* for June, 1950. To the author of the original, Beatrice Allen, to *Cosmopolitan*, and to our readers we extend our sincere apologies.

— THE EDITORS

A Correction from Bombay

SIR:

Aubrey Menen in his article "The Way the New India Thinks," in the December *Atlantic*, is apparently under the impression that I was on the Committee of Direction of the All-India Rural Credit Survey. This is wrong. I am not concerned with the Committee, and it is therefore very embarrassing for me when my name is linked up with those of the members of the Committee. I trust that you will take *immediate* action to set right the error.

K. MADHAV DAS
Bombay, India

The Army and Wildlife

SIR:

Clark C. Van Fleet's article, "The Army Invades the Wichita Mountains" (December *Atlantic*), states an issue very well indeed.

Conservationists were dismayed at this new attack by the Army on our wild land resource, and many have protested vigorously. As Mr. Van

Fleet indicates, this is not the only instance. Some time ago the Army sought to take over a wonderful game range in Alaska, but conservation groups protested and other plans were made. Lately there has been a new threat. The Army seized 20,000 acres in the Gerstle River-Jarvis Creek area in the Alaska Range south of Fairbanks. According to the Tanana Valley Sportsmen's Association, with headquarters at Fairbanks, this was done without public notice in the press. That seems to be a *fait accompli*, just as an appropriation for the Wichita Mountains deal was slipped through Congress very quietly. Then the Army applied for an additional 137,000 acres in the Alaska Range, also for further "chemical" work. This is in an area noted for its wildlife — mountain sheep, caribou, grizzlies, moose, among others.

Conservationists in Alaska and in the States have protested. On behalf of The Wilderness Society, I also protested, and got a reply that did not meet our arguments, merely reiterated the Army's intentions.

To paraphrase Mr. Van Fleet's closing comment, the people had better "give a damn" what is being done to our wild lands which belong to the public.

OLAUS J. MURIE, *President*
The Wilderness Society
Moose, Wyo.

"Hunting Moon"

Several readers have asked us for the precise location of the wonderful hunting country described by William Wister Haines in his article, "Hunting Moon" (November *Atlantic*). Mr. Haines writes us: —

The experiences I chronicled were a composite of the last eight seasons, amassed between Red Lake, Ontario, and Edmonton, Alberta. Because the so-called Granite Shield of forest, rivers, and lakes extends roughly to the hundredth meridian, the grain belt wild-fowling lies mostly west of that in the three prairie provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta.

We have enjoyed it from celebrated The Pas, Manitoba, to the suburbs of Edmonton, Alberta. Draw a line between those two places and, roughly speaking again, you will find grain and birds everywhere along it, south to the American border and, in pockets, as much as two hundred miles north of the line.

Planting, rainfall and water levels, provincial laws, seasons and limits, vary so much that memory or prediction of any one place may mislead. But the Game Commissioners of all three provinces have responded most helpfully to our correspondence. In two cases we visited them and were rewarded with patient instruction and pinpointing on the current situation. Letters to them will provide the inquirer with maps and put him on the mailing lists for notification of the new seasonal laws, which are usually not set until the spring hatch has been estimated.

I Personally —

SIR:

I have just finished reading the thoroughly delightful and entertaining article properly titled "Educational Television" by Leland Hazard in the November *Atlantic*. I hasten to tell you what good purposes he has

served beyond the one directly concerned with Pittsburgh.

There is an intrinsic value in a TV show such as the late-lamented "See It Now," or the also late-lamented Frank Baxter program, which stems from the intensely serious and scholarly nature of its entrepreneurs—even though the show be high comedy. The public frequently does not know why it possesses excellence; but excellence, wherever it is, given a stage, shines brilliantly against inferior competition.

I cannot remember a more pleasant experience than reading Mr. Hazard's article (contrary to general belief, we TV enthusiasts still read) and I thank him for giving of his creative and constructive mind to this article.

FRANKLIN DUNHAM
Chief, Radio-Television, Office of Education
Dept. of Health, Education, and Welfare
Washington, D.C.

SIR:

My November copy of the *Atlantic* has just come to hand. I usually look forward to it—and especially enjoy articles written by British contributors. But seldom have I read such unmitigated twaddle as Kenneth Tynan's "British Cultural Fatigue."

I see from your biographical details that he is twenty-eight. He therefore belongs to a generation too young to remember the pre-war world. So he is unable to assert the repercussions of our present age.

It is a little hard to judge the culture of a people solely by the novel and the play. Has he forgotten the fact that we are undeniably the center of the world-focus in music? Our younger generation has facilities for world travel unparalleled in history. The Sadler's Wells and Old Vic companies bring opera and ballet within the scope of the ordinary citizen.

I have traveled widely in the United States and found it easy to fall beneath the spell of United States luxury. But I always pull myself up by remembering the many hours of hard work put in by my host so that my hostess may entertain me. I am usually glad to be home because we live in a real world here, having experienced the tragedy of war on our doorsteps.

This was borne in on me more intensely last summer in Vienna, traveling with an American friend. She was bothered by the lack of enterprise of Austrian shopkeepers. I was thankful to think that a nation which was just



EVERY important discovery relating to mind power, sound thinking and cause and effect, as applied to self-advancement, was known centuries ago, before the masses could read and write.

Much has been written about the wise men of old. A popular fallacy has it that their secrets of personal power and successful living were lost to the world. Knowledge of nature's laws, accumulated through the ages, is never lost. At times the great truths possessed by the sages were hidden from unscrupulous men in high places, but never destroyed.

Why Were Their Secrets Closely Guarded?

Only recently, as time is measured; not more than twenty generations ago, less than 1/100th of 1% of the earth's people were thought capable of receiving basic knowledge about the laws of life, for it is an elementary truism that knowledge is power and that power cannot be entrusted to the ignorant and the unworthy.

Wisdom is not readily attainable by the general public; nor recognized when right within reach. The average person absorbs a multitude of details about things, but goes through life without ever knowing where and how to acquire mastery of the fundamentals of the inner mind—that mysterious silent something which "whispers" to you from within.

Fundamental Laws of Nature

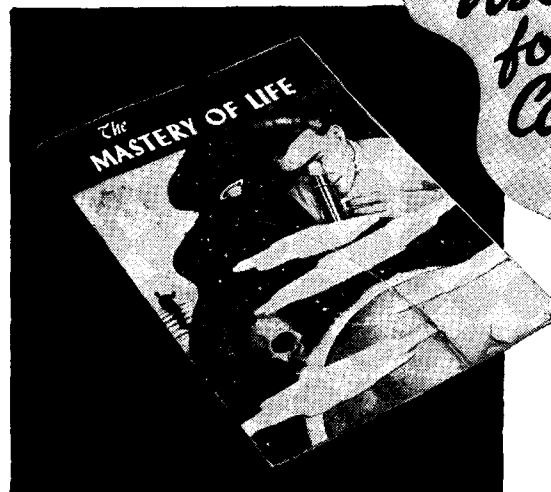
Your habits, accomplishments and weaknesses are the effects of causes. Your thoughts and actions are governed by fundamental laws. Example: The law of compensation is as fundamental

as the laws of breathing, eating and sleeping. All fixed laws of nature are as fascinating to study as they are vital to understand for success in life.

You can learn to find and follow every basic law of life. You can begin at any time to discover a whole new world of interesting truths. You can start at once to awaken your inner powers of self-understanding and self-advancement. You can learn from one of the world's oldest institutions, first known in America in 1694. Enjoying the high regard of hundreds of leaders, thinkers and teachers, the organization is known as the Rosicrucian Order. Its complete name is the "Ancient and Mystical Order Rosae Crucis," abbreviated by the initials "AMORC." The teachings of the Order are not sold, for it is not a commercial organization, nor is it a religious sect. It is a non-profit fraternity, a brotherhood in the true sense.

Not For General Distribution

Sincere men and women, in search of the truth—those who wish to fit in with the ways of the world—are invited to write for a complimentary copy of the booklet, "The Mastery of Life." It tells how to contact the librarian of the archives of AMORC for this rare knowledge. This booklet is not intended for general distribution; nor is it sent without request. It is therefore suggested that you write for your copy to the Scribe whose address is given in the coupon. The initial step is for you to take.



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A Reminder . . .



The 1956 Atlantic

\$5000

NON-FICTION CONTEST

closes March 15, 1956

In the past this prize has been won by Harriet Connor Brown for *Grandmother Brown's Hundred Years*; Mari Sandoz for *Old Jules*; Agnes Newton Keith for *Land Below the Wind*; and Kathryn Hulme for *The Wild Place*. Who will win it this year?

The winning book does not necessarily have to be on an American subject. It must be in English, typed, unpublished, and distinctive. The manuscript should be not less than 70,000 words or more than 150,000. And it should be veritable.

A prize of \$5000 — half as an outright prize, half as an advance against royalties — will be awarded the winner.

THE ATLANTIC NON-FICTION CONTEST

8 Arlington Street, Boston 16, Mass.

getting out of its occupation doings could concentrate on reopening the Burg Theater and the Opera, at the expense of personal discomfort and continued hardship.

DR. CATHERINE ORR-EWING
London, England

SIR:

"Marjorie Housepian . . . has been studying writing at Columbia under Martha Foley," and Martha probably is an admirable woman; but I think that it goes almost without saying that she's wasting her and Marjorie's time. All one has to do is read "Saturday Night" (November *Atlantic*) and it becomes immediately clear that Miss Housepian ought to study less and to write more. She has it, and thanks for printing her stories.

DAVID M. KINSLER
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

SIR:

President Royce S. Pitkin of Goddard College should earn no dissent from his belief (offered in his letter in the December *Atlantic*) in the educational values students derive from responsibility for making their own college programs. I don't think he has sound base, however, for his opinion that Goddard and a "few" other small colleges are alone in living by this belief. I work in an arts college of more than 6000 students, in a university of more than 23,000; for the twenty-one years I've been here my colleagues and I have been guided, in helping students to build programs, by the principles and practices President Pitkin outlines.

The "proclivity toward conformity" is not a mere corollary of the number of acres a campus boasts, nor of the size of its student Union. It is, it seems to me, much more closely

related to attitudes toward specialized or professional preparation on the one hand, and liberal education on the other.

MITCHELL V. CHARNLEY
Minneapolis, Minn.

SIR:

Perhaps Virgil Rogers's objective article, "Dr. Flesch's Cure-all" (December *Atlantic*), will do much toward offsetting the mischief created by the Flesch oversimplification, *Why Johnny Can't Read*.

It is no doubt true that much of the current criticism of the public schools is justified and beneficial. But is *all* such criticism salutary in its effect? I question the motives of both author and publisher who are responsible for placing in the hands of an uninformed public a book such as Attorney Flesch's, which bristles on every page with overstatement, distortion, misstatement, and oversimplification of a disturbingly complex problem. What beneficial effects can result from a book which is produced by a lawyer who "has taken up the study of words as a sideline," who obviously knows precious little about educational procedure, who makes no allowance for individual differences in learning capacity?

In my opinion, there are far too many printed criticisms of elementary public education by individuals (many of them highly intelligent and experts in their *own* fields) who are not trained to interpret education at the elementary school level. Do not the publishers of these persuasive pieces of writing have some responsibility toward a laity which is all eager for a whip to lash out at its favorite scapegoat, the Public School System?

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From 1940 to the war's end, VANNEVAR BUSH, as Director of the Office of Scientific Research and Development, was intimately concerned with weapons of the utmost destruction. Now, on his retirement as President of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, he returns to his native New England, asking himself what will happen if war is abolished. Is there, as William James believed, a moral equivalent of war?

CAN MEN LIVE WITHOUT WAR?

by VANNEVAR BUSH

N EARLY fifty years ago William James wrote an essay which he called "The Moral Equivalent of War." Since then many things have happened: there have been two world wars, a crippling depression, and now a phenomenal burst of fairly solid prosperity. The whole art of war has been profoundly altered by the application of science. A new kind of empire has arisen, rigidly controlled and avowedly bent on world conquest. The old colonial empires have disintegrated, and a new spirit of nationalism pervades lands that were once inarticulate. Most important of all, there is a growing understanding of what war may mean, and a deep yearning among all peoples for peace. It is proper, therefore, to review the arguments which James advanced and to do so in the light of the new circumstances.

James foresaw, with a clarity which was remarkable, that war would sometime end. At a time when warfare and the applications of science were poles apart, he said, "And when whole nations are the armies, and the science of destruction vies in intellectual refinement with the sciences of production, I see that war becomes absurd and impossible from its own monstrosity."

And so he turned to what might follow, with evident apprehension that men would become soft — that the virility which had brought the race thus far would give place to flat insipidity.

He first stated the case of the apologists for war, better than they themselves had stated it, repeat-

ing the only alternatives they offered: "a world of clerks and teachers, of co-education and zo-ophily, of 'consumers' leagues' and 'associated charities,' of industrialism unlimited, and feminism unabashed. No scorn, no hardness, no valor any more! Fie upon such a cattleyard of a planet."

With this extreme point of view he evidently had a genuine sympathy, for he added: "So far as the central essence of this feeling goes, no healthy minded person, it seems to me, can help to some degree partaking of it. Militarism is the great preserver of our ideals of hardihood, and human life with no use for hardihood would be contemptible. Without risks or prizes for the darer, history would be insipid indeed; and there is a type of military character which every one feels that the race should never cease to breed."

But when he then sought a moral equivalent for war he was far from convincing. His alternative was the struggle with nature as a substitute for the struggle between men and nations. Rugged though the struggle with nature sometimes is, we can hardly believe that it would fully serve to keep the red blood flowing hot in our veins, and to release the adrenalin which is the messenger between a virile mind and a fighting body. For the conquest of nature today involves only relatively few of us, and it is becoming an intellectual effort rather than a matter of brute strength. So James left me, at least, disappointed with his alternative and bewildered. Let us review his line of argument, in the

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present setting, and see whether there may be a way out of the dilemma.

His first point may indeed now be underlined. We strive for peace today with conviction and intensity, for great wars must cease if we are to pursue further the path of progress. And our striving is by no means hopeless. If great wars are outlawed — not by treaty, perhaps, but by a general realization of their absurdity — secondary wars will go on for a time by conventional means, and nations will maintain their postures of readiness to fight. But the end of all war is now definitely in sight for the first time in human history. No nation can today attack its prepared neighbor with the expectation of profiting immensely and securing a place in the sun, as has been attempted twice within our memory. The result today would be devastation for all, cities utterly destroyed, populations killed and maimed, starvation and disease rampant. That this is the brute fact is now obvious to the most obtuse. Nor can a tyrant or ruling clique, by bringing on a war, hope to advance their private interests or provide a diversion from popular discontent; no modern all-out war will leave in power anywhere those who perpetrated it.

War might, to be sure, come by accident, and this we must guard against assiduously. Little wars with the foolhardy use of weapons of mass destruction could lead to a great war; and if tempers rise, we shall need to curb the trigger-happy fools among us. Were we so gullible as to let down our guard too soon and invite a surprise mass attack which would prevent our retaliation and end the conflict at a single stroke, the invitation might be seized upon by those who still think of conquering the world by force of arms. It is not impossible that a group of desperate men could pull the temple down on all of us. But the conditions and concepts which brought on most of the great wars of history have now disappeared. We are all on notice, if we can read or listen, that indulgence in all-out war would be suicide. Self-preservation is a very powerful primary urge, and an understanding of the present monstrosity of war is increasing among the masses of people in spite of both iron and bamboo curtains. There is certainly more chance than ever before that we may now look forward to peace. In fact, we may conclude that we can have peace if we are not utterly gullible or careless.

2

THE second point made by James also deserves emphasis. The main argument of the apologists for war has vanished as science has stepped into the picture. Whatever else may happen, the glamour of war is gone.

Where do the virtues of war lie today? Is courage needed to watch a radar screen or adjust a guided missile? Where is the daring of the soldier

when the folks at home encounter equal risks? When one man guides a plane that can destroy a city, what becomes of the infectious influence of comradeship, the sense of being engaged with many others in a common hazardous campaign, the identification of self with a group which could inspire, or was supposed to inspire, even the common soldier with ideals and courage? Great war has become complex and must now be fought at a distance, if at all. It has lost forever those qualities that once had a real appeal for the red-blooded man.

Do we then look forward to some sort of Utopia? James had little use for Utopias, for he wrote in "The Dilemma of Determinism": —

Why does the painting of any paradise or utopia, in heaven or on earth, awaken such yawnings for nirvana and escape? The white-robed harp-playing heaven of our sabbath-schools, and the ladylike teatable elysium represented in Mr. Spencer's *Data of Ethics*, as the final consummation of progress, are exactly on a par in this respect, — lubberlands, pure and simple, one and all. . . . If *this* be the whole fruit of the victory, we say; if the generations of mankind suffered and laid down their lives; if prophets confessed and martyrs sang in the fire, and all the sacred tears were shed for no other end than that a race of creatures of such unexampled insipidity should succeed, and protract . . . their contented and inoffensive lives, — why, at such a rate, better lose than win the battle, or at all events better ring down the curtain before the last act of the play, so that a business that began so importantly may be saved from so singularly flat a winding-up.

We need have little fear of any such dismal outcome. Struggles will not cease even if armed conflict ends. Between nations there will continue to be political jockeying for position and very intense economic competition. We shall still need to cope with penetration and subversion and face the difficult task of guiding our friends among the younger nations to positions of true independence and stability.

Nor will struggle and conflict end in our internal affairs. We shall have much to quarrel about.

Our racial antagonisms have by no means vanished. We hope we have learned to avoid great depressions, but on this score we should by no means be sanguine. Whether we can maintain full employment without forcing inflation remains to be seen. The division of our product between capital, labor, and management can still lead to paralyzing strikes. We have narcotics, juvenile delinquency, defiance of law. The preservation of our liberties demands eternal vigilance. If we are easygoing, a swollen bureaucracy will certainly regiment us. Our political contests can still be embittered and sordid.

If war ceases, it will be a different sort of world; and the apologists for war usually overlook one of its primary attributes, the ending of which might

greatly influence our lives in subtle ways. During the past two decades this country has forged ahead at an unprecedented rate until it stands as the unquestioned leader of the free world, powerful, disciplined, even wise as it attempts to press further by lifting its neighbors with it. War and the fear of war produced this result — produced also our present great prosperity. And this did not occur because of war profits; for there are no such things as war profits for a country as a whole; war merely wastes man's goods and man's labor. In many nations the waste has overbalanced all else, but we were fortunate. Our advance has come about because the nation became internally united and went to work, because secondary quarrels were submerged or tempered in the common cause, because public opinion forced the channeling of all effort in a single direction, because men's spirits rose and their blood ran hot as they faced together an enemy that all could recognize. Where would we now be had there been no such cement to hold us together during the past twenty years — if we had worked at cross-purposes, occupied ourselves with petty quarrels, or succumbed to the vices of intrigue and treachery?

Does this mean that, if peace comes and the fear of war is lifted, we shall again return to all the old quarrels and become a nation divided, split into factions with animosity and petty intrigues paramount? Does it mean that we shall lose the vision of a happy and prosperous nation, brought about by our own unity and determination, in which we can approach our disagreements objectively and in a spirit of relative good will? Does it mean that we shall forget how to battle with one another vigorously and with full conviction and determination, but standing up, and shall again thrash about in the mire of mutual suspicion? Do biting and kicking have to take the place of honest blows given and received?

3

THE citizens of this country have shown that they take most of the guarantees of the Bill of Rights for granted, that they see no real danger to our primary liberties or any need to be keenly on the alert to preserve them; and in this complacency lies danger. But there is one element of the free life that is not taken for granted at all, that is highly valued, and that men are willing to fight for, if necessary, without question. This element is the opportunity for an individual to rise as far as his talents, health, and determination will take him, without artificial barriers of any kind.

We have by no means reached perfection in this regard. There are still artificial barriers of race, birth, and resources. Nor would we banish the paternal instinct, forbid the father to aid his son to make a good start in life, or frown on any effort

of a man to help one of his fellows. There is a fundamental difference between this mutual aid — even the banding together of groups with mutual interests for mutual advancement — and the throwing of artificial obstacles in the path of a young man struggling to rise by his own efforts. We shall always have with us those who will drift, who will refuse to pull their weight in the boat, to whom opportunity means nothing; but the problem of their place in society is not one that concerns us here. It is the artificial obstacle in the path of the ambitious and able that we would banish, and this has not as yet been fully accomplished.

But we have proceeded much farther toward the ideal than ever before in any country at any time. The workman at the bench recognizes the artificial limitations that surround him; and his own ambitions may be ended. But he knows, too, that for his son, his neighbor's son, or the bright attractive boy down the street there are genuine opportunities to rise to positions of influence and satisfaction. Luck, the caprice of men in high places, loyalty to dependents, an insidious bacterium or virus — any one of these may stop him in his tracks. Only a few will have the ambition to rise and the skill and personality that must go with it. But the opportunity is there, and it is real. The son of a tailor on the east side may become the honored surgeon, respected by men of power, loved by patients who owe their lives to him. The peddler of bananas may come to rule an industrial empire he has built. The painter's helper may become a labor leader and treat on equal terms with the captains of industry. The haberdasher may become president. It has happened. The bans and taboos are less than they ever were before. This is the land of opportunity, and we had better keep it so and enhance this central aspect of our liberty.

It is this which may yet bind us together in the ideal of brotherhood among men, not as a vague generality to which we pay lip service but as a living reality, exemplified by the opportunity for all to develop their talents to the utmost for their own benefit and the benefit of their fellow men.

We look forward to living in a new sort of world. The flowering of science, which has rendered war absurd, is also giving us wealth, comfort, and freedom from disease of the body or the mind. Our contests for position in the intricate fabric of society need no longer require that the unsuccessful shall suffer want and distress.

When individual progress is artificially barred, when men are divided into classes with impenetrable barriers, when men are serfs or slaves, or fettered by false restraint so that they cannot move, struggles on any subject are bound to be bitter. When a man knows that if he loses out, in competition with his fellows, those he loves will be ill-nourished and neglected, he must fight too desperately to care for the conventions of fairness and decency.

But when artificial barriers are gone, and men may rise if they have what it takes — when there is a floor beneath which no man need fall, a floor that will ensure a decent life — then the contests of men with one another may well be on a different plane. The key is the preservation and enhancement of individual opportunity in all its forms. Few will rise, for few are the places to fill at the top. But all will have dignity and satisfaction; and those who prefer for any reason to remain in humble and peasant status will do so by choice.

We can have peace. And with it we can have prosperity, greater than the world has ever seen, with a distribution of its blessings that preserves the necessary order of an industrial society while avoiding both arrogant opulence and cringing poverty. As we attain these things, whenever we do, shall we return to petty bickering and strife, sordid intrigue, and bitter recriminations? Or shall we tackle our problems as men, vigorously, with courage and convictions, pulling no punches, but with decency and fairness? We may, indeed, be able to rise to the latter if we keep our senses and our objectivity — and, above all, if we open the door of opportunity wide so that we battle as free men, in the pride and dignity to which only free men may aspire.

Here, indeed, may be an acceptable equivalent for war, preserving and enhancing in our people those virile attributes which conquered the old frontiers and built an industrial civilization beyond compare. When the foolhardy nature of international combat is fully recognized and great wars are banished, we may still struggle with nature and with one another and thus keep the vitality of the race from being sapped by insipid ease. If we do so as free men, independent, proud, seizing our opportunity in an open field from which artificial barriers have been removed, we may find that struggle, so necessary for the health of our race, can be entered upon in decency and dignity, and the vulgarity of war may give place to strife for worthy causes conducted with fairness and good will.

Yet, having said this, we have not come to the end of the matter. Man needs to exercise his virile attributes — in sport, in coping with the hazards of the wilderness, in honest and decent conflict with his fellows for just and worthy causes. No man has fully lived who has not experienced the fear, the exultation, of meeting great odds and struggling to prevail. But no man has fully lived who has not also experienced the joy of close association with worthy fellows or who has not known the thrill of individual creation. He who can say honestly to himself that he has discovered a set of facts or a relation between phenomena not known to any man before him in all history, and that by his insight and skill he has made them comprehensible

to the human intellect — such a man experiences the same uplift of spirit as the one who first climbs a high mountain or first runs a mile in four minutes. And when the accomplishment results not from the lonely acts of individual genius but from the efforts of a team or group having mutual trust and confidence, supplementing one another's skills, compensating for one another's weaknesses, carrying the unfortunate over the rough places, heartening the leader by steadfast support — then all members of the group enjoy a satisfaction transcending that of accomplished creation, a satisfaction of success in their margin of effort to attain something that was beyond the capacity of any individual.

If war ends, we must still have outlets for our inherited energies; we need only attempt to render them dignified and worthy. But we shall also have increased opportunities for other satisfactions, not so intense but far more lasting and substantial. The unifying bond of war will be gone, but it can give place to a nobler bond, less universal, far more genuine and strong. This can appear in the midst of diverse careers. To me, naturally, the field of science stands out uniquely in its opportunities.

The country will be full of struggle and conflict as diverse causes are fought over. As individuals and citizens we enter if our consciences and inclinations so dictate. And by entering we may help to raise the level of the contests and render them worthy. But research centers such as the Carnegie Institution stand aside from all this.

Within the institutions dedicated to scientific research lies opportunity for the individual. They do not care about a man's origins — his country, race, or religion. They seek men who have an ambition to rise to the heights in their scientific professions, and insist, moreover, that among their talents should be a large measure of ability to rise by effective collaboration with others. They want men of generous instinct, and men who are devoted to science because they believe that the life of a scientist yields more satisfaction than any other career on earth and contributes more genuinely to the public weal. When they find a young man of this sort they welcome him with open arms. After that no artificial barrier stands in his path. He can rise as rapidly and as high in his profession as his own effort, judgment, and skill will carry him. He will be judged only according to the estimation in which he is held by fellow scientists — his peers. The requirements are rigorous, but the opportunity these institutions offer is real and complete. We must always keep it so.

No more war? Peace is indeed in sight if we are wise. But not an end of contest or struggle. And certainly not an end of opportunity, which may render the lives of those who follow us not insipid but virile, not belligerent but creative.



Dancer, choreographer, and writer, AGNES DE MILLE has brought to the ballet an American idiom and impetus which were responsible for her first great successes, Rodeo and the dances she designed for Oklahoma! She is today recognized as one of our most original choreographers, and in this article she shows us the drives and aspirations which set a dance in motion. In its recent tour of South America, Ballet Theatre presented two of her most popular compositions, Rodeo and Fall River Legend, and both were received with enormous enthusiasm.

RHYTHM IN MY BLOOD

by AGNES DE MILLE

1

ARTISTS work in the belief that what lies in their hearts is as attractive to others — great numbers of others — as to themselves. Now obviously hearts must be in some things similar or they could not communicate; but similarity of expression in art is castigated with scorn, at first sight anyway — criticism which must on consideration prove as invalid as it is futile. For artists must repeat themselves.

In all processes of life people imitate, and so must artists. They are influenced by their peers as by their antecedents because this is the way of organic development. Late Beethoven and early Schubert, for instance, are almost indistinguishable; while Brahms took certain themes, note for note, from Beethoven; and Shakespeare stole nearly all his plots — all the good ones certainly. Had they worked as contemporaries in the same studio, as do choreographers, with the same performers, the tie would have been closer yet. Furthermore, most choreographers, like the apprentice painters of the Renaissance, get their initial experience studying under the personal influence of a master, taking part in the actual creation of his works, and spending years — the formative years — under constant personal artistic domination. The wonder is that any individual expression develops at all.

But it does develop, and with it the deviations and mannerisms we call personal style. Usually the artist is unaware of the process, as he is unaware of his other spontaneous modes of expression. Few willingly believe the insistent repetition, the catch phrases, the special idioms we use in conversation. Who among us has recognized a first recording of his own voice? We prefer to think of ourselves in terms of universals shared by all mankind — by all the ways, in short, in which we resemble or possibly surpass others. Our neighbors, on the contrary, distinguish us by our oddities and crotchets, and it

is just for this reason that a cartoon when effective strikes everyone but the subject as revealing.

If idiosyncrasies of expression constitute a key to others' understanding, they serve the artist in much the same way, as a means of self-revelation and a technique for reaching his emotional reservoir. They determine his work habits and of course the character of his expression. But whereas each worker will develop his own combination, his own formula so to speak, he will have virtually nothing to do with its choosing and can use his critical faculties only to shape and correct. The emotional key, the kindling spark, lies beyond the reach of his mind deep in instinct. When we find these habitual patterns pleasing, we say the artist has developed style; when they appeal to our taste less, we say that he is repeating himself.

But the great repeated constantly. How do we, for instance, recognize Bach in any two measures of his music? Obviously because it sounds precisely like him and no one else. It is a question, I believe, of what is basically present and not how often the devices and tricks are employed. Indeed if variety were all, one could compose with a slide rule. There is great style and lesser style, and style altogether to be condemned; but none of it has to do either with repetition or derivation.

Every worker recognizes his own devices. I can name mine easily. I cannot always control them, but I can name them: I have an affinity for diagonal movement on the stage, with figures entering at one corner and leaving at the opposite, and unless I watch myself, this pattern recurs tiresomely. Why in one corner and out the other? I am not such a fool that I don't recognize the tendency, nor so starved for invention that I cannot think of other geometric directions. But this particular arrangement moves me and releases ideas. Could it be because the first fine choreographic design I ever saw

was the *Sylphides* mazurka danced by Lydia Sokolowa with the Diaghilev ballet? And when I think of her great leap and the lines of still and waiting women leaning in a kind of architectural wonder for the next cross flight, I understand. That was the path of the first comet and it blazed a mark on my brain. That track spells ecstasy. But behind this reason, there must be more.

I use a still figure, usually female, waiting on the stage, side or center, with modifying groups revolving about, always somehow suggesting the passing of time and life experience. Why does the woman waiting seem to me so emotionally pregnant? One woman standing alone on the stage while people pass until a man enters upstage behind her? Why upstage and why always behind and why the long wait? I cannot be sure, but I remember waiting for years seemingly shut away in my mother's garden. My father was absent most of that time and I longed for him to come home to release me from the spell. Possibly the answer is somewhere here.

Why is my use of circles open or closed a constant? The avoidance of symmetrical design with the exception of the circle, my acute difficulty with all symmetrical design even including square-dance pattern which one might think was my native language? My repeated use of three female figures, a trilogy which because of plurality takes on symbolic force? And the falling patterns — the falling to earth, the swooning back, the resurrection, the running away always to return to a focal point — seem also to be insistent; and more important, more gross and unbearable, the breaking of all lyric line with a joke, as though I could not trust emotional development but must escape with a wisecrack.

It must be obvious even to people not familiar with dancing that these relations are individual, that they are to some degree sexual, and that they reflect a special personality pattern. I speak of my own work because I have a right to, but these observations apply to everyone. Consider, for instance, some of the recurring idioms of Balanchine: the single male figure embroiled with two to six females, one of whom either blinds or strangles him; the entanglement of either male or female bodies in endless ropes or chains (the lines are seldom made up of both men and women); the repetitive use of the grand reverence or imperial court bow as part of the texture of movement; the immaculate discipline of traditional gesture; the metrical, machine-like arrangement of school positions as unadorned as the use of unmodified scales in a musical composition; the insistence on two-dimensional symmetrical design; the superb but classic relation to music. One might build an interesting picture of Balanchine, the man, from these points of style. They are as natural to him as his sniff.

The characteristics of Jerome Robbins are very different. There is above all his free-limbed and

virile use of the body, a complete spontaneous release as in sports, an exuberance, a total employment of all energies. Whether the gesture is gay or anguished, all resources are put into play and the strength and vigor of the movement communicates with the gusto of an athlete's. This in part may explain his enormous popularity with all audiences. The gesture is manly, it is keen and bold, and it is complete. Briefly it is exhilarating, and it brings to the spirit the satisfaction that a yawn or a stretch brings to the muscles. Women choreographers are less released, their movement often blocked or broken, or modified by reticences, not shyness of content but carefulness in physical effort. The difference is equivalent to that between a man and a woman throwing or jumping. Her gesture may be exact and serviceable; his will be total. Robbins enhances this quality by quoting literally from acrobatics or by using stunts.

His skill in rhythmic invention is the greatest in the business, according to the composer Trude Rittmann, who has worked with all of us. Robbins is besot by rhythm, visual and bodily rhythms as well as auditory, and when he gets hold of a gesture he continues inventing out of the core of the matter until he has built an entire design and must wait for the composer to catch up. His rhythms will then work in counterpoint to the musical pattern. It is thought that if he had turned his attention to music, he might have been a first-class composer. Whereas Balanchine's rhythmic sense is spatial and linked to the music, Robbins' is independent. I, on the other hand, am totally derivative and lean and grow on melody. I cannot move without melody. May there not here be revealed a subtle sexual distinction? The men work free and on their own. The woman must wait for the lead.

But Robbins' most easily recognized trait is, praise heaven, his humor. In its grossest aspects, it takes the form of straight gags — very good ones, but bald and outrageous. In its more sophisticated manifestations, he introduces surprising and impertinent conclusions into his pattern, deliberately leading one on to expect a certain resolution and then insolently offering another, untraditional and slightly rude, though always logical because he is never foolish. He jokes with rhythms, with space, with relations of bodies, with light, with silence, with sound. These are all elements of style.

The grosser emotional fixtures of theme and content are plainly manifest — fixtures such as, in the case of Robbins, a preoccupation with childhood and games, with the bewilderment of growing up, with the anguish of choice. The unexpected, the joke, in this field seems to turn back on the choreographer and sit hard; each love story splits into three or more people; each romance spells destruction or transience; all repeats over and over. There is no resolution. In short, life turns out not to be a joke.

For my part, I seem to be obsessed by an almost Henry Jamesian inability for hero and heroine to come together happily, and by that other bedeviling theme, the woman as hunter. These are easily read. But the impregnation of abstract pattern with personality adjustments is, I find, far more subtle and more interesting. A great deal has been written about the kinesthetic transference between audience and dancer in the actual muscular technique; the field of spatial aesthetics remains, however, almost unexplored.

2

WE KNOW much about emotional symbols. They have a history and a science, iconography. Those used by the medieval and Renaissance painters were understood by the scholars and artists of the time — but, more wonderful, they mean to us today spontaneously just what they meant then; they seem to be permanent. We dream, Jung tells us, in the terms and symbols of classic mythology. Moreover, primitives shut away from classic learning dream in the same terms. Is it not also likely then that certain space relations, rhythms, and stresses have psychological significance, that some of these patterns are universal and the key to emotional response, that their deviations and modifications can be meaningful to the artist in terms of his own life experience and that these overtones are grasped by the spectator without conscious analysis?

Doctors are aware of this and utilize the knowledge in diagnosis. The significance of children's manipulation of space in writing and drawing is carefully studied, and the insane are observed for their relation to and use of walls, floor, doorways, heights, and so forth. Obviously these matters are basic to our well-being as land and air animals. And as plants will turn to sunlight or rocks or moisture according to their nature, so we bend toward or escape from spatial arrangements according to our emotional needs. In the diseased mind, the reactions are overwhelmingly overt. But look around any restaurant and see how few sane people will sit at a center table unless the sides are filled up. Yet formerly the king always dined dead center and many times in public.

The individual as a personality then has his own code in space and rhythm. It is evolved from his life history and from his race memory or, as Jung calls it, the collective unconscious. It is just the manipulation of these suggestions through time-space that is the material of choreography.

Take, for example, a simple daily gesture like walking forward and shaking hands. There are in this, first, the use of a separate limb common to most vertebrates, the upright position of the spine and head characteristic of man, the instinctively recognized expression of friendliness shared by all species as opposed to the instinctive expressions of fear and distrust. With animals, when approaching

a friend, the hair lies flat, the ears are relaxed though alert, and all enlargements and ferocious distentions subside; breathing is normal. So with man. Heart, pulse, and lungs are easy, the eyes alert but neither distended to see danger nor contracted to pinpoint a target; the mouth is closed or smiling because no unusual demands will be made on hearing (to hear extraordinarily in times of acute danger, the mouth is opened and breathing suspends). And since no unusual effort will be demanded, the muscles neither brace nor tremble. The sum total of all this will be spelled out in the rhythm and position of the reaching hand.

But let there occur the slightest rebuff and see now what happens; hackles rise, hair bristles, lips curl to bare incisors, hearts pound, lungs fill, and on the instant all muscles prepare for attack. In ordinary intercourse, this naturally is not visible on full scale. But it needs only the slight widening of the pupil or nostril, the barest flicker of fingertip, to give the signal; the enemy has been recognized and addressed. Further subtle and meaningful modifications take over when the passage alters by the tension of a specific situation — when, for instance, someone who is often frightened of encounter meets a friend, or one who is never frightened meets someone not to be trusted, or two trusting friends meet under dreadful conditions, and so ad infinitum. Within each of these circumstances the body becomes a totally different chemical organization and yet retains the stamp of its own life habits.

It is the actor's art to mimic exactly with a full awareness of all the overtones and significances. The dancer, on the other hand, explodes the gesture to its components and reassembles them into a symbol that has connotations of what lies around and behind the fact, while the implications of rhythm and spatial design add further comment. Of course the choreographer is no more troubled by all this than is the businessman by the enormous anthropological heritage he puts into play every time he casually tips his hat.

Coleridge says of portraiture: "A good artist must imitate that which is within the thing, that which is active through form and figure, and discourses to us by symbols . . . the universal in the individual or the individuality itself — the glance and the exponent of the indwelling power. . . . Hence a good portrait is the abstract of the personal; it is not the likeness for actual comparison, but for recollection." Every gesture is a portrait. Behind it lie the histories of the race and the individual as well as the comment of the artist.

When I, as an artist, am moved, I must respond in my own instinctive way; and because I am a choreographer, I respond through my instinctive gestures. I may come into the pattern with conviction and the excitement of fresh experience, but this will reflect a personality habit. It cannot be otherwise. Somehow, as in the grooves in a gramophone

record, the cutting edge of my emotion follows a track played deep into the subconscious.

There is a further personal identification in choreography because most choreographers compose on their own bodies. Certain recurring steps can be explained simply by the fact that the choreographer performs these steps well and has a tendency to use them when demonstrating. Martha Graham has a kick and a particular skip that have stood her in good stead for twenty years. The explanation is simply that her left leg kicks straight up in a split, 180 degrees — a very spectacular feat. The right does not; hence the single-legged pattern. (It has been very interesting to observe over the years that Graham pupils who began by imitating her mannerisms have gradually eliminated the physical idiosyncrasies and personal accent and maintained the great style unblemished. In *Diversion of Angels* and *Canticle for Innocent Comedians*, Graham's personal gesture has been purified of all subjective tricks and stands in the keeping of her disciples as impersonal and abstract as the ballet code. It is overwhelmingly beautiful.) I am right-legged and right-footed, and most of the sustaining and balancing work in my choreography is done on the left leg; many of my dancers have complained bitterly. A dancer with short legs jumps in one manner, whereas a dancer with longer ones performs the same kind of jumps in quite another. So with composing. And identical pattern problems take on the modification of the composer's physique as well as his character adjustment, for it is always the choreographer who has to start the moving, and naturally he does it his way. If there were no instrument on which a song-writer could work except on his own voice, unquestionably his vocal restrictions would shape the melodic line.

The choreographer is also influenced by his performers. If I were to work, let us say, with a soloist whose arms and back were the strongest in the dance world and whose phrasing of legato lifts the most beautiful, but whose footwork, on the other hand, and allegro were weaker, quite obviously my composing style would adjust to his needs. Were I to compose with a man of enormous elevation and brilliant *batterie* but less dramatic force, my approach would then be necessarily different. And it must be noted that one works with the dancers at hand. One cannot summon from outer space a dream body capable of anything — or even exactly what one wishes. In the matter of one's own body one has obviously even less choice and must make do.

3

It is difficult for the individual to evaluate his own strengths and characteristics, and the theatre is strewn with lives ruined by unwarranted determinations to sing, or write, or act. No guarantee goes with desire, and there is unhappily just enough

genuine talent neglected to confuse the issue. Nevertheless, granting a modicum of true ability, one must not be afraid to fail now and then. It all depends on the reason why.

One may, of course, fail because one has chosen the wrong kind of work.

One may fail because one has no discipline either in work or the handling of emotional problems.

One may fail because one wishes to fail — a hard tendency to detect, but a history of avoidable catastrophe indicates a need for medical help.

One may fail temporarily because of grief, harassment, or exhaustion and, in the theatre, from lack of time.

And then one may fail in trying new and unknown ways of expression. A creative life without failure is unthinkable. All physical growth and emotional change involve discomfort and a good bit of highly unattractive transition. Consider any adolescent, for example, taken at face value and with no thought of what is to come.

This fear of defeat haunts the creative worker uncomfortably, and there are fat days when all of us long to be let alone. But the first moment we permit ourselves to feel safe, the first moment we save ourselves from exposure, we are in danger of retreating from the outposts. We can be quite sure that this particular job need not be done, for, in all probability, it will have been done before.

"One must risk one's career every six months," says Elia Kazan, "in order to stay alive and effective in one's work."

But although work will never be safe, it may happily sometimes be easy and quick. Very frequently the best work is the easiest. But the rhapsodic release comes only infrequently and the professional must learn to compose at will — to employ aesthetic aphrodisiacs. For a young artist, this is perhaps the hardest task. Each person must learn his own path through the labyrinth of escape and idleness. Anne Lindbergh speaks of a technique of "acquiring grace": "Most people are aware of periods in their lives when they seem to be 'in grace' and other periods when they feel 'out of grace.' . . . In the first happy condition, one seems to carry all one's tasks before one lightly, as if borne along on a great tide; and in the opposite state one can hardly tie a shoe-string. It is true that a large part of life consists of tying the shoe-string, whether one is in grace or not."

To translate this into terms of the working artist, the state of "grace" or inspiration occurs when an idea is both clearly perceived and deeply felt, when circumstances do not block realization, and when technique waits ready and almost unconsciously available. The last is the controllable factor, a technique ready and available at the needed moment. Behind this lies a life's ordering.

Jerome Robbins works himself into a lather of excitement the three weeks preceding any big job on

studies, all of which, he explains, may very well be discarded once the dancers are assembled but without which he cannot begin. These preliminary exercises furnish him with momentum and conviction. They are a warming-up process. Hanya Holm, on the other hand, never prepares this way. She studies and thinks, but when she walks into the studio, no plan has been determined on. It is between her and the dancers and God, she says. But God, I have found, cannot be held to a schedule, and any kind of composition that involves a finishing time — and this is the essence of all theatre — makes definite demands on inspiration. Inspiration has to be on tap as long as the components of design are living bodies paid by the hour.

But we may be grateful that very seldom are circumstances propitious and that the work fights through hard and slow. The moment one knows how, one begins to die a little. Living is a form of not being sure, of not knowing what next or how. And the artist before all others never entirely knows. He guesses. And he may be wrong. But then how does one know whom to befriend or, for that matter, to marry? One can't go through life on hands and knees. One leaps in the dark. For this reason creative technique reduces itself basically to a recognition and befriending of one's self. "Who am I?" the artist asks, and he devotes his entire career to answering. There is one clue: what moves him is his. What amuses or frightens or pleases him becomes by virtue of his emotional participation a part of his personality and history; conversely what neither moves nor involves him, what brings him no joy, can be reckoned as spurious. An artist begins to go wrong exactly at the point where he begins to pretend. But it is difficult sometimes to accept the truth. He has to learn who he in fact is, not who he would like to be, nor even who it would be expedient or profitable to be.

He may think he cannot afford this risk, but it is equally evident he cannot afford hackneyed success. For this is no success. And everyone instantly recognizes what has happened. The breath of life has gone; the workshop has become a morgue.

The real failing, the killing off, is not in taking risks but in choosing some work beneath his capaci-

ties and in doing it in a slick and routine fashion purely for recompense. This hurts the whole field of work, dirties and dulls down the audience, and destroys the individual. In the disreputable suburbs of each art form flourish great fortunes made just this way. I do not for one moment wish to imply that first-class work does not also bring in money. God is good, and it frequently does. But let us be sure in our hearts, no first-class job was ever achieved without a good deal in view besides the check.

The folks who think only of money may cynically pretend they do not care, but their stomach ulcers and their alcoholism prove they do most dreadfully. It is not so much a matter of what work is done but how it is done. It is vital to everyone to know that work is necessary and done to the best of ability whether making soap operas or washing floors, and it is only when the dust is swept under the rug that the process of disintegration sets in.

Far better than succeeding regularly is a good tough falling-short of a challenge. All work — one's own and everyone else's — benefits from this effort, successful or not, just as all science benefits from each difficult experiment — even the ones that seem not directly to bring results.

Louis Horst said recently at a testimonial banquet tendered him by the dancers of New York that he wished to thank all the dedicated and devoted artists with whom he had had the privilege of achievement; and he wished also to thank those who had tried and failed, because without them, the great could not have gone so far.

It is not for the individual to demand a certificate of quality before starting. He cannot and he may not. He has to work on faith. And he must listen only to his conscience, which will be stern enough in truth. He must listen to no other voices. For to listen is to be lost — to listen to critic, or friend, or business interest. He can pray only that his tastes and passions will be common to many. But he must suit himself first, himself before everyone else. He must, in other words, marry the girl of his heart despite the family or he will bed down for life with a wench not of his choosing.



More Than Promises

Wooing and bungling, the voluble Khrushchev and his silent partner, Bulganin,

made their way through Southeast Asia fabricating for each occasion promises which again and again were greeted with acclaim. Their reception and their utterances force us to re-examine the real needs of Asia and to determine a more effective policy than we of the West have thus far achieved. BARBARA WARD, former Foreign Editor of the London Economist, has this to recommend.

ASIA'S NEEDS AND WESTERN POLICY

by BARBARA WARD

1

THE revolution that is changing the face of Asia today is fundamentally a continuation of what has been the basic impulse of the East for the last 150 years: the impulse to catch up in power and prestige with the West. But since World War II the desire for modernization has begun to spread beyond the small educated Asian elite to the people at large, 80 per cent of whom — save in Japan — are still peasants. For them modernization means simply that “things could be better”; but, given their traditional fatalism, this is perhaps the most revolutionary change of all. It could not be expected that they would understand the economic and administrative implications of their new state of mind. It is a mood of aggressive expectation, all the stronger for being rooted in ignorance. But, for the governments of Asia, it represents a time bomb in the basement of their political structure.

The preconditions and preliminaries of modernization in Asia are formidable. The provision of a capital base of power, transport, and industry implies the withdrawal of resources from direct consumption, and naturally this process creates hardship. In the East, the upward leap of the birth rate has preceded industrialization. In India, for instance, the reckoning is that probably two thirds of any likely annual gain in economic productivity will be swallowed up by the yearly increase of over 4 million in the population. Under these conditions, the transfer of resources from consumption to saving means the depressing of an already depressed standard.

There is a lack of trained manpower in Asia quite as acute as the shortage of capital. One reason development under the first Indian five-year plan is some 15 per cent below budgetary estimates is that, particularly in the provincial administrations, the number of men competent to lay out an industrial scheme are simply not available. Lack of trained agricultural experts rather

than lack of resources is at present the limiting factor in the growth of India's rural community projects and extension services. These discrepancies will tend to grow greater as the whole pace of development gathers momentum under the second plan. In short, in India as in the rest of Asia, it is often easier at this stage to allot resources to a project than to find the manpower and the technical skill necessary to take the project forward to actual construction.

Inevitably, all over Asia, there is a gap between the possibility of physical performance and the aroused aspirations of the masses. Under any conditions, such a situation contains political dynamite at least in internal politics, but with Asia and the world divided between a Communist and a free form of society, there is no restraining the explosive element behind domestic frontiers. The polarization of Asian ambition between India and China is perhaps the dominant political fact in Asia today. Both these vast, ancient, overpopulated communities are trying to do fundamentally the same thing: complete the modernization of their communities. But they are trying to do so by opposite means: in India by persuasion, coöperation, and decentralized democratic planning; in China by the strong coercion of bureaucratic dictatorship. The success of one method or the other will set the pattern for Asia. Even their relative speed of development is being watched searchingly in order to determine which model is to be preferred. Moreover, the trial of strength and method has implications beyond Asia. The Soviet Union is deeply involved in China's success, and the Western world should be equally concerned in the outcome of the Indian experiment.

Western policy-makers, however, appear to have been working on the supposition that the outlook for free Asia is reasonably secure. At least, this is the only assumption that seems to explain the relative lack of any clear Western pol-

icy for the new phase in Asian development. Such an estimate can be based on only two premises — that “the wave of the future” is on the side of freedom, and that Western policies are adequate to counter any potential drift toward the Communist side.

Perhaps something of a case can be made for both points of view. One can point to the extent to which Western ideals of freedom and tolerance have penetrated such communities as India, Burma, and Japan. One can argue that Communist planning has failed, even in Russia, to solve the problem of agricultural expansion and peasant content; yet these, in Asia, today are the key to the next phase of economic development. One can go further and underline the undeniable fact that what Asia most needs is capital and skilled manpower and fuller training, and that genuine surplus capital and an advanced technological society exist primarily in the West.

At this point, the second line of argument comes into play — that, in fact, the Western powers *are* pursuing a successful policy of helping free Asia to help itself. Point Four programs, technical assistance, the Colombo Plan — all these are means of making Western wealth and Western skill available to the East. Moreover, these new contacts are calculated to undo some of the unhappy memories lingering on from the days of Western imperial supremacy. The West's racialism and sense of superiority are giving place, especially among young people, to a feeling for the unity of the family of man and to a sense of kinship in all human affairs. A revolution has also occurred in Western economic policies, and the harsh pursuit of gain has been softened by the radical change in Western labor-management relations.

This democratizing of Western economic life has had its repercussions in Asia. The welfare state has proved an ideal which in India and Burma can be contrasted with the inhuman order of Communism. On a smaller and more intimate scale, the enlightened managerial policies and generous labor relations of many Western firms have earned the praise of Asian ministers. For instance, T. T. Krishnamachari, the Indian Minister for Commerce and Industry, has pointed to certain British and American firms in Calcutta and Bombay as models which Indian business ought to follow. Why, then, with so many forces, conscious and unconscious, working for the preservation of freedom and Western standards, should the West regard the fateful duel between Indian and Chinese development with any more than friendly curiosity?

2

UNHAPPILY for the future of constructive Western influence in Asia, it can be shown that the premises upon which this optimism is based are

false. The Western aid programs already in operation are inadequate. The tendency in the field of manpower is toward a reduction of Western help. Most serious of all, the latest trends in Asia suggest that the Communists may be about to gain a decisive advantage in a field where, hitherto, the Western powers have felt reasonably secure — the field of technical assistance.

The inadequacy of the flow of capital from West to East is obvious from the figures. Given an increase of population in Asia of the order of 1.6 per cent a year, to secure even a small increase in per capita income — say, a modest one per cent — would require fresh capital investment of almost \$6 billion a year. The annual rate of saving in Asia today is running between \$3 and \$4 billion. The gap is, on the most conservative assumptions, some \$2 billion. To achieve the rates normal in more advanced communities, investment would have to be doubled — and the gap would double with it. But Western aid is not even matching the more modest figure. The Colombo Plan's \$3 billion is being spent over six years. American aid to Asia, although it has grown steadily since 1950, is still under a billion dollars for purely economic assistance. Nor is there any apparent likelihood of upward revision. On the contrary, John Hollister, the head of the International Cooperation Administration, has spoken of his hope of securing a reduction in 1957.

The movement of private capital is too small to fill in any part of the gap. Indeed, in some years the withdrawal of capital, particularly from disturbed areas such as Indonesia, has offset any gain. Whether or not future Western aid is morally desirable or strategically necessary, one fact at least is clear: Asian need greatly exceeds any of the measures taken so far to meet it.

In addition to capital, Asia needs Western technicians and experts, and there is no certainty that there will be enough to meet the scale of Asian development. The ending of such services as the Indian Civil Service, though inevitable in the disappearance of colonial status, removed from Asia men of capacity, integrity, wide friendships, and lifelong experience. The same process is at work in Malaya. The contributions of the devoted colonial servant have tended to be overlooked in the general condemnation of imperialism. His role as guardian of justice, as safeguard of security and hence of economic advance, as purveyor of Western standards and ideals, has been neglected. That he had to go was historically inevitable, but we now know the gap in salutary Western influence that his going has left.

A decline in Western business activity is likely, though perhaps not inevitable. Some British capital is being repatriated from India, and foreign concerns are removing themselves from Asia's more troubled areas. New capital is hampered by

political uncertainty and the decline of local efficiency. Even where foreign capital is welcome — as it is in India or Burma — obstacles stand in the way. The gap between Western and Asian living standards is such that a fairly modest scale of pay can make a Westerner a Croesus by local Asian standards, and this at a time when social equality and the limitation of incomes are among Asia's most popular goals. If the Western businessman is not paid enough to induce him to work in Asia, he will not go. But if he is paid enough, in India at least, the effort is being made to remove it all again by taxation. It is simply a matter of income. The recent Indian Companies Act appears to impose, together with some salutary reforms, a number of onerous restrictions upon legitimate business. Indeed, some Asian governments appear not too concerned if the outcome is an exodus of foreign businessmen, for they prefer responsible posts to be in the hands of their own people.

Missionary enterprise is being discouraged, if not curtailed. There is also likely to be a decline in the number of Western educators, since Asian universities prefer their own national staffs. Teacher-exchanges will become more difficult when the use of English falls away. The first Indian university to abandon teaching in English — at Ahmedabad — took the decisive step last year. There are bound to be others.

It is true that some new mechanisms exist to secure the transfer to Asia of the needed men. For instance, the Specialized Agencies and the Technical Assistance Board of the United Nations give international status to the Western experts provided under their auspices, while the Colombo Plan has made possible an inter-Commonwealth exchange on a multiracial basis. Nevertheless there can be no certainty of a continuous flow of trained Western manpower to the East. In the first place, there are simply not enough Western experts available. In the first four years of its operation, the Colombo Plan secretariat could satisfy only half the requests sent to it for expert advice and for opportunities for training abroad. In 1953, all the experts dispatched to Asia by all United Nations agencies did not number more than four hundred in an area which includes over a billion people — and this four hundred included such relatively esoteric missions as that recording the bird calls of Baluchistan. Large-scale development of the kind Asia needs most urgently has at least quintupled in the world since 1945, and the domestic economies of Western nations are booming. Everywhere the demand for experts has soared beyond the supply.

Also, the quality of Western experts is often not all that it should be. Many of the men who volunteered for service in the Colombo Plan have lacked the proper qualifications. Not all the Specialized Agencies have contrived to reach the level of re-

cruitment and performance, say, of the International Bank. Asian governments or international organizations can secure the best Western talent when it is only a question of spending a few months working on a commission of inquiry or a special report, and this is in itself a great advantage and keeps fresh and friendly most valuable contacts between East and West. But there is a deep need for the technician or official who will remain not simply for a short stay but for five years or a decade.

3

THE most ominous threat to Western influence in Asia is developing today less as a result of Western omissions — although a valuable decade has in many ways been lost — than as a result of the new and aggressive policy pursued by the Soviet Union. The Communists have long had certain psychological advantages in Asia. By suppressing all mention of the degree of industrial development achieved under the tsars and of Western help made available under the first Five-Year Plan, they have been able to explain Russia's industrial growth under the Soviet system in terms of a near-miracle. Here was the system which from nothing and without external aid pulled itself up by its own bootstraps to become one of the most powerful nations in the world. It has been able to paint itself as the country which threw out "the imperialists" and grew by its own efforts. We must not underestimate the importance of such propaganda in an area as emotionally committed as Asia to the double goal of advancement and independence.

But the Russians could not exploit this favorable economic climate in the years immediately after the war. Before 1953, the Soviet Union's activities in the field of foreign aid were confined — in Asia — to China. A \$300 million loan was granted in 1950. Participation in the construction of 141 enterprises was promised in 1953, and in the following year \$230 million more was advanced, together with the transfer of various shares previously held by Russia in Chinese railways and other enterprises. The Soviet Union was too involved in its own reconstruction to use its resources as instruments of diplomacy in Asia; and if at that time the Western powers had vigorously established a forward-looking policy in the field of technical and economic aid, they would have taken a lead which by now it might have been impossible to overtake. But the opportunity was lost. The approach was, as we have seen, marginal, piecemeal, and perfunctory.

Today the field is no longer open. In the autumn of 1953, with no fanfare and very little propaganda, Soviet policy was reversed over the whole field of economic aid. The Russians made their first contribution to the United Nations Technical Assistance Board — to which the United States still

hesitated to allot funds. Since then, some \$8 million has been made available, and constituent Russian republics and satellites have started to follow suit.

The Russians have not confined themselves to the United Nations approach. They are offering their own version of the Colombo Plan and Point Four projects. As a result of the proposals they made at the meeting of the United Nations Economic Commission for Asia and the Far East in February, 1954, delegations from most Asian countries — save the Philippines and Thailand — have visited Russia to discuss credits, trade treaties, industrial training, and the supply of equipment. India is considering Russia's offer to train Indian technicians; and although an Indian industrial mission reported unfavorably on the standards of Russian equipment and the scale of help available, the Indian government has accepted the offer of Soviet help in building a million-ton steel plant. A Russian loan of \$91 million at an interest rate of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent has been promised, and Russia will oversee construction and train technicians both in India and Russia.

Burma has been able to exchange surplus rice for Russian industrial goods. Indonesia is receiving help from Rumania and Czechoslovakia in training oil technicians; Russia has offered assistance and technical training for cement manufacture and mining. Russian trade treaties now include offers of technical help and of industrial equipment, and many Asian countries have signed such treaties.

But perhaps the clearest instances of Russia's new-found confidence in the efficacy of economic aid as a weapon both of strategy and diplomacy are to be found in two areas of deep concern to the West. For some time now, the Soviet government has been building up its program of assistance to Afghanistan. Loans at low interest rates have been advanced to develop the wheat industry. A pipeline has been offered to supply Russian oil. Various joint industrial ventures are projected. At the same time, Russian military assistance is proffered, and the Soviet diplomats thus serve an indirect notice on Pakistan that, since it has allied itself to the West, it may find a troublesome neighbor in an Afghanistan that is already stirring up frontier trouble among the Pathans.

4

THERE is the further risk that, as time goes on, the Russians may become the most powerful influence in Asia simply because they will have the manpower available for technical assistance and the West will not. An American estimate made early last year put Russia's present supply of technicians at 400,000 engineers and 150,000 scientists, against America's 500,000 and 200,000 respectively, but it showed a much higher rate of training in the Soviet

Union. Russia maintains 3700 technical training schools, with an enrollment of 1.6 million, whereas the United States has about 1000 such establishments, with 50,000 students. Russia is expecting to produce 45,000 engineers in 1956, while America's output, which has been running at only 20,000, will rise to 27,000 in 1956 and 34,000 in 1957. True, the United Kingdom, Western Germany, and France, at least, should be included to swell the Western supply. Even so, the joint figure may well be less than the Russian level. It may be that Soviet mass production results in lower qualifications, but again and again Russian performance has belied the expectations of those who question Russian quality.

If no more were at issue than the technical advancement and industrialization of Asia, one might rejoice that trained manpower will be available from whatever source. But the Russian technician is a far more dogmatic and instructed missionary of his "way of life" than the casual and informal Westerner who imparts the values of his civilization — if he contrives to do so at all — by living them and demonstrating them in his contacts with Asian colleagues and pupils. Modernization in Asia achieved through Russian help and training can hardly avoid a totalitarian stamp. If the West is outclassed and outnumbered, the fading of its influence will not be simply likely — as it is today. It will be certain, and with it will go much of the hope that Asia can combine economic progress with political and social freedom.

Drift, overoptimism, a Micawberish belief that "something will turn up," are all inadequate bases for a Western policy in Asia. If the West is to play a fruitful part in Asia, policy must be definite, the need for action accepted, and its direction clear. Probably the first need is to come to some settled conviction on the matter of Western economic aid. Estimates of the amount which can be usefully invested in Asia will vary. One might put the lower limit of an effective Western contribution at \$2 billion annually. The sum might later increase with Asian expansion and, as development is consolidated, over some decades taper off again. What cannot be questioned is that the certainty of a given sum over a long period is a better basis for creative policy than bursts of alternating generosity and parsimony.

In other words, it is the *principle* of aid that needs to be accepted. Once it has become one of the long-term foundations of Western policy in Asia, the benefits which flow will be found to be far more than purely economic. Wise spending of the capital would entail joint Western-Asian planning on a basis of equality and the creation of permanent organs of consultation. This development in turn would do more than any other type of contact to take the sting out of old, deep-seated memories of "imperialism and exploitation."

No stabilized long-term program of Western aid would be fully effective unless it were accompanied by new policies in the sphere of manpower. Given a preliminary recognition of necessity, Western governments can explore a wide variety of means for securing the presence in Asia of competent Westerners and the continued training and education of Asians in the West. On the side of government, there would seem to be a case for reconsidering the type of preparation for officials destined to overseas service. Of formal diplomacy in Asia, there may be very little. The new branch of the State Department — the International Cooperation Administration — could well prove the critical agency, and the type of preparation, in languages and skills, should perhaps more nearly resemble the specialized training once given to such British overseas services as the Levant Consular Service or the Sudan Civil Service. The idea of engineers and scientists in the work of diplomacy is strange only if diplomacy is thought of in an unduly restricted light. The ultimate aim — the maintenance of sound international relations — will need different instruments in different epochs, and today in Asia it may be fully as valuable to know how to lay out a drainage system as to draft a memorandum or an interdepartmental minute. Men trained as technicians for foreign service would also be available on loan to the Specialized Agencies, and thus the United Nations would gain by avoiding the haphazard methods of recruitment that often reduce the quality of its servants today.

In Britain, a parallel concept has been canvassed — that of setting up a Commonwealth Civil Service covering not only administrators but technicians and scientists, whose members would be available to any member government. In this way, a new method of preserving the spirit of service and the continuity of the old Colonial Service might be combined with the recognition that colonialism has vanished and that each Commonwealth government jealously guards its independence. In one joint Commonwealth Service, if Indian officials served in London, Australian soil scientists in Pakistan, Canadian engineers in Africa, all without racial and national difference, a combination of the old *esprit de corps* and the new realities of independence might be secured. Such officials would also be available for the United Nations or for any country working within the Colombo Plan.

Nor should the needs of Asia be thought of exclusively in governmental terms. In one vital field, private enterprise and government could work together: in devising the inducements and safeguards needed to persuade private capital to risk the political and economic hazards of the new Asia. And there is need for much closer coöperation between government, private enterprise, and the academic world to devise a program of training for foreign students more equal to Asia's needs.

But there is also much that private enterprise, acting on its own initiative, could accomplish. Hitherto, the attitude of business organizations toward operations in foreign countries has been to insist upon the safeguards — under treaties of commerce, friendship, and so forth — which capital, venturing abroad, wishes to secure. But it can be argued that Western enterprise would receive a more cordial welcome in Asia if, having required guarantees, it then in turn offered guarantees to the host country — guarantees of local training, of participation, of promotion for local officials. Many firms in fact observe such conditions. British firms in India are everywhere going into partnership with Indian business; the number of Indian directors has increased greatly — in fact, one large Canadian enterprise has only one non-Indian official in the whole concern. But this tendency could be formalized, canvassed, and extended.

Last of all, there is the contribution which Western universities and centers of learning could make in this era of new relationships between East and West. It is not simply a question of training. From somewhere — and from where better than the institutes of higher education? — must come a deeper understanding of the thought and culture and traditions of Eastern lands. In the past, Asian fear of Western power and aggression combined with Western arrogance and self-confidence has prevented contact at the profounder levels of intellectual and spiritual interest. The Jesuit missionaries in the seventeenth century, who set themselves to master the languages and scriptures of Hindu and Confucian thought, were defeated by the intolerance and divided counsels of their Western superiors. The British nabobs of eighteenth-century India who learned Persian and interested themselves in local rites and ceremonials gave place to the Victorian official, a man no doubt "without fear and without reproach" but without interest or sympathy either. Today the barriers of prejudice could be thrown down and the work of understanding begin again.

Nor should Western scholars and students think that a new era of cultural exchange would benefit Asia exclusively. Every civilization is enriched by new contacts, and no one surveying the state of Atlantic society today is likely to maintain that it has need of no fresh insights, no renewal of its imagination, no diversion of its attention to fresh pursuits. Yet these prospects will not be realized by the mere flow of time and the pressure of events. Drift is against the West. The trend of circumstances favors the totalitarians rather than the free. If, in the next vital half-century, Western influences, the Western concept of freedom, Western institutions and ideals, are to continue to seem relevant to Asia, the Western governments must substitute policy for *laissez faire* and they must do it soon.



The Atlantic receives on an average as many as 1500 poems a month. They come as frequently from men as from women, and are evidence of an interest in poetry which never slackens. As an incentive for those writers yet unestablished, we shall from time to time devote a number of pages to the work of young poets.

THE YOUNG POETS

SAYBROOK POINT

At the Grave of Lady Alice Fenwick

by E. G. BURROWS

BEAR east beyond conscience, you, Fenwick,
Beyond crying gulls, Lion Gardiner,
Mourn with remorse for the fort
Cursed by her dying not
For the lost north blaze of her eyes.

Shake out sail, righteous
With pontifical dignity,
You rogues and warriors, leave
Her in her sunwrack hair
To my comfort, her bed of exile.

Fairer than life I make her
The Lady Alice who lies here
Beneath her quilt of spears
Where the salt-blanch'd forelocks of pine
Give perch to deacon grackles.

Who knows her hard shroud for the death
You left her, land unclaimed
For a king, sod shoveled on a woman,
So she be mine who came
From this same Vinland soil.

Louder than your dry lip
I speak for the clouds of her hair.
To the gulls with your grief and patents!
Captains have raked and rummed here
Falling to murderous landfall

For ruth of many less fine.
My fathers ten weddings down
They were, mortal with her
In the monuments of the sea.
By their forfeit I claim her mine.

More beautiful than any woman
I make her in her cowl of elms.
Though worms make quarry of us all,
God grant my words warm you, Alice,
Steadfast on this coast, our home.

NIGHTCOACH FROM SALZBURG

by HAROLD WITT

LURCHING in a stagecoach through the countryside
there goes Mozart with disheveled wig;
Don Juan descends through smoking violins;
the Bürger wobbles, oinking like a pig.
Sleeping fingers sausage on silk thighs.

The lady smiles at the aging prodigy,
eyes him with serenades. *Constance*, he thinks,
humming at home, baroque in blue,
princess imprisoned in a twice told town
fluting with fountains. Eine kleine Nacht-
musik might nightingale her now.

The clumsy carriage rudely over rock
wakes the Bürger who believes he has been robbed,
clutching fat buttons, descends to dream again,
disturbs the birds in Herr Mozart's mind
to soft throated clarities of song.

When will it end? The stagecoach glides
moonlit Viennaward through lost child woods.
He thinks of Paris pianoing with lights
over his bone mother on whom he broods —
Yes, there is more than this Gemütlichkeit,
the lace cuff lifted precise to string,
something needing voices, choirs in white,
a crucifying cruelty requiring requiem.

A WINTER'S SONG

by JAMES L. ROSENBERG

It is the fall of the frost in the dying season
Chimes from the frozen leaves, from the clanging stones;
Its drily metrical logic, its icy reason,
Rimes in my bower of bones.
All is held in the grip of a gray enchantment
Soundless and chill as a dream of stainless steel;
The foot strikes sparks of frost from the glazed embankment,
But it does not feel.
The wrenched world lies in the winter's harsh embrace,
Numb and sprung and drained of foliage and hue,
Yet blankly acknowledging somehow this process of ice
Wrings true.
I, too, like the paralyzed seeds, like the hypnotized trees,
Am frozen toward blossom in cycles of cold. This one
Suggests I will flower again in another spring
And another sun.

A BALLAD OF HOLY WEEK

(After a German folk poem)

by DANIEL SULLIVAN

AND how will Sunday find you, Son,
outside the city's ring?
— Palms will cushion my donkey's feet
because I am a King.

Surely they will throne you, Son,
upon the following day!
— I shall be still a vagabond,
my way a houseless way.

What will you be on Tuesday, Son
of royal and holy birth?
— A prophet to preach before the world
the passing of Heaven and Earth.

And how will Wednesday serve my Son,
the scion of David's loins?
— Wednesday will have me bargained and sold
for thirty silver coins.

What will you be on Thursday, Son,
my Son both stern and sweet?
— Why, I must be a Paschal lamb
for twelve poor men to eat.

What tidings, Son, what tidings, Son,
will Friday have to bear?
— A Mother's Son, a Father's Son
is nailed into the air.

On Saturday I fear my Son
will never walk the ground!
— Mother, a seed must first be lost
before increase is found,

But Easter Sunday morn will come
when you may lift your head
to sing that Christ has proved his boast
by rising from the dead,

And you will know him for the King
of this and every land —
A crown of gold upon his head,
a banner in his hand!



An Atlantic Story



LEO ROSTEN writes under two signatures — his own and Leonard Q. Ross, under which he wrote the ever-popular, *The Education of H*y*m*a*n K*a*p*I*a*n*. Mr. Rosten has taught at Yale, is faculty associate at Columbia University, and was deputy director of the Office of War Information. In 1945 he was sent to Europe on a special mission for the Secretary of War. He has written *Hollywood: The Movie Colony*; *The Movie Makers*; *The Washington Correspondents*; and many movies, notably *Walk East on Beacon*; *Sleep, My Love*; and *The Dark Corner*. He recently won the George Polk Memorial Award for his article, "Is Fear Destroying Our Freedom?" and is editor of *A Guide to the Religions of America*.

MEDAL IN THE SKY

by LEO ROSTEN

REBUBEN TODD was a soft boy, with a silken voice and eyes like glowing candles. The fact that he could lift 400 pounds with ease had nothing to do with his inner soul, which was plastic as a child's. His head was small and beautifully formed; his skin — blue-black — glistened in any light. He spent most of his time in Ward 8 sitting on the edge of his bed, putting his bathrobe on or taking it off. Sometimes he would do this all day long. When Lieutenant Sally, the chief nurse, first asked him why he did this, he told her, "Might get me home this very day, might get me off real far away." His sentences often turned out in rhyme.

Ruby was brought to the base hospital one day when the sun was showing off with an inferno of heat that made Coke bottles droop out of shape on the airfield. Ruby had gone AWOL, and when the MPs found him finally, sitting barefooted under a cottonwood tree some four miles from the post, all he said was something about a medal in the sky; it sounded like jabberwocky and Ruby had a strange, euphoric smile, so they sent him to Ward 8. The first thing Ruby said when Captain Jarvis, assistant chief of the neuropsychiatric ward, interviewed him was this: "Cap'n, could you be a good gennuman and lend me some money?"

"Ruby, you know that officers aren't allowed to lend money to soldiers."

"Oh, I know that. But 'tain't *much* money."

"How much money are you thinking of, Ruby?"

"Three-four cents."

"What do you want it for?" asked Jarvis.

"Ah want t' go shoppin'," said Ruby.

Ruby had been assigned to a work crew on the great white cement field where the planes took off and landed all day long. He loved to wash the planes down — but he would often "disremember" what he had been told to do and would wander around, instead, in mild disorientation. He usually ended up in the precious shade of a cottonwood tree, where he would sit down, take his shoes off, hunch his back against the trunk, and give himself a good talking-to. "Now, Ruby," he would say, "you jest put that haid t' work and try to 'member what that nice white gennuman tole you t' do. C'mon, Ruby. Ain't gonna move them feet one speck 'til you do. *What* that nice white gennuman tole you, Ruby? What he said?"

Sometimes he would sit under the tree all day long, his shoes off, his naked toes wriggling in the sand or earth; and when an MP patrol would find him — sometimes on the edge of the field, sometimes four or five miles from our installation — and would ask what in the goddam hell had happened, Ruby would sigh, "Ah got t' thinkin' o' my Aunt Sooky an' fust thing you know, here Ah was."

He often talked about a medal in the sky and expressed the liveliest interest in who was going to be awarded it. When officers pressed Ruby for details, he would chuckle and refuse to answer.

After Ruby was sent to Ward 8, Captain Newman gave him the briefest of intelligence exams.

"Ruby, I'm going to ask you some questions — simple questions. I want you to think carefully and answer carefully. I'm going to write your answers on this piece of paper."

"Oh, my," Ruby sighed. "You lettin' yo'self in for a big disappointment, Cap'n."

Newman smiled. "What's your full name?"

"Reuben Todd Blessby God."

"I beg your pardon?"

"That's what ole Aunt Sooky calls me, sence Ah been a babe in the ohrange box. Ah'll say it easy-like so's you can write it down: Reuben Todd, blessed by God."

"You must have been a happy baby."

"Oh, Ah still *am*, Cap'n," said Ruby solemnly.

"What's your father's name, Ruby?"

"He ain't *got* no name."

"You mean he's dead?"

"That's what Ah do mean, Cap'n. Daid folks got no name."

"Well, what was his name?"

"Oh, he was name o' Ebenezer. But no use writin' *that* down, Cap'n. No one ever call him *that*. Write down what people call him: 'Pokey.'"

"And your mother?"

"Mah mammy?" Ruby brought a sigh up from his deepest depths. "Mah poh Mammy. Me an' three mo' chillun she had an' then she die, too."

"I'm sorry."

"No need *you* bein' sorry, Cap'n. 'Twas 'most eighteen years back."

"What was her name?"

"Rachel. God bless Rachel Todd." Ruby's face darkened. "Those three. Them was the wild ones. Hated them and they hated me. Them was the ones sent mah Mammy to a early grave."

"Who raised you, Ruby?"

"Nobody *raise* me, Cap'n. Ah done raise m'self."

"Well, whom did you live with?"

"M' Aunt Sooky."

"Where does she live?"

"Where she *live*? Why, Cap'n, Ah jest got to laugh. She live where she *al'ays* live. Down Aunt Sooky's way."

"And where is that?"

"You want me t' tell you how t' *git* thair?"

"N-no," said Newman. "I just want to write something on this form."

"Well, you jest write anythin' you fancy, Cap'n, an' Ah'll back up every scratch o' yo' pencil."

"Did you go to schöol, Ruby?"

Ruby knitted his brows. "You want me t' tell you how t' *git* to Aunt Sooky's?"

"All right."

Ruby leaned forward with a pleased air and pointed out of the window. "When you leave by yonder gate, don' turn right and don' turn left. Jest go straight, like a crow do fly. Then you meets a bridge, crosses that irrigatin' canal. *Thair's* where you got t' be sharp, Cap'n. Don' go straight

and don' go left. Jest go right. You go right 't that thair place and keep goin' day an' night an' you'll fine yo'self prackly 't Aunt Sooky's door."

Newman put his pen down and filled his pipe. An AT-1 trainer, far off, began to cough and sputter in the sky. Newman hoped the boy would make it. "Did you work for Aunt Sooky, Ruby?"

"Ah done chohs an' run errands sence Ah been able t' spit."

"Did you always work for Aunt Sooky?"

"Oh, no, Cap'n. Ah was a cow-boy."

"A what?"

"A cow-boy, Cap'n; jest like 't sound."

"In Mississippi?"

"Why sho', Cap'n, we got cow-boys same's ever-place ilse."

Newman rubbed his chin. "Ruby, exactly what did you do as a cowboy?"

"Well, that was by Mistah an' Miss Fairabee. My, they was gennul folk. House like God's mansion an' chillun white as snow. Ah was mahty happy thair, Cap'n, for all them days." His mouth was pink and coral when he laughed. "Mah goo'-ness, Ah'd do the dishes an' mop the floh, Ah'd clean the silver an' wax the dohs. Then, when m' work was folded, Ah'd take me out in the pasture an' set thair an' Ah'd pat them cows. Yes, *suh*, Cap'n, Ah was a right good cow-boy."

After Ruby left, Captain Newman telephoned Major Hornaday. Ward 8 was entirely filled and since Ruby presented no real problem to anyone (except the MPs), Newman suggested that Ruby be transferred to work closer to his barracks, to some task that imposed no strain on the intelligence.

Ruby was put on permanent latrine duty. It did not interfere with either his euphoria or his meanderings. He kept wandering around the grounds or off the post, missing for hours at a time; and if the MPs didn't find him, he would fall asleep wherever he was and sleep through the night and start wandering again the next day.

2

ONE Saturday night, after a prolonged search through the nearby town, they found Ruby sleeping in a chicken coop with the chickens all around him. The MPs loaded him into an open truck with six drunken soldiers and started back to camp. Two armed MPs were in the back of the truck with the men. One of the drunks, a North Dakotan named Stoker, began an altercation with the guards and, as the truck tore down the road, tried to grab his truncheon from one of them. The MP began to beat Stoker on the head. Ruby cried, "Oh, no, no, *please* don', please don' hit that white boy!" A second drunk leaped up and began to hit the MP, and the MP kicked him in the stomach and the other MP hit him on the head. "No, no, no, please, no, no, no!" Ruby cried, and burst into

tears. Two men jumped into the fracas and the MPs laid about them with their truncheons, and suddenly Ruby — weeping and shouting — picked up an MP in each of his powerful hands and began to beat their heads together, pounding them like coconuts. He beat one guard into unconsciousness and broke the nose and jaw of the other before the driver stopped the truck and got in the back with another MP who had been riding in the cab, and they beat Ruby into insensibility.

They treated Ruby's wounds in Emergency and then threw him into the guardhouse, where he wept all night and began to babble in jabberwocky. The next day they marched him to Ward 8 again.

Ruby stood before Captain Newman's desk with his head hung low and an expression in which pain and self-reproach hung like owls. He had a patch on his head, a frightful purple bruise across his right cheek; his eyes were bloodshot and puffed up, and his nose looked scarred and raw.

"Well, Ruby," Captain Newman sighed, "why did you do it?"

"Ah don' *know*, Cap'n," Ruby whined. "Ah'm so ashamed' o' ole Ruby, Ah don' know what to say."

"Did you know that one of the MPs you beat up is still in the hospital?"

"Oh, my. Ah ain't mad — at him or any them other gennumen Ah had this set-to with. They's *fine* gennumen, Cap'n. Ah'd like to shake thair hands right now. Ah'd give 'em mah hand in fraindliness fo' good, 'cause Ah don' mean no harm to no one."

"Sit down, Ruby." Newman held the pack of cigarettes out and Ruby took one with a pleased look. "Why did you do it, son?"

"It was the beatin'. That beatin' they was givin' that thair other white gennuman. Oh, oh, 't was tairrible t' see. Ah begged 'em t' stop but they keep right on hittin' an' kickin' an' makin' the blood go. All Ah truly do is pick 'em up an' knock their haid's t'gether — like Aunt Sooky taught me — t' make them stop. Thass all. Ah jest knocked and knocked —" He stopped as illumination struck him. "Ah guess thass what Ah did wrong. Ah fer-got when to stop. Ah knocked and knocked and *they* stopped."

3

AT FIRST Ruby loved Ward 8: he loved the clean white sheets and the cooling fans, the lazy living and indulgent regimen. But bit by bit the luster left his eyes, and his spirits sank and he grieved. He missed the open field and the healing sun, the cottonwood trees and their dancing shade, the sand and earth between his naked toes. He missed the touch of the planes' wings and the droning sound of grasshoppers. He began sitting on the edge of his bed, taking off his bathrobe and putting it on, all day long, saying, "Any minute now Ruby

goin' home; got to be raidy for Hallelujah's phone." Even Lieutenant Sally, whom he adored, could not restore the luster of his laugh or his elfin smile.

Captain Newman knew there was not much he could do for Ruby Todd — except get him a discharge. And this he set into motion, requesting a hearing. And Ruby, who somehow heard about this from the amazing grapevine that ran through every nook and cranny of the installation, began to perk up. Every morning when Captain Newman entered the ward, Ruby would hail him with a smile. "Who's gwina git that medal in the sky? Who's gwina git that medal you can't see or touch?"

Newman thought up a new answer every day. No matter what answer Newman gave, so long as it was unexpected, Ruby would shake his head in admiration and chortle with glee. "Man, oh, man, jest lissun t' ole Doc today." Or, "Doc's sure cookin' with gas this mornin'." The answer Ruby considered his favorite was "Satchel Paige," until Newman answered one morning, when his brain was tired and he found no inspiration in duty's round, "Ruby."

"Who's gwina git that medal in the sky, Cap'n?"

"Ruby!"

"Who, Cap'n, who?" Ruby asked in excitement.

"You," Newman said. "Reuben Todd, blessed by God." Ruby hugged himself with delight.

The next morning, the moment he awakened, Ruby asked to see Captain Newman. He said, "Ah hate to bother you, Cap'n, but they's a man you got to do somethin' about. He keeps follerin' me round. He jest follerin' me every place Ah go."

Newman hesitated. "Which man, Ruby?"

"Oh, Ah don' *know* him. We ain't been introduce."

"What does he look like, Ruby?"

"He's a white gennuman, Doc. A officer. Whair-veh Ah go, he follers me. Sometime he send a fraind. They's three in all —"

"Three?" asked Newman.

"Ah don' *want* no one follerin' me whairever Ah go."

"Why are they following you, Ruby?"

"Oh, Ah *know* why, Cap'n. They tole me. They jest want to shake mah hand. They wants my forgivin'."

Newman smiled, but it was a smile he put on by intention. "Would you let them shake your hand, Ruby?"

"Ah's put m' hand out t' them a hondred times, if Ah put it out once."

"And won't they shake your hand, Ruby?"

"Oh, no, suh. They never do."

"I wonder why."

Ruby scratched his cheek and said, very slowly, "Them three is bad, Cap'n, real bad in th' eyes of the Lawd."

The Section Eight Board met in Room 109 of the main hospital building, and Private Jackson Laibo-

witz escorted Ruby over there. All the way over, Ruby kept chortling and making happy comments. "T'morrow come, Jake, Ah be on m' way to Aunt Sooky's."

"Don't count your chickens before they're hatched," said Laibowitz morosely.

"No, no, I got the Lawd on Ruby's side."

"Natch," said Laibowitz moodily, "but does the Section Eight Board know that?"

4

THE Section Eight Board sat at a long trestle table with a green felt cover on which, before each officer, lay a copy of Captain Newman's clinical report and recommendation for discharge. From left to right the Board consisted, on this occasion, of Major Howard, who sucked mints; Lieutenant-Colonel Frick, who always perspired; Colonel Wilfred Pyser, presiding officer; Captain Goldmark, who played the flute; and Major Eckers, who was the best bridge player on the post. It was Colonel Pyser whom Captain Newman worried about — a bald, blue-lipped, bird-eyed Iowan who wore a corset to stiffen his posture and a psychic hair-shirt to remind him of the infinite cunning of temptation.

At one end of the table sat Technical Sergeant McKlosky, stenotypist. At the other end sat Captain Newman. Private Reuben Todd slouched before the table, smiling sheepishly, one hand behind his back, the other scratching his neck or cheek or head as the moment moved him. The hearing lasted only six minutes. After the obligatory questions, Newman asked, "Private Todd, who is the President of the United States?"

Ruby looked at Captain Newman in surprise. "Howzat again, Cap'n?"

"I asked, who is our President? What is his name?"

"Oh, *him*," Ruby chuckled. "You had me chompin' thair for a bit, Cap'n. Why, sho' Ah know that name." He put his right forefinger under his nose, pursing his lips, and closed his eyes and thought. "Now don' *nobody* tell me, cause Ah knows 't fine; Ah'll get that name, jest give me time." He shook his head and snapped his fingers, as if to rouse himself, and he kept saying, "Ah got that name on the tip o' m' tongue." After he said this four or five times, he opened his eyes and sighed, "Ah don' rightly recollect, Cap'n. Thassa mighty big name, you know. Ah 'fess mah iggurance."

Newman glanced at the officers behind the table. Colonel Frick was frowning. Major Howard was slipping a mint into his mouth with a smirk. Captain Goldmark was looking at Ruby with pity. Major Eckers glanced toward Colonel Pyser, waiting for a cue from him, and Colonel Pyser's face wore the mask of disdain.

"What does the President do?" Newman asked.

Ruby snapped his fingers. "That what you been

stretchin' fo'? Why that fellow, he got a big book-keepin' job in Washington."

Captain Goldmark smiled. Major Howard smirked. No expression altered the glacial intractability of Colonel Pyser's mien.

"Where is Washington?" Newman asked gently.

"Oh, thassa long, long way away, Cap'n. Yes, *suh*. You can't jest put on yo' walkin' shoes an' mosey over thair. No, *suh*. Why, that place's as far as Aunt Sooky's, an' you know how far Aunt Sooky's place —"

"Ruby," Captain Newman cut in, "what is the capital of the United States?"

"The what, Doc?"

"The capital of the United States. The seat of our government. The place where —"

"Downtown," said Ruby.

Newman glanced at Colonel Pyser. Pyser sat erect and gimlet-eyed. "Ruby," said Newman, "tell us about the men who keep following you."

Ruby turned his head to one side, frowning. "Ah don' like that question, Doc. You *know* that question do upset me."

"How many men are there?"

"You *know*, Cap'n, 'cause Ah tole you. Three men."

"What are they doing, Ruby?"

"Oh, oh. They tryin' t' put a cuss on me, thass all. Givin' me no privacy, thass all. Follerin' me everywhair, an' breathin' hard t' give me miseries. Them's *bad* men, Doc, the Devil's kine, wukkin' 'gainst the Lawd t' git Ruby like they got my Mammy. You tell them to stop thair follerin' an' cuss-puttin' — please, Doc."

"Where are those three men now?" asked Newman quietly.

Ruby turned and moved his head, slowly surveying the room behind him. "Oh, they's good at hidin', they is. They's jest outside, waitin', waitin'."

"Captain Newman," said Colonel Pyser, "you may proceed to another area."

"Ah 'preciate all you doin', Doc," said Ruby suddenly.

Newman flushed. "Ruby, what work do you do here?"

Ruby bobbed his head around and laughed. "Thassa funniest one you eveh *did* ask me, Doc."

"I see nothing funny about it," Colonel Pyser snapped. "You will observe military decorum, soldier!"

Ruby's face fell. "Ah ain't meanin' no disrespect, *suh*."

"Just answer the question. What work do you do here?"

"No work, *suh*. You gennumen know that. *Nobody* work in th' 'Merican army."

Colonel Pyser rose, struck the table with his gavel, and said, "Recess. . . . Gentlemen, wait here, please. Newman, may I see you for a mo-

ment?" He rose and the others rose and Newman followed Colonel Pyser into the hall, where Pyser turned to him, his lips thin as a dry thread. "What the hell are you trying to put over on us, Newman?"

"Sir?"

"Do you think I'm a horse's neck? Don't you think I can spot a rehearsed job when I see one?"

"I —"

"All that crap about men following him. That's an act, that's all that is. Who's the President — Washington — the hell with all that. That man's got the strength of a Mack truck, Newman! He's stronger than you or me. Washington keeps screaming about turnover and depletion of the ranks and you want me to discharge a soldier who'd make a helluva good workhand just because he can't do differential calculus?"

"Sir —" said Newman, trying to control his voice, "that's not the reason —"

"He's putting on the cleverest goddam act I ever saw."

"It *isn't* an act, sir. That boy can't follow an order —"

"He can swing a pick and shovel!"

"— or observe discipline —"

"Oh, yes, he goddam well can if we stop mollycoddling him."

"He's getting paranoid, Colonel!"

Colonel Pyser's eyes glittered. "Paranoid? That's what *you* say, Newman. I'll get a medical officer who'll testify he's just goddam goldbricking. Don't think you can get a man discharged any time you want just by pulling some fancy language —"

"It's not a matter of language, sir. This man isn't fit for military duty. He can't function properly. He's gone off his rocker once and put two MPs into the hospital. He's a sick man, Colonel, a very sick man."

Colonel Pyser gave a clammy semblance of a grin. "Sick? Newman, get one thing through your head. In this army there are only two kinds of niggers: good niggers and bad niggers. There are no *sick* niggers. That buck in there is a bad nigger. And I intend to see to it that he turns into either a good nigger or a corpse!" He turned on his heel and started back to the room.

"Colonel!" Newman called sharply.

Colonel Pyser turned.

"May I quote you on that?"

Colonel Pyser's skin turned the color of dust. "You try that, you son-of-a-bitch, and I'll have you transferred to the most godforsaken post on the face of the earth." He went back into the room.

Ruby cried a good deal that night, but Lieutenant Sally fussed over him, and Pepi Gavoni gave him some salami and milk, and Laibowitz taught him how to play Hearts.

The next day Ruby was smiling — secretly, silent. But he wouldn't talk. Newman made a second request for a Section Eight discharge. By a four to one decision of the Board, the request was deferred "until further observation and further therapy have been diligently attempted." Captain Goldmark, who voted for discharge, was sent to a training camp twenty miles further out on the desert.

That night, Sergeant Kopp came running into Captain Newman's office, his face white as a sheet. "Doc. The back yard. Quick."

Newman followed Kopp through the iron door, onto the sun lounge, out of the back door which Laibowitz was holding open with an expression of dismay, down the back stairs to the enclosure where the hospital sheep (who supplied living blood for Wassermann and agglutination tests) were confined. The sheep were huddled in a corner, baaing and bleating, uneasy in their shallow fright. Not all the sheep, though. In the center of the enclosure, three lay dead. Their throats had been cut. The blood around their heads was like a dark red mounting.

Newman stopped short. Kopp tugged at Newman's sleeve. In the opposite corner of the yard, against one of the cement posts that supported the weight of Ward 8, Ruby Todd was seated, hunched up, his arms hugging his knees, his face turned to the twilight moon without sadness or joy or any expression whatsoever.

"I asked him why he did it," said Arkie Kopp, "and he said something about them being the wild ones, the ones who drove his Ma to an early grave."

Ruby was very quiet for the next week. He would not talk, even to Lieutenant Sally. He sat on the edge of his bed, putting his bathrobe on and taking it off, his brow knit, his eyes lost. When Newman spoke to him, he simply turned his head away and wept.

Then one night, just as Newman was about to leave the ward, Ruby cried out: "Who's gwina get that medal in the sky? Ah'll tell you!" He leaped into the aisle, pulling his bathrobe tight, and he bowed to Newman and Lieutenant Sally, and, with a bright and enchanted grin, recited: —

"Ah *seen* that medal
An' Ah teched 't hard,
Meant for good boys,
An' come from God.

"No medal for three boys
No medal for two,
No medal for shepherds
Or little Boy Blue.

"Ah got that medal
For Reuben Todd —
That medal, that medal,
That medal from God."



Pianist, conductor, and writer, BORIS GOLDOVSKY was born in Moscow in 1908, studied extensively in Europe, and came to this country in 1930 following his graduation from the Franz Liszt Academy of Music in Budapest. At Tanglewood and in Boston he has produced a number of Mozart's works, some of them American premières; he has achieved national prominence as master of ceremonies of the Metropolitan Opera broadcasts, and for ten years has been the artistic director of the New England Opera Theater. This year, the 200th Anniversary of Mozart's birth, he is participating in a nation-wide tour playing and conducting Mozart's piano concertos.

MOZART AND NANCY STORACE

by BORIS GOLDOVSKY

1

LIKE most musicians, I worship at Mozart's shrine. In the last twenty years I have played and produced a sizable portion of Mozart's work and have studied diligently the growing literature on the composer. It was natural that along the way I should have encountered several rather fascinating mysteries which have goaded me into further investigation. Of these, the one surrounding the creation of *The Marriage of Figaro* is the most exasperating. This opera is probably Mozart's most popular, and it is therefore all the more surprising that the story of its genesis should have been treated so gingerly by scholars.

To outline the situation briefly, it has been known for some time that the autograph full score and the published versions disagree in many important particulars. No satisfactory explanation for this discrepancy has ever been offered, and to complicate things further, a third and substantially different version of the first two acts was located in the theater library of the small German town of Donaueschingen by the noted English musicologist, Edward Dent. Particularly surprising in this version is the treatment of the role of Susanna, which is here set for a much lower voice. Not only are all the higher notes of the solo sections marked down, but Susanna is made to sing the lowest (instead of the highest) female line in all the ensembles. Since the newly found manuscript was not in Mozart's handwriting, it attracted little attention until Siegfried Anheisser compared it with the original libretto (the only extant specimen of which is preserved in the Library of Congress), and demonstrated most convincingly that this seemingly mutilated version was a true copy of the original and presumably lost autograph score used in Vienna for the world *première* on May 1, 1786.

Since it is equally beyond doubt that on the oc-

casional of that *première* the role of Susanna was entrusted to the well-known soprano, Nancy Storace, we are confronted with the seemingly impossible proposition that Mozart had written a contralto part for a soprano. The answer to this mystery could only be found, I felt, in the personality of the young lady and in the circumstances surrounding the creation of the opera.

Should later study prove that my conjectures are incorrect, I shall still have experienced the thrill of pursuing the life career of a charming singer of whom the late Alfred Einstein wrote that she was "the only woman of whom Constanze Mozart would really have had a right to be jealous."

Nancy Storace arrived in Vienna in the spring of 1783, traveling in grand style, surrounded by mountains of luggage and attended by her mother and older brother. She was the daughter of the Italian bass player, Stefano Sorace, who had settled in England around the middle of the century, married a girl from Bath, and inserted a *t* after the initial letter of his last name. At the time of her arrival in Vienna, Nancy — or Anna Selina as she was christened — was still very young. Even if we accept the least chivalrous of estimates, she was just twenty-two years old when she joined Emperor Joseph's newly assembled Italian opera troupe.

Young as she was, she could look back on several brilliantly successful years in Italy. In Vienna, in the days when top fees were paid only to the famous *castrati*, she commanded 3250 gulden per year, a salary unheard of for female sopranos. On top of that, she was given a luxurious apartment, free transportation to and from rehearsals, and a generous supply of fuel, as well as candles — which were such an important item in the eighteenth-century budget.

Her voice was not spectacular. She had neither

the stratospheric range of Aloysia Lange nor the fluent larynx of Caterina Cavaleri, but as a singing actress — as the first *buffa* — she was unexcelled. All reports on her, whether German, French, or English, are agreed on that. A leading Viennese musical magazine remembers her as “having combined, as no singer of the time and few since, every gift of nature, education, and skill which could be desired for the Italian comic opera.” A French article says that “she sang like an angel.” From England we hear that “in her own particular line on the stage she was unrivaled, being an excellent actress as well as a masterly singer.”

It did not take Nancy Storace long to evaluate the musical situation in Vienna, and it was promptly arranged that her brother, the gifted and versatile Stephen Storace, would study composition with Mozart. Soon the Storaces and the Mozarts became close friends. According to Michael Kelly, the Irish tenor whose career roughly parallels that of Storace, Nancy was the Emperor's favorite, and the strength of her position at court can be judged from the fact that her brother, who was at that time, musically speaking, a totally unknown quantity, was commissioned to write two operas for the Italian company. In the intrigue-laden atmosphere of the opera house, where non-Italians were regarded with definite suspicion, Nancy's influence with the Emperor was clearly an enormous asset.

2

DURING the three and a half years which she spent in Vienna, Nancy Storace had two serious mishaps: she got married and she lost her voice. Her marriage was short-lived and stormy. She met a certain John Abraham Fisher, an Englishman, a “doctor of music and player on the fiddle,” who according to Kelly was “an inordinate prattler” and “an ugly Christian.” By dint of entertaining mother Storace and drinking tea with her by the hour, he managed to endear himself to the daughter. Lord knows what possessed the charming and levelheaded Nancy to marry this man who was at least twice her age and who is described to us as a dried-up little fellow, reeking of perfume and affecting an enormous wig which made him appear as if his head were in the middle of his body. The Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, who led the bride to the altar, tells us that “the union was productive of so little happiness that a separation soon took place.” Kelly is more specific. According to him, the Emperor, upon being informed that Fisher maltreated his wife, promptly banished the fiddler from the Austrian Empire. Nancy Storace resumed her maiden name and kept her marriage secret after her return to England.

The loss of her voice occurred under highly dramatic circumstances. On June 1, 1785, on the momentous occasion when young Stephen was launching his first opera, sister Nancy was singing

the female lead. Michael Kelly, who was entrusted with the tenor role in this ill-fated presentation, relates the incident: —

In the middle of the first act, Storace all at once lost her voice and could not utter a sound during the whole of the performance; this naturally threw a damp over the audience, as well as the performers. The loss of the first female singer, who was a great and deserved favourite, was to the composer, her brother, a severe blow. I never shall forget her despair and disappointment, but she was not then prepared for the extent of her misfortune, for she did not recover her voice sufficiently to appear on the stage for five months.

A temporary indisposition is quite common among singers, but it is rare for such an episode to persist for more than two weeks. A loss of voice lasting five months is a frightening experience implying the possibility of permanent disability and consequent cessation of the career.

As a matter of fact, there are indications that after her vocal collapse Nancy Storace was left with a weakened vocal apparatus. Why else would she on her recovery have left Vienna and turned to singing the much less taxing English operettas in London? At a much later date, an English critic describes her voice as one “soon to crack and get husky” — which suggests that she never completely recovered her vocal powers. It is quite possible that Nancy's troubles began much earlier, near the outset of her career when she flouted the celebrated *castrato*, Marchesi, by imitating some of his vocal fireworks. Many a young voice has been strained by such premature exhibitionism.

It seems that Marchesi, who was the leading singer of the Leghorn Opera, had introduced a very involved and effective vocal cadenza culminating in a powerfully sustained high tone which became known as *la bomba di Marchesi*. Nancy Storace, who was then *seconda donna* in his company, copied the trick in one of her songs; and when the company manager asked her to stop such presumptuous displays, she declared that she had as good a right to show the power of her *bomba* as anybody else. She lost her job, but the story got around and materially helped to speed up her rise as a star. We do not know how long Nancy Storace continued to parade sustained high tones, but it is certain that by the time we meet her in Vienna she is no longer gambling in *bombe*.

Hoping against hope to crash the gates of the Vienna Opera House with an Italian opera, Mozart in 1784 began work on his *Sposo Deluso*. Although he never finished it, he composed several arias and wrote out a proposed casting wherein he allotted the role of Eugenia to Storace. Since Mozart prided himself on his ability to fashion an aria to a singer's voice as carefully as a tailor fashions a suit of clothes, we can take it for granted that Eugenia's aria is a trustworthy portrayal of Stor-

ace's vocal powers in her early Viennese days. Significant in this aria are the simplicity of ornamentation, the generally moderate *tessitura*, and the careful treatment of high tones. We find here one lone high B flat, which is enclosed in parentheses to indicate that it is optional. Thus it is fairly certain that even in her pre-catastrophe days in Vienna, Nancy would not venture high tones unless she felt in particularly good voice. It appears, therefore, that long before the fateful June 1, 1785, there may have been warnings that not all was well with the vocal mechanism. The disastrous occurrence of that day would have passed without leaving a ripple on the sands of musical history except that a few months later, in the early fall of 1785, Mozart began *The Marriage of Figaro*.

3

As is the case with most great works of art, we are prone to imagine that *The Marriage of Figaro* was a classic from the moment it was born. It certainly is not easy to think of it in terms of a controversial novelty. We regard it with undiluted admiration and affection; we follow Cherubino's and Count Almaviva's amorous pursuits of Barbarina, Susanna, and the Countess; we savor the musical subtleties of the manifold seductions, jealousies, and raptures; we observe these three women and Marcellina revealing every aspect of feminine instinct, slyness, and charm; and we marvel anew at the miracle of this man who at the age of thirty combined the world's most spectacular musical genius with a truly uncanny psychological insight.

At the time of its composition, however, *The Marriage of Figaro* was regarded as a difficult and unconventional work — and so far as the management of the opera house was concerned, as a most annoyingly difficult and unconventional one: an *opera buffa* in four (instead of the customary two) acts, with a cast of eleven characters (rather than the usual maximum of seven) and with a plot of unheard-of complication featuring at least three major and two minor intrigues! No wonder that the librettist, Lorenzo da Ponte, felt impelled to apologize and explain.

In the preface to the original libretto he prepares the audience for the shock of novelty, and one is forced to admire the neat twist by which he forestalls objections and turns the tables on his would-be critics. In deference to the accepted convention, so he explains, it seemed necessary to reduce the sixteen characters of the original play to eleven and also to omit one complete act as well as several other episodes. The author and the composer have striven diligently to be concise and brief; but in spite of their efforts, the opera is not among the shortest that have been seen on the Imperial stage. It was, however, the desire of the authors to offer a somewhat new kind of work to an audience of

such refined taste and such judicious discrimination. Little did even Da Ponte dream just how new a genus of spectacle his co-author had created!

Michael Kelly, writing some forty years after the event, gives us an eyewitness account of the first performance. Filled with pride at having sung on that memorable first of May, 1786, he speaks of the *première* as superb and unexcelled! In certain respects it was just that, since it had been prepared, coached, staged, and conducted by Mozart. But in certain other respects it must have been far from superb, and from the composer's point of view it could have been little more than a compromise solution necessitated by a lack of artistic resources and some rather spectacular bad luck.

The opera was long and difficult, but the principal singers were clever and well-trained, and Mozart knew exactly what he wanted in the action as well as in the music. The immediate problem was the casting of eleven roles with only seven members in the company. Operas were given only three times a week, the other nights being reserved for German plays; so it was deemed unnecessary to employ a larger number of expensive Italian singers. The main roles were designed for Storace and Laschi as Susanna and the Countess, and for Benucci and Mandini as Figaro and the Count. Mandini's wife was given the role of Marcellina, while the stage manager, Bussani, who was a good comic basso, drew Dr. Bartolo, and Kelly was entrusted with the role of Basilio. That still left two feminine and two masculine roles — Cherubino, Barbarina, Antonio, and Don Curzio. Since the half-witted judge, Curzio, appeared only in the third act, it was decided from the beginning to leave Basilio out of that act so that Kelly could handle both characters.

The doubling of Dr. Bartolo and Antonio was a trickier assignment, but Bussani was willing to negotiate the quick costume changes; and they were quick — indeed, in the second act there is just about a minute and a half in which to exchange wig and coat and to transform the tipsy gardener into the pompous doctor. There still remained the two female roles, Barbarina and Cherubino, and since no doubling arrangement was possible it looked rather hopeless. The ladies of the German wing were completely unsuitable. Neither Teyber, Cavalieri, nor Lange could possibly have been entrusted with the role of an adolescent boy, and it was equally impossible to request them to perform anything as fragmentary as Barbarina.

The Barbarina problem was eventually solved by Mozart himself, who smuggled in the thirteen-year-old Nannina Gottlieb. She was German, but he trained her himself, and since the role was not really worthy of anyone's attention there were no objections. The child, who five years later sang the first Pamina in *The Magic Flute*, had a sweet voice, and she must have been ideally cast as the

innocent little angel who so expertly blackmails Count Almaviva into forgiving her beloved Cherubino. Since there was not a single singer available for the role of the amorous boy, it was decided to try an actress — namely, Bussani's wife, Sardy. That this rapturous musical revelation of budding puberty should have been entrusted to a vocally and musically untrained performer is a staggering thought. No wonder that Cherubino sings so little ensemble music. Even so, the role was obviously too taxing for Mme. Bussani, and it is a sad reflection on the "unexcelled" quality of the *première* that the first Cherubino aria, the gem of the opening act, was omitted, undoubtedly because it was too difficult. Da Ponte, in his memoirs, mentions Cherubino's mugging and horseplay — an infallible sign of artistic incompetence.

But all this was as nothing compared with the major headache — namely, Nancy Storace's precarious vocal condition. Judging by the Donaueschingen manuscript, she could not rely at all on the upper part of her voice and, as a matter of fact, must have had grave doubts as to how long her voice would last even in the lower registers. That is undoubtedly why the duet with Marcellina was omitted, even though Mozart first wrote it with Marcellina carrying the top line.

All the cuts indicated in the original libretto are explainable either by Mme. Bussani's musical incompetence or by Storace's vocal troubles. But that was not all. Since Storace was known as a soprano, one had to protect her also by not permitting comparisons with the high notes of other sopranos. This, in my opinion, is the reason for the unusually low *tessitura* of all the female lines in the opera. The highest note that the Countess sings in the whole opera is an A. The runs in the trio of the second act rightfully belong to the Countess, but the one final high C is an alternate version of later vintage. It is almost unbelievable that, even in the published version, the breathlessly exciting ending of the second act is handled without the use of a single high B flat.

By dint of this sort of coöperation, cleverness, and endless patience, Mozart pulled Nancy Storace through the first performance of *The Marriage of Figaro*. After the *première*, Emperor Joseph forbade the singing of encores. This was done ostensibly because the show was too long, but it is interesting to speculate whether it might not have been done rather at the request of Nancy Storace, whose voice could not stand such prolonged activity. At any rate, the considerable success of the *première* must have cheered up the ailing soprano, and it is certain that she soon began to experiment with a few higher tones.

Nancy Storace participated in nine performances

of *The Marriage of Figaro*. The month of May saw four of them, but the rest were spaced far apart — on July 4, August 28, September 22, November 15, and December 18.

We can only guess as to the number of versions Mozart had to provide before coaxing Storace's voice into a complete recovery. Transforming Susanna into the top soprano of the opera was by no means a simple task. It also meant the rewriting and restudying of large portions of the roles of the Countess and Marcellina. It is not likely that major revisions were undertaken in May while the performers were still being grooved into a smooth ensemble. On the other hand, these alterations could not have been delayed too long, for the new version had to be readied for Prague, where the work was given in December of that year.

At some point during that summer or early fall, Mozart had to prepare a completely new orchestral score incorporating all the changes. We have no direct information concerning the exact chronology of these events; but in studying Mozart's own, carefully dated, catalogue of his compositions, we observe that he did not write a single new work between the twelfth of September and the fourth of November, 1786. This unusually long period of creative idleness seems to point to some urgent and tedious task such as writing down the new version for the Prague conductor, Strobach.

Be that as it may, Storace certainly sang her last two performances of *The Marriage of Figaro* as a full-fledged soprano. We know that her voice was completely restored by Christmas. On the twenty-sixth of December, just before she left Vienna to return to London, she appeared in one of Mozart's "academies." For this occasion Mozart wrote a special piece for Storace and himself which bears the dedication: *dal suo servo ed amico* — "from her servant and friend." It is a duet for soprano and piano, with orchestra, which is unique in musical literature. In the opening sentences the soprano intones the question "How can you ask me to leave and to forget you?" and one wonders how much personal meaning might be concealed behind the official poetic sentiment.

In describing this piece, the eminent Mozart scholar Alfred Einstein goes into superlatives. He calls it "a declaration of love in music . . . a transfiguration of a relation that could not be realized except in this ideal sphere." In another place he says, "We have the impression that Mozart wanted to preserve the memory of this voice, no brilliant soprano and not suited to display of virtuosity, but full of warmth and tenderness; and that he wanted to leave with her in the piano part a souvenir of the taste and depth of his playing, and the depth of his feeling for her."



Despite the hullabaloo over our surplus farm products, the fact remains that half the world today is undernourished, and that ways must be found for increasing the production and distribution of food. If the experiments described in the article which follows prove to be applicable to cattle and poultry, the new genetic principles will revolutionize the farmer's job of feeding not just America but the world. GRANT CANNON is Managing Editor of the Farm Quarterly, and a frequent contributor to the Atlantic.

THE FLY FARM

by GRANT CANNON

1

THE breeding of plants and animals during the past century has been based on the hope that, through the mating of the best individuals, like would not only create like but do a little better than that, and so improve the race. And, in view of the high-producing cows, hens, pigs, and crops we have today, it must be admitted that careful selection has paid off—though improved care and feeding of the livestock and the use of high-analysis fertilizers on the crops have played a part.

Livestock men and plant breeders, however, have noticed that there is a limit to the improvement they can achieve by the old methods of selection. At some point in their program, usually around the tenth generation, the upswinging records begin to level off and finally reach a plateau. Some geneticists felt that at this point we were reaching the upper limit of the species. But along came the creators of hybrid corn and showed that there was at least one more production boost which could be squeezed out by approaching the genetic problem in an entirely different way.

Instead of breeding the highest-producing plants to get even higher production, G. H. Shull and E. M. East, who developed this new system, began a program of intensive inbreeding. And with corn, inbreeding can be very intense indeed for, with care, the pollen which the plant produces in the tassel can be collected and dusted over the silk that pushes out of the ear to fertilize the seed of the same plant. After a number of inbred lines had been developed through several years of self-fertilization, these scientists wound up with just what the armchair philosophers had always predicted—spindly, anemic plants; some plants which showed lethal characteristics and died in the sprout; and plants which yielded gnarled, thinly seeded ears. But when one emaciated inbred corn plant

was crossed with another unrelated but equally scrawny inbred, they produced seed with almost explosive vitality. This was the hybrid; and suddenly the word hybrid ceased to mean mongrel or wanton and became synonymous with productivity. Shull, in describing this burst of vitality, called it heterosis, but the more common name for the phenomenon is hybrid vigor.

It was soon discovered, however, that the seed which the hybrid itself grew so abundantly on its longer, heavier ears was fine for feeding hogs or making flour for corn pone, but was a dud when planted as a seed for a new crop. It seemed to have used up all of the hybrid vigor in its own growth.

For years the geneticists were tantalized with the knowledge that they could create this wonderful seed, but their parent stock, weakened by generations of the necessary inbreeding, could produce so little of it that it was not possible for commercial seedmen to grow and sell it at a price farmers could afford. At this point D. F. Jones discovered that two unrelated, high-producing hybrids could be mated, by detasseling one of them and allowing the other to fertilize it, and still retain the hybrid vigor in the seed produced. This double-cross hybrid, as it is called, is the seed which is planted in 98 per cent of our cornfields and has boosted our national corn yield by 20 per cent. Last year, that 20 per cent increase in corn production amounted to some 680 million bushels of corn—enough to feed out 29 million hogs to market weight.

Even though the scientists are not agreed on just what rearrangement of the thousands of genes in the chromosomes causes heterosis, breeders of plants and animals have been trying to produce hybrid pigs and chickens to eat the hybrid corn, and hybrid bees to suck the nectar from hybrid clover.

Perhaps the most astounding discovery made by these investigators was that a virgin queen bee could be made to lay fertile eggs simply by giving her a whiff of carbon dioxide gas. With this technique, the bee, like the self-fertilizing corn, could be highly inbred over a relatively few generations, but with most plants and animals it was soon found that years and years of painstaking care were necessary to create closely inbred lines. A partial solution to this problem has been developed by the artificial insemination laboratories of the dairymen where bull semen, frozen and stored at 110 degrees below zero Fahrenheit, can be held indefinitely. This is a rather expensive process which has been worked out only with cattle and still leaves the geneticist with the problem of the female line, which can only be accomplished by maintaining the living animals.

But while the cost and the problems and the fine results were all too apparent, geneticists were far from sure that the techniques used by the hybrid corn growers were the best methods for achieving heterosis.

2

IT WAS at this point that it was decided to set up the pilot plant for testing breeding theories. For livestock, the geneticists chose their old friend the common fruit fly — *Drosophila melanogaster* — the tiny insect which has probably contributed more to our genetic knowledge than any other living thing since Gregor Mendel planted his wrinkled peas, and which is capable of producing more generations in a single year, twenty-five or more, than a cattle breeder will see in his lifetime. In addition to the ability to produce a new generation every two weeks, the fruit fly has the advantage of small size and appetite. Thousands of families of *Drosophila* can be kept in their breeding pens, quarter-pint milk bottles, in an eight by ten foot laboratory which is about the size of a single breeding cage for chickens; and one stalk of bananas provides enough food for several months.

The sponsor of this unusual project, Purdue University, with financial support from the Rockefeller Foundation, selected Dr. D. C. Warren to direct the work, assisted by Dr. A. E. Bell, who was loaned by Purdue, and Dr. C. H. Moore, who, like Dr. Warren, is an employee of the Bureau of Animal Industry of the U.S. Department of Agriculture.

These three scientists set up their tiny, closet-like breeding laboratory in the basement of the Poultry Building on the Purdue campus, and installed equipment in the room to create as near as possible an absolutely controlled environment. Air conditioning, heating, and humidity systems keep the fly farm at a constant 74 degrees with a 50 per cent humidity; and fluorescent lights keep

the room brightly lit for 12 hours a day. In an outer room, they set up a battery of low-powered binocular microscopes for measuring and counting the fruit fly eggs and for examining the livestock. Recently they have added to their equipment a microscopes so sensitive that it is capable of recording the weight of a single fly (35,000 of them weigh an ounce) or even the egg of a fly.

Every few months, a stalk of bananas is brought to the laboratory; the fruit is peeled, ground up, mixed with acetic acid (to give it the fine over-ripe smell the flies love), and blended with enough charcoal to blacken the whole mass. The mixture is then put in the deep freeze to supply uniform food for generation after generation of flies. When a mating is made, a virgin female and a male are selected and put into a bottle. On the bottle cap is a gob of the black banana paste. Within 12 to 24 hours the female begins laying her eggs on the food. Each day the laboratory assistants remove the bottle cap, replace it with another black-dabbed cap, and count and measure the white eggs against the black food. To date, the highest producer laid 197 eggs in a single day — the life-time record is 3500. The flies usually live 40 days, though one old female died a great-great-great-great-great-grandmother at 86 days of age.

As the eggs hatch into larvae and the larvae go into the pupal stage, the scientists evaluate the results of the matings and decide on the next crosses to be made. They insure that they are starting with virgin females (since the female fly need mate but once to fertilize her lifetime production of eggs) by clearing the bottles of all the flies which have broken out of the pupal cases and then taking their breeders from those which next emerge. These young flies are anesthetized with ether, and the dark-bodied males separated from the females. When the female fly wakes from her drugged sleep she finds herself in a new bottle with her groggy mate, and the cycle begins again. Her life is one of monotonous productivity. Though her eggs are carefully counted, the record she makes, even if it is an outstanding one, is considered to be a test of the mating of her parents rather than an indication that her young should be chosen to carry on the race.

"The purpose of this project is not to find breeding systems which will produce outstanding individuals," Dr. Warren has said. "We are interested in genetic methods which can be used to improve entire populations of plants or animals."

In developing a high-producing population, the parent stock is judged from an entirely different point of view than in usual livestock breeding. In a way it is a division of labor; the parents produce the young and the young produce the crop, but don't go on to become parents of the next generation of young. Different systems are used to breed the parent stock than are used for the creation

of the high-producing generation. This approach would seem like madness to cattlemen who have paid as high as \$200,000 for a champion beef bull in the hope that he will sire future champions; but the hybrid corn breeder, whose inbred parent plants seem hardly worth reproducing, understands perfectly.

3

So far, the genetic pilot plant has worked on four different systems of breeding. All of these systems are being tested at the same time with different sets of flies. In each system the results have been measured in terms of the size of the eggs laid by the female flies and the number of eggs laid. This has been a limiting factor in the work, since only the performance of the female could be tested directly. With the new micro-scales the body weight of the offspring is being recorded and a performance test on both males and females will be possible.

The first of the four breeding systems is the same as is used by practically every livestock breeder today. The daughters of the highest-producing female flies are bred to the sons of other top egg-layers. This has resulted in a general increase in production and then a leveling out on a higher plane, just as it has with poultry, cattle, and plants when applied to them. The next step is to try to determine *why* this happens.

In tackling this problem the scientists are trying to solve one of the great mysteries of genetics. They feel that the answer lies in finding out what arrangement of the genes causes the leveling out of production. But to find their answer they must account for thousands of genes in each chromosome — and each mating produces a recombination of these genes in the offspring. Their job is a little like breaking two strands of tiny beads into a box, shaking them up, and then trying to figure out how each strand was originally threaded — and doing it all in the dark.

One of the tools they are using to help them to find the answer is a man-made fly whose chromosomes have been bombarded with X rays. The bombardment knocks out genes, rearranges their order so that in a mating there is no matching of corresponding genes. The effect of mating a test fly with this man-made fly is similar to that of putting the chromosomes of the tested fly through a sieve. The geneticists can study the flies resulting from this cross with the knowledge that certain of their genes come only from the fly being tested. Since the gene arrangement of the man-made fly is well known, the geneticists know *which* of the genes in the offspring come only from the tested fly.

With a second group of flies, Dr. Warren and his associates are testing new breeding techniques in producing single-cross hybrids. Generations of

brother-sister matings have produced a number of inbred lines. When two of these inbred lines are crossed, they produce a hybrid which shows the same bounce in vitality that makes the fast-growing, high-yielding corn and the heavy-laying chicken hybrids so valuable to farmers. But where corn and chicken breeders select only the highest-producing inbreds to cross, Warren, Bell, and Moore are checking to see if this system, which seems so logical, is actually the best one to follow. They divide each inbred line into three equal groups based on their egg-laying ability. They then make all of the possible crosses between high, medium, and low producers and check the matings by the production records of their offspring. Their curious results have added one more question to the unanswered riddle of heterosis, for they have found that when they cross high producers with medium and even low producers, the offspring often lay more eggs than do those resulting from a mating of two high producers. These unexpected results are causing corn and poultry breeders to wonder if they may not be throwing away valuable breeding stock.

The third experiment, devised by F. H. Hull of the University of Florida, is a radical departure from the breeding systems commonly used today. In this test, the scientists are making use of the fact that the female fly can be a monogamist — not just by inclination, but by her whole physical mechanism. One mating can fertilize all of the eggs she will ever lay. The male, on the other hand, has no such physical restrictions. He can be, and usually tries to be, a polygamist.

In trying to develop a rugged openbred population that will release hybrid vigor in the young when crossed with the frailer inbred line, the workers at Purdue think of the openbred male as their key and the inbred female as the lock. For this experiment each of 42 males is mated with four females to discover how vigorous and productive his children will be. In order to build better keys, he is then taken from his first wives and put in another bottle with four unrelated females from his own openbred population. Here he spends his declining days producing new families. At this point, the males have produced 168 families with their inbred mates and an equal number with their second set of wives.

When all of the first group of young have been tested for egg-laying ability, egg size, and body weight, the results show which of the males were the best keys for unlocking hybrid vigor. The scientists then pick six sons from the openbred families of each of the best seven fathers. The other 35 families are given the flit gun treatment. These 42 males are mated to another swarm of inbred females and the process is repeated.

Generation after generation of this breeding system has created two parent groups which are

producing young with a remarkable amount of hybrid vigor. And one of the parents is still a rugged, openbred individual.

The fourth experiment is testing the theoretical breeding system suggested by R. F. Comstock of the University of North Carolina. This system is the most exciting of all, for it attempts to create vigorous hybrids without using inbred parents on either side.

The pilot plant is employing the same techniques they developed for the third system — 42 males are mated to 168 females of the other parent stock and mated again to 168 females of their own stock. This time, however, all of the parent families are rugged openbred groups.

Since both parent groups are being modified by selection, the key and lock analogy doesn't apply here. This is more like fashioning two gears that will mesh. Or like loading a pair of dice so that they will always roll a 5 and a 2.

Because both sides of the cross are being tested, they pick their males from one group and their females from the other in the first crossing and in the next generation pick the females from the first group and the males from the second.

The results have been spectacular. By selecting parents in each line on the basis of their combinability with the other line, and completely disregarding the ability of the parents to set records of production, they are creating a second generation that can out-lay or out-grow anything they have ever been able to produce by mating the best with the best. In other words, they are getting hybrid vigor from a mating of two openbred lines.

4

TO THE farmer, this breeding system could be far more revolutionary than was hybrid corn's. Hybrid poultry breeders could give up the expensive tedious process of working with inbred lines. Cattle and hog breeders could begin working toward combinability of lines, instead of depending on individual production records. Plant breeders as well as livestock men could produce the fabulous hybrid at greatly reduced cost — if the promising results which the pilot plant is getting with the fruit fly can be applied to other things.

Warren, Bell, and Moore know that most genetic principles apply to all living things, to moss and pine trees, to ants and giraffes; but, being scientists, they do not simply assume that their results will be universally applicable. In the beginning, they were afraid that if they started with flies which had been bred for generations in laboratories they might from the very start be working with livestock which had become a special case even among flies. Their first flies were collected from eight different college laboratories and mated at random. They haunted grocery stores and fruit stands,

collecting wild specimens flitting around the ripe fruit, and added these to the collections. When, at this point, the three of them were invited to attend an international conference of geneticists in Canada, they took along their banana-baited milk bottles and made a cross-country collection of wild flies. With these wild flies added to their flock, they feel sure that their results have not been brought about by any special quality in their original stock. Whether these findings are applicable to other livestock, however, is a different problem.

Each of the breeding systems is being duplicated with chickens or pigs at the various experiment stations scattered around the country. But while the flies have produced over a hundred generations, the swine and poultry have produced five, which is too few to show any important results. "We have always felt very reluctant to release our findings as recommendations until we could test the experiments on at least one other type of organism," Dr. Warren said. "In keeping with the rapid, pilot plant idea, that second organism should also be able to produce many generations every year. I think we have found our tester in the flour beetle, which produces twelve generations a year."

Now, in a separate small laboratory down the hall, thousands of beetles burrow through the flour in their breeding-pen bottles, mate, reproduce, and are studied as carefully as are the flies. After each mating the flour is sifted through a large mesh screen to capture the adults, then through a smaller screen to sift out the pupae, and finally through a silk-like screen to capture the eggs. The results of each of the same four mating systems are analyzed, new crosses are made, and the breeding systems go on toward a more critical check.

There is a slight possibility that all of this work may only produce a fruit fly which is a hardier, more irritating pest than the one that now drowns itself in every open vinegar bottle. On the other hand, scientists may come up with genetic principles which will revolutionize the farmer's job of feeding the world. After all, Mendel's peas revealed hereditary laws which are just as applicable to the elephant as they are to quack grass or the kangaroo. And, curiously enough, the heritability of the size of the egg is the same in the fly as it is in the chicken, just as the numbers of eggs laid are strongly influenced by environment in each of them.

They may even discover the secret of heterosis. "I can't say that we will be fortunate enough to uncover the answer to the problem of hybrid vigor," Dr. Bell has said, "but I do feel that the solution to this puzzle will only come by hitting at it from many different angles as we are doing."

At least they have had enough generations to study. In terms of human life the number of generations they have analyzed would stretch from Aristotle to Einstein.



An Atlantic Story



A Londoner who cherishes every vestige of the cockney, WOLF MANKOWITZ graduated from Cambridge University and within six years established himself as one of the leading dealers in Wedgwood. Now in his early thirties, he divides his time between authoritative studies of the Portland vase, humorous articles for Punch, and fiction. His two novels, Make Me an Offer and A Kid for Two Farthings, were made into films, and his satirical book, Laugh Till You Cry, was published last spring by Dutton.

THE DAY AUNT CHAYA WAS BURIED

by WOLF MANKOWITZ

ONE Sabbath my great-grandfather was singing some verses of the service which belonged to the cantor. The cantor sang loud. My great-grandfather, who had a very strong voice, sang louder still so that one or two men in the synagogue felt uncomfortable and wished that Reb Sholem Pinsk the beadle would arrive and quietly request my great-grandfather to let the cantor earn the few pennies he was paid.

But where was Reb Sholem? This was really a question to ask, for where should a beadle be on a Sabbath morning if not in the synagogue? Then, suddenly, like an explosion, in ran Reb Sholem waving his spectacles in one hand and his praying shawl in the other. He rushed up to my great-grandfather and pulled at his coat. "Why shouldn't I sing?" asked my great-grandfather. "What sort of a cantor does he think he is anyway? My own cow can sing better." Reb Sholem pulled his arm. "Listen," he wheezed between coughing and spitting for he was an old man to have been running so fast. "Listen," he grunted, "the bronze horse at Nevel has been blown up." "What?" cried all the men around. "The bronze horse at Nevel? You don't say so!" they said.

"I'm telling you," shouted Reb Sholem Pinsk, "the bronze horse standing in the market place at Nevel has been blown up."

The cantor was taking advantage of the disturbance to get through a few verses without assistance. But what was the use since everyone was listening to Reb Sholem. The cantor stopped singing and called out in his rich voice, "Reb Sholem, why should we care whether the bronze horse at Nevel is

blown up or not? This is the Sabbath and we are at worship."

"He's right," said my great-grandfather. "He can't sing but what he says is true. What do I care about the bronze horse at Nevel? I already have enough worries of my own," and he began to sing again where he had left off before.

"He's right," said all the men. "We should worry about the bronze horse at Nevel," and they straightened their praying shawls and went back to their seats.

Reb Sholem pulled at my great-grandfather's coat again even harder. "Believe me," he said, "you should be worried. We should all be worried."

"You should have no false gods, even a bronze horse, Reb Sholem, especially as you are the beadle," called the cantor severely.

"God forbid," answered Reb Sholem, "let all bronze idols be blown up. But" — and again he pulled at my great-grandfather's coat — "not by your youngest sister Chaya."

"What?" shouted my great-grandfather.

"Your youngest sister Chaya has blown up the bronze horse at Nevel," repeated Reb Sholem. "God help us," whispered my great-grandfather and walked straight out of the synagogue. "Now perhaps I can sing without an ass braying," thought the cantor.

When my great-grandfather arrived home he was greeted by the sound of crying and voices all asking different questions at the same time. The family was gathered around Aunt Chaya asking her questions, and weeping for her, and so worrying the poor woman that, true as she remained in principle to

the Revolution, she was beginning to wish she had never learned how to make bombs, or how to throw them, particularly in the direction of, for example, bronze horses. But everyone was silenced by my great-grandfather shouting, "Hold your tongues, you geese, or I will give you something to cry about. You understand me?" Then he continued politely, "First you must understand, my dear Chaya, that we are very pleased to see you." Everyone shouted out "Certainly," "I should think so."

"Be quiet," my great-grandfather shouted. He turned again to his young sister. "Chaya," he said in a solemn voice, "Chaya, I have always said to you, make your own decisions and go your own way, for if you must associate with riffraff then it must surely be God's intention and it is not for me to interfere. But now you have done some terrible thing, and although God certainly knows what you have done and why you have done it, I do not, and if it is not troubling you too much I should like to hear the entire story." And my great-grandfather sat down in his chair.

2

AUNT CHAYA was a little woman even at the best of times but when my great-grandfather stood beside her they looked like a big gander and a little goose. She had never been a great talker, but you could see from the way her eyes moved quickly like a pair of small fish that she thought a great deal.

The revolutionary party Aunt Chaya belonged to was not very large, but Aunt Chaya had been a member ever since she was a girl. In those days a few of the less religious youngsters from the village used to go in couples, the boys with red handkerchiefs tied round their necks, their arms round the waists of the girls, the girls with red ribbons in their hair, into the woods, there to listen to one another's speeches, and to sing revolutionary songs, and also, to be frank, to make love. One Sunday afternoon, Chaya, a young girl at the time, followed them into the wood, hid in a tree nearby, listened, watched, and learned. Then she came down from the tree and said that unless they let her become a member she would tell all their fathers what the Revolution really meant. So they let her join although she was so small and so young, but soon they began to respect her. She had a genius for hiding revolutionary pamphlets. She became secretary of the group, and once when the police came to the village to see if there were any deserters from the tsar's army about, Chaya hid a broken pistol which a party speaker from Lutzen had given her. She hid it in an earth closet and all the brothers and sisters in the party said what a genius she had for organization. But when Chaya left the village and the others had all married, and the boys blew their noses or carried their dinners in the red handkerchiefs, and the girls used their red ribbons to tie their aprons,

Chaya began to learn other things. She even went on missions and, because the party remained so small, became a very important person indeed.

I am telling you all this so that you shouldn't be surprised that Aunt Chaya, small as she was, should be chosen to throw the bomb at Peter Petrovich Minsky. But now I expect you want to know something about Peter Petrovich as well, for there is no end to people's curiosity. So.

Peter Petrovich was a clerk in the recruitment office at Nevel. When the recruits were brought in, Peter Petrovich pulled his thick mustaches, stared through his steel-framed spectacles which contained only plain glass but which made him feel important, and asked questions. "Your name is what? You were born where? Your father was what?" Naturally a man who asks so many questions is a great nuisance.

Aunt Chaya's party had just decided that the only way to be noticed was to become a great nuisance just like Peter Petrovich. There he was, a very small official indeed, but if it weren't for Peter Petrovich there would be no recruitment office; and if there were no office, there would be nowhere for the recruits to go to; and if there were nowhere for the recruits to go to, they would have to stay at home in their villages; and if they stayed at home they wouldn't be in the tsar's army, and then the tsar would have no army, and there would be nothing to stop the Revolution. If it weren't for Peter Petrovich there would be happiness for all and a picture of Aunt Chaya in every village in Russia, but there was Peter Petrovich sitting every day in his recruitment office, pulling his mustaches, looking through his plain glasses, asking questions, and sending men into the tsar's army. It was unbearable that a man like him should stand in the way of the Revolution, and the party decided it wouldn't put up with it any longer. Peter Petrovich was to be blown up one morning as he went into his recruitment office. The morning was better than the evening because there would be more people about and this would make the bomb-thrower harder to find. It would also save another day's lot of men from the tsar's army. What was more natural than that Aunt Chaya with her record and reputation should be chosen to throw the bomb? Though my great-grandfather was against fighting except sometimes with fists like a man, believe me, he (we all) would have been insulted if Aunt Chaya had not been chosen.

Now the recruitment office of Peter Petrovich Minsky stood in the market place of Nevel, and in the center of this market place there also stood a large, beautiful, very old bronze horse. Tell me, how many towns do you know where they have a bronze horse? You agree, not every town in the world can turn round and say, "We have a bronze horse standing in the market place." And the bronze horse at Nevel was certainly a horse to end

horses. There it stood in the snow and in the heat, covered with ice or covered with dust, always at the center of Nevel for everyone to see and admire. It pranced up, waving its forefeet in the air, its mane blew all over the place, its tail was long and thick, its thighs were enormous, its eyes were wild, its nostrils wide open, its teeth bared, its lips covered with spume. Why, you could almost hear it neighing, you could almost hear its hind feet stamp the earth, and any minute it might run you over and leave Nevel behind in a cloud of dust. No wonder the citizens of Nevel were proud of that horse.

Peter Petrovich Minsky passed the bronze horse every day as he crossed the market place to his recruitment office. Every day he walked past the horse without so much as a look at it, staring straight ahead through his glasses, counting up, no doubt, how many good men he would throw to the tsar that day. For all I know he got a commission on each man, per head, you might say, like cattle or sheep. Nevel could spare such a man, and nothing more might have been said if only Aunt Chaya had been a little more careful. The fact is that in spite of her quick bright eyes she was a little bit long-sighted. Certainly Peter Petrovich must have been very annoyed at losing all his hair, especially his mustaches, and of course his glasses were completely destroyed, and his office overcoat torn to shreds, but he himself was still alive after the bomb was thrown. But the bronze horse, oh my goodness, the bronze horse had really left Nevel in a cloud of dust. And when the dust cleared there was nothing to be seen except its hind feet. Everything else was spread all over the market place. A cabbage-seller was knocked out by one of the front legs, a stall of cakes was upset by its head, everything was in a terrible state, and the bronze horse had left Nevel for good. You can imagine how everyone felt about Aunt Chaya.

So it was with great enthusiasm that the police from Nevel began to make inquiries after Aunt Chaya. And, she said, it was only a matter of time before they traced her to the village. "And to my house?" asked my great-grandfather. "Exactly so," replied Aunt Chaya, her eyes darting about the room looking for policemen.

Everyone started to shout and ask questions again and, naturally, my great-grandmother was crying. "Well," said my great-grandfather, "let everyone be quiet. We are all in great danger and I must think carefully. But what, first of all, is that terrible smell?" Everyone turned round and sniffed, and my great-grandmother cried out, "It must be the cat. She is dead, you know."

At this moment who should run in but a friend of my young grandfather's, a boy with a very long nose and sidecurls who was, in spite of being pious, a terrible liar. "Listen," he shouted, "a whole lot of police are arriving on horses. Which is your Aunt Chaya who blew up the bronze horse at Nevel?"

"Oh my God," cried my great-grandfather, "it is too late to do anything. Hide under the stove, Chayele, quickly, with the chickens, and perhaps they will not see you. What a terrible smell," he went on. "Where is this dead cat?"

Now though it was really a bad smell, my great-grandfather was sorry to see the cat gone like that, for she was a good cat and had lived with the family for a long time, catching rats sometimes as long as your arm. All the children played with her and she hardly ever bit them except when rats were short, and this wasn't often because there were plenty of rats at all times in the village. She was not a cat to die so easily, brought up like that, to a hard life with few comforts. But what had happened was that by dying this cat actually saved eight lives. Now I expect you had better hear all about that before I finally explain how Aunt Chaya was buried.

3

It is a strange thing that among all the foods which the true believer may not eat you do not find mushrooms mentioned. And yet on the other hand it is not such a strange thing, because the rabbis must have known how good a pot of mushrooms can taste, and how they make a change from soup and potatoes. My great-grandmother's mother was very fond of a dish of mushrooms; so fond of them, in fact, that in the season, in spite of being a very old woman — you can tell how old, she was my great-grandfather's mother-in-law — she would go down to the meadows and look around for perhaps two or three hours for mushrooms. In those days there were really mushrooms, big as saucers, big as plates some of them.

One morning the old woman was searching in some new fields, slowly walking along talking to herself, and looking carefully about — but she couldn't find her mushrooms anywhere. "So," she said, "now they are taking from me my only pleasure. They take from an old woman a few mushrooms nobody wants. Nobody wants me. Nobody looks after me, so they take away my mushrooms." As she got ready to cry a little she suddenly noticed a whole dinner of mushrooms under some trees. "My prayer has been answered," she wheezed. "There is a God who cares for the old and will never see them want."

What wonderful mushrooms they were, bigger than ever before and golden yellow like rich butter! Home she took them, talking all the time and feeling like an angel. She skinned and washed them, flavored them just so, and left the pot on the stove to cook while she sat in a corner and saw that no one took them away. But she was tired by the excitement and so much talking to herself, and fell asleep in no time. When, suddenly, there was a noise and the old woman woke up, it was already too late, for the cat had knocked the pot down and

was eating the mushrooms up as quickly as she could swallow. How the old woman swore at the cat, and kicked her, and threw things at her, but she was too hungry to notice. Without moving she finished the mushrooms and then, leaving the old woman crying her eyes out lamenting the misery of being old and weak, the cat walked into my great-grandfather's workshop and went to sleep and died from fungus-poisoning in one of his biggest and warmest tool chests.

So it was that this famished cat saved the old woman's life — such as there was left of it — as well as the lives of her grandchildren because, naturally, she always gave them a few spoonfuls of her mushroom stew. And everyone in the house knew it at last, for when my great-grandmother had seen the cat lying dead in the tool chest, she had said "Aach," and closed the lid hoping somehow she would disappear. She did not disappear. She was smelling to the highest part of heaven — which brings us back to the story of how Aunt Chaya was buried.

It turned out that this little liar who, you remember, came rushing in shouting, "The police are coming," was telling the truth for a change. In next to no time the police were in the house, and they all stood around with their mouths open, saying "Sir" because this is the only way to make sure that a policeman doesn't take you to prison. Only two policemen came into the house but believe me, when you've got a hunted criminal hiding under the stove with the chickens, even two policemen are no joke. Furthermore outside could be heard the voices of a whole regiment swearing and laughing and telling dirty stories to one another.

One of the policemen must have been a general almost, for he was covered from head to foot in gold braid and gold lines and gold tassels. He had an enormous mustache — much bigger than Peter Petrovich's — and he kept his helmet on, which my great-grandmother thought was very nice of him, it being the custom in an orthodox house. The other policeman was less well-dressed but much fatter. He took his helmet off and called my great-grandmother "Dear lady" and she didn't like the look of him at all. My great-grandfather just said good day to them, and beckoned all the children to leave the room.

The first policeman looked round the room and wrinkled his nose. "Do you smell something unpleasant, Ruspensky?" he asked.

The other replied, "I do, Peter Ilyitch. Are you the brother of the revolutionary Chaya?" he snapped at my great-grandfather.

"It is a deathly smell, Ruspensky," said the other policeman. "I believe —"

"Don't say it, Ruspensky," answered Peter Ilyitch. "I think you are right." He turned on my great-grandfather and said sternly, "There is something dead in this house, is there not?"

And truthfully my great-grandfather replied, "There is."

"And where is your sister Chaya, the red cow?" asked one of the two. Praying silently my great-grandfather said, "She has been dead these two days and in this hot weather, you understand. Let me take you to the body so that you can arrest her, because if what I hear is true then she deserves to be sent to Siberia whether she is dead or not."

The two policemen were crossing themselves again and again. "Peter Ilyitch, we should never have come into this accursed place. We shall be cursed forever — already I have a pain in my belly," said Ruspensky.

"We must inspect the coffin, Ruspensky, or we cannot make a report," replied Peter Ilyitch. "Take us to it," he ordered my great-grandfather.

When he had led them into his workshop, praying all the time, my great-grandfather said, "Here is the coffin and accursed remains of that devil's cat. Perhaps you would care to inspect them?"

Now you must understand that the atmosphere in the workshop was really unbearable. The cat had been dead for maybe six or seven days in very hot weather, and there she had stayed, for business was too bad for my great-grandfather to bother to go into his workshop. And since it would be terrible bad luck, the last thing the police wanted was to examine my devilish Aunt Chaya's mortal remains. "No," he said, "unnecessary. She smells dead enough, the witch. God — the pain in my belly is terrible," and he pushed Peter Ilyitch out of the house. "Arrange to bury that malignant tomorrow, you," he shouted to my great-grandfather.

"Certainly, my lord," called my great-grandfather, "with pleasure." And he wiped his forehead on his sleeve.

Aunt Chaya remained under the stove throughout her burial. Very quickly it was whispered round the village what had happened, and naturally everyone was pleased to attend the burial service the next day. The cat in the tool chest was carried up to the graveyard, with the whole village following behind my great-grandfather and three others carrying the box. The cantor was there and sang the whole service beautifully without a single interruption from my great-grandfather. Everyone wept, and after the last shovelful of earth had fallen they all shook hands and wished my great-grandfather and -mother long life.

Meanwhile Ruspensky and Peter Ilyitch stood by on their horses. They both had headaches because the brandy at the inn where they stayed the night was so bad, and Ruspensky still had a terrible stomach-ache and knew he was accursed.

Everyone said what a pity it was that Aunt Chaya had to miss her burial. As for the cat, believe me, she had the finest funeral any cat, believer or otherwise, has ever had, anywhere. Even in Pinsk I bet they don't look after cats better.



Books and Men



HERBERT ELLISTON served as the editor of the *Washington Post* from

1940 to 1953, and during those critical years achieved what every editor dreams of doing: he made his paper widely read and greatly trusted. On a foreign assignment in 1939 he was at the ringside when Soviet Russia invaded Finland, and his book, *Finland Fights*, was an early warning of the aggressive Russian spirit. In the dangerous years, his editorials proved again and again to be farsighted and accurate.

THE STATURE OF HARRY TRUMAN

by HERBERT ELLISTON

1

WELL must we all recall that April day in 1945 when Harry S. Truman made his first address to Congress as our thirty-third President. He spoke in the presence of a world still hushed by the death of his illustrious predecessor. The magical aftereffect of that event lasted for several months. This in itself cast a spell over Mr. Truman. But more than that, he had a feeling of awe and a sense of unworthiness over the twist of fate which precipitated him into the White House. On April 16 he uttered his piece to the legislative branch in jerky words that fell on the ear abrasively. It was a sad performance. Observers of the spectacle, used to the old maestro, turned to one another and said what millions of listening Americans must have said: "What have we done to deserve this?" Even to a schoolboy way below Macaulay's prodigy, it seemed that this man did not know the score.

This was the Truman phenomenon. It fell to my particular lot to view our Chief Executive alternately with a microscope and a telescope for seven full years. My editorial window was almost opposite 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. Either ocularly or in my mind's eye I came in close contact with the pettiness of the Truman regime. There were the initial comings and goings of Jim Pendergast. And when Mr. Truman had shed the Kansas City gang, others like Pendergast came and went. Intermitently the Maragons and the Gruenwalds (not to forget General Vaughn) and the other fixers and five-percenters got the headlines for many shabby days on end. Their baggage took the form of such things as deep freezers and mink coats. The tone was set. The corner-cutters overflowed the salons of Washington and the lobbies of Congress as well as the corridors of the Executive departments. On another level the New Dealers, their youth and illusions burned up, crowded the trek from the government service to hang up their shingles for influence peddling. And you may be sure the hun-

gry Republicans of the stripe of Bridges and Brewster did not forget theirs at the public trough.

The Romans had a word for it: amicium. The vulgate is cronyism.

And then I would go abroad once in a while and see America spreading like ancient Rome over the face of the world. Here the telescope came into use. I saw Truman from afar against a backdrop of the roadblocks which he was erecting against the Muscovite drive to make a Cossack Europe and the dams which he was putting up against the surge of the Slav into the Persian Gulf and the Aegean and the Mediterranean. My thrill at the sight of the U.S.S. *Houston* riding at anchor in the roads of Trieste with guns pointed at the City Hall brought Trevelyan to mind. Philip II, Louis XIV, Napoleon, the Pan-Germans — all their "grand schemes of war and diplomacy depended on the battleships of England tossing far out at sea." Similarly, the mid-century machinations of Stalin were running up against enginery directed to the spot by "the little guy with the big job" in the White House. For in him reposed the whole Executive authority of that country of ours which alone could, and did, arrest aggression in its tracks.

In memory of this stance Truman did not lend himself so readily to examination with the microscope when one returned to Washington.

In any case the excesses of Truman's Administration, relatively speaking, were peanuts. As anybody who has read the new life of Bonar Law will testify, other countries in the free world harbor corrupt politics, and America's distinction is that the corruption is ferreted out by newspaper and congressional sleuths (in both houses of Congress working separately) and displayed from the housetops.

Elihu Root bespoke the "long look" at presidencies. It was sound historical advice, and the practice needs particularly to be followed in the case of Harry S. Truman, for, in spite of his juxtaposition to our times, one may say there can be

few periods in history of more momentous consequence to mankind than his presidency.

2

THE Truman memoirs start out with a volume called "The Year of Decisions," which is that *annus terribilis* 1945. However, even this first volume gives some "hints and indirections" from the handling of the events of a packed twelve months. A limit must be attached even to such a limitation. You may think I am overgenerous, but I submit it is unfair to Harry S. Truman to think of him in the full panoply and command of the presidency during the initial decisions up to the Potsdam conference in mid-1945.

Innumerable were the drafts drawn on the future when Franklin D. Roosevelt died. Mr. Truman cashed them all, or virtually all — the Yalta pledges, the arrangements made at Teheran and Quebec and by the European Advisory Commission, the entry of Russia into the war in the Pacific, the launching of the atomic bomb, the Nuremberg trials. On top of them, Mr. Truman inherited F.D.R.'s overtrustfulness of the Soviet Union and his umpire notions of the American role, together with faulty military staff work about the Pacific and timid generalship at war's close.

That Truman could have reversed some of these positions was possible. But only a superman would have had the temerity to do that. For instance, the endorsement of the unconditional surrender formula — that blunder worse than a crime — was the most noisily applauded part of Truman's first address to Congress. In addition, he had a sense of obligation to the written word, though he took for granted the military necessity advanced in behalf of persuading Russia to tear up her neutrality agreement with Japan.

Of course, in these early days he did not regard every pledge as sacred writ. F.D.R. felt, if anything, more anti-Japanese than anti-German — after all, the Delanos were in the China trade and used, he was wont to recall, to shoot tigers near Amoy; and you need no further warrant than Sinophilia in the family for Japanophobia. Would F.D.R. have spared the Mikado, the god-king whence cometh all life for the average Japanese? Most probably not. Not only because of F.D.R.'s background, but also because hanging the Mikado was the "liberal" line, it is doubtful whether F.D.R. would have abandoned the arraignment or at least the removal of Japan's ruling dynasty. Nevertheless Mr. Truman did.

In other respects of the peacemaking he filled in the dotted line of the handiwork which had already been done for him — the handiwork which created huge vacuums of power in Asia and Europe, and in particular presented the Bismarckian keys of Europe to the burglarious Stalin.

The authentic Truman, I think, peeped out at Potsdam in his proposal to Europeanize the inland waterways of Europe. It was a tentative gesture. Stalin would have none of it, though Mr. Truman returned to the point a couple of times. One gets the impression he would have kept it up but for his confounded anxiety à l'Américain to wind up the mammoth map-making and get home to his chores. Nevertheless the preoccupation, tangential though it was, was a sign, to be realized in later years in the Truman Doctrine and Point Four, that Truman had "the rapture of the forward view." In addition to his Dantonesque boldness in meeting the foe, he had the constructive mind which is rare in a man of action. In this respect I think of him as corresponding in some measure to Alexander I when that half-crazed monarch, as Ferrero shows, led the crusade to re-establish the European order after Napoleon had smashed it to smithereens. If only there had been a shadow of a Talleyrand at Truman's elbow!

The strange paradox is that the memoirs give no glimpse at all of Mr. Truman's thinking processes. He acted, and here he chronicles. But did this God-fearing man, for instance, commune with his Maker when he let loose the atomic bomb? He doesn't say. He simply dashed off a letter of chitchat to his mamma. This lack of revelation, these trivia, all help to make fascinating grist for the writer of history — meaning, if we accept Emerson's definition, biography.

Still one would like to read something of the manner in which Truman pondered and the manner in which he indulged in retrospection. Was he *only* a man of action? No. He read avidly: Plutarch, the lives of the Presidents, the *Federalist* papers, much modern history, and, I should guess, Ferrero. Here and there, there is a fugitive bit of cogitation. For instance, Truman smelled a rat when the wily Stalin (whose greatness is here to behold) urged him to write a letter asking Russia to fight Japan alongside America. However, he does not add that he fell into what later proved to be a trap. Though Truman did not put the matter as bluntly as Stalin wished, a point of Truman's communication at Potsdam to Stalin asking for Russian participation was that Articles 103 and 106 of the *proposed* Charter of the United Nations constituted *inter alia* a legal basis for the Soviet Union to violate its neutrality pact with Japan!

Nevertheless, few Presidents learned the score and to be themselves more quickly than Mr. Truman. A tribute both to his native abilities and to his book larnin'! The man from Missouri sets out the lessons he had drawn as a guide to action in a remarkable letter to Secretary Byrnes on January 5, 1946: —

I do not think we should play compromise any longer. We should refuse to recognize Rumania and

Bulgaria until they comply with our requirements; we should let our position on Iran be known in no uncertain terms and we should continue to insist on internationalization of the Kiel Canal, the Rhine-Danube waterway and the Black Sea Straits and we should maintain complete control of Japan and the Pacific. We should rehabilitate China and create a strong central government there. We should do the same for Korea. Then we should insist on the return of our ships from Russia and force a settlement of the Lend-Lease obligations of Russia. I am tired of babying the Russians.

Muted bugle of the cold war! You might say that the damage had already been done. That is true enough. But after Russia had shown her aggressive hand, the President moved swiftly to stop the rot, eventually building up at home as well as abroad the positions of strength needed to re-establish a balance of power.

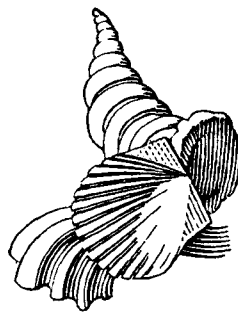
For the American posture in the titanic trial of strength with the Communist coalition required more than men under arms. It required the dynamic and stable management of an economy in the course of dismantlement and reconversion after the most tremendous convulsion in our history. It required social reform, especially in the matter of racial discrimination. It required moral example.

In all these respects, except perhaps moral example, Mr. Truman exhibited skill in leadership, though the bubble of inflation which marred the miracle of economic readjustment was due in part to Truman's leaning too much on Secretary Snyder and too little on the Federal Reserve's Marriner S. Eccles. A practicing politician himself, he knew how to handle politicians. He turned out to be a public personality marked by plain and idiomatic talk and by a human pugnacity. A much better administrator than F.D.R., he made a team out of

his Administration, though he had his own share of intramural crises in personnel.

I happen to disagree with Truman's definition of presidential leadership as making others do what they don't want to do. "When you cease to contradict me," said Henry IV, "I shall believe you have ceased to love me." Seward was more difficult and independent than Mr. Byrnes — far more. Ickes was an asset that Henry IV would have treasured. Still the sprawling mechanism in the American capital did not creak under the man who would be boss as it used to creak in F.D.R.'s time. With Truman's leadership a body of interventions called the Fair Deal was spread upon the statute books. Most of them were essential to the domestic requirements of a world's leader at a turning point in history. The Employment Act and the Atomic Energy Act were two of the most significant pieces of legislation in the annals of the Republic.

Greatness is all that we are not — so says the great Burkhardt. Whence then Truman? He was us — yet he had what Burkhardt calls "relative greatness." Oh, the mystery of greatness! Out of office Mr. Truman has become, by a paradox, a rabble-rousing demagogue over issues which he himself transformed as our thirty-third President. If Harry S. Truman was not to the manner of greatness born, we must take refuge by way of explanation in the eternal laws of history, in the conjuncture of men and opportunity, in the evocation of the men of the moment out of our Constitution and our institutions. Take your choice. Whatever the key to the riddle, Truman was the man without whom the world would be incomplete, because certain great achievements became possible only through him. A good man he was, a strong Chief Executive he turned out to be. I feel his stature as our President is already moving ahead of the illustrious F.D.R.'s.





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THE ATLANTIC Bookshelf



THE *Peripatetic Reviewer*

BY
EDWARD
WEEKS

It is fitting, and mighty stimulating for all concerned, that America's best cartoonist should work in Washington. **Herblock** sits at the ringside in the capital, draws the battlers in their daily bouts while the news is still hot; and although his cartoons are syndicated in 150 papers in this country and abroad, their initial and most important impact is upon the President, the Cabinet, and the members of Congress, who absorb his drawings before they begin their day's work.

Herblock (his real name is Herbert Block and his age forty-six) reaches his office in the *Washington Post and Times Herald* in the neighborhood of 10 A.M. There he reads the news, shuns all conferences; and sometime between 1 and 4 P.M. he will have completed three or four sketches and will have devised for each the caption which makes the point so impelling, the ridicule so right. (He has an unerring capacity for the right words.) These sketches he submits to his editor, Bob Estabrook, and together they agree on the one most appropriate. Then Herblock proceeds to finish the final drawing for his six o'clock deadline — or as much longer as it takes.

A Middle Westerner who studied at Lake Forest College and who at twelve won a scholarship at the Art Institute of Chicago, Herblock has been a professional cartoonist for twenty-six years. He won his first Pulitzer Prize while he was drawing for the NEA Syndicate, and his second for his 1953 cartoons in the *Washington Post*, chief of them being the one he drew at the time of Stalin's death. It shows the little figure of Stalin, bloody sickle in hand, going over the hill; above him towers the Grim Reaper and below is the line: "You Were Always A Great Friend Of Mine, Joseph." Daumier could not have done better; nor has anyone been better at ridiculing Soviet tyranny and dissension. More than a million copies of the pamphlet,

Herblock Looks at Communism, have been distributed overseas by the State Department.

But it is at home that this American Daumier is most needed, and in his new book, *Herblock's Here and Now* (Simon & Schuster, \$2.95), you see the reason why. Here are 250 cartoons and a dozen vigorous chapters revealing the courage, the wit, and the fairness with which he works. The drawings hit with devastating effect at our official attitudes and fallacies: the hysteria over security; the loss of morale in the State Department; the Attorney General ("in his boundless zeal to protect the government from anything which protects the rights of individuals"); McCarthy, especially that sizzler of the doctored photo and the faked letter entitled "I Have Here In My Hand —"; Senator Knowland trying to yank the rug out from under the U.N.; the Illinois Department of the American Legion as they begin to ambush the Girl Scouts: "Stand Fast, Men — They're Armed With Marshmallows"; the Private Interests as they rub their hands at the prospect of grabbing another U.S. public forest: "Boy, We Could Develop That Into Some Fine Stumps"; Secretary Dulles saying, as he explains to Uncle Sam the results of the Bandung Conference: "It's Just As I Almost Said —" Shot after shot goes home. Funny thing is, the victims so often enjoy it and make strenuous efforts to possess the original drawing. J. Parnell Thomas was an ardent admirer, and strove to get one; so did Charlie Wilson. Now it is Brownell's, McCarthy's, and Nixon's turn to try.

With the Gurkhas

At the age of forty-one **John Masters** has already made a distinguished record in two careers. He is today a very successful novelist in his adopted country, the United States, with a writing life like a rich Persian rug still to unroll. But as a boy he was destined for the Indian Army. He was born in Calcutta, and like his father and grandfather before him he was trained to be a professional soldier. He was tall, compactly built, strong-willed, and he had early taken a silent vow that he would never suffer the humiliating poverty of his father in retirement. In *Bugles and a Tiger* (Viking, \$3.95), John Masters has recaptured the young man he was at twenty. As a gentleman cadet at Sandhurst he was quite aware of the impact he made upon others. "I started each new experience in reasonable popularity," he writes, "because I had average acceptability, and no



The Peripatetic Advertiser

A nation that shops by brand names both in the supermarket and local drive-in has naturally developed a built-in resistance to the unknown artist. The label "first novel" lowers the temperature of any booktrade conversation to middle-temper. The self-styled "little" magazines do valiantly, but the serious young writer also needs the durability of book form. To attract this writer, to subsidize him for a fair crack at his projected work and to have a competitive "best" to offer to the booktrade, Houghton Mifflin instituted the **Literary Fellowship Award** twenty-one years ago. From Dorothy Baker's *Young Man With a Horn* to Milton Lott's *The Last Hunt*, the award has introduced writers of diverse gifts: Robert Penn Warren, Joseph Wechsberg, Ann Petry, Elizabeth Bishop, Charles B. Flood, Madison Cooper, Anthony West and Arthur Mizener among them.

A few days ago the first of the two 1956 award novels was published, **Cat Man** by **Edward Hoagland**. (\$3.75) The writer is talking about a world he has lived in—that self-contained world of a traveling circus. It is a story of the great dangerous animals and of the kinds of men who became their attendants. Quite an extraordinary story.



In nonfiction, newly published, there is **Girls on Parole** by **Katharine Sullivan**. (\$3.00) Few subjects have drawn as much advice from back-seat drivers as our state parole system. Katharine Sullivan, who has served on the Massachusetts Parole Board for ten years, gives very lucid testimony from the professional standpoint. Some of our casual neighbors in subways or office or housing developments have sat across the desk from her and worked out the blueprint of a new try at getting on with the community. Their stories are hopeful and pitiful and outrageous in turn, and out of them is built a very clear picture of what happens to the person who is offering a promise to society.



In fiction and in nonfiction too **Oliver La Farge** is a brand name. A well-deserved Pulitzer Prize guarantees his stature as a novelist, and it is with a novelist's eye for structure and revealing detail that he writes nonfiction. His new book, **Behind the Mountains** (\$3.00), is an idyll of the recently vanished Spanish baronialism in America. It is the story of his wife's childhood on the great Baca ranch in the Sangre de Cristo range. The spaciousness of that

hospitable life, the tenderness of family ties, the ways of a people to whom drama is the breath of life are material for a work of distinctive grace.

Sometimes critics spearhead a book's battle for a market as in the case of the trilogy, *The Lord of the Rings* by **J. R. R. Tolkien**. The third novel, **The Return of the King**, completes the odyssey through the Middle Earth and the temptations of its treasure—power. Something of that power has extended to its cult, and our review file rings with prophecy such as this:—



"One of the great literary achievements of our time."
—*Edward Wagenknecht, Chicago Tribune.*

"It is an extraordinary work—pure excitement, unencumbered narrative, moral warmth, barefaced rejoicing in beauty, but excitement most of all; yet a serious and scrupulous fiction . . . his style is full of joy, the joy that follows the making of a perfect gesture. But more than this, the author has had intimate access to an epic tradition stretching back and back and disappearing in the mists of Germanic history, so that his story has a kind of echoing depth behind it, wherein we hear Snorrie Sturluson and Beowulf, the sagas and the Nibelungenlied, but civilized by the gentler genius of modern England." — *Donald Barr, N.Y. Times*

"No fiction I have read in the last five years has given me more joy than 'The Lord of the Rings.'" — *W. H. Auden*



Lastly there is the case of the brand-name-hero, **Cash McCall**. In less than three months of public life, **Cameron Hawley's** protagonist has become a short-cut description for the new look in millionaires. It hasn't been done before. No one has ever found words to define the tension in the high-tension world of American business . . . a world where a letter may strangle a heart in mid-beat; where intangible terror wrestles with sleep; where the time clock strikes back; and yet a world where no drop of blood defiles the carpets which quietly engulf the well-bred voices of ruin; where the white collar remains unsmeared; where battle cries issue from the manicured hands of typists in an electromantic hush; where loyalty is attested by a notary and love is pledged with a corporate seal; a world where honor, fidelity, affection and passion must be valued with a new subtlety and the old courage, the world of Cash McCall.



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desire to hurt anyone. Weeks or months later people evidently decided, as though at a secret signal, that they had made a mistake in giving me their friendship, because Masters was really not a nice chap at all. This in turn was succeeded by phase three, when the same people discovered that, like anyone else, I am good and bad, pleasant and unpleasant." He played rugger but stubbornly refused to box; he loathed horses ("I have always been afraid of horses. Horses are too big, and their feet and teeth are too big too, and they have no sense and no discipline and very poor manners. . ."), yet at graduation he was awarded the Norman Medal as the top cadet for the Indian Army, and an engraved sword for being first in Military History.

A young subaltern, he aimed for a famous regiment, the 4th Gurkha Rifles, and was delighted when the mess took him in. So began his adult education. He learned from sergeants, from the Gurkhas whom he greatly admired, and from his brother officers. When he felt that his popularity was waning, as it was, he asked Moke Murry why, and the answer came back, "Well, I shouldn't offer my opinions quite so often or so definitely, if I were you." He had an exasperating aggressiveness, but a great heart and great candor, and it was with these blessed attributes that he sought and found the spirit of the regiment. This book in its lean, masculine prose tells us where it took him.

There is good tough humor here; humility, as when he is dressed down for violating the code of the regiment; and passion, too, as when he will not go to the woman who is eager to be his mistress. In his resourcefulness under fire, in his quickness of action when he is surprised by a marauding tiger, we see the man who was to become brigadier under Wingate. Conscientious without being a prig, decent without being intolerant, mature without being overbearing, John Masters at twenty-two is an example of what is best and brightest in the British character. He loved this first life, and in telling about it he can measure the inner man accurately and still laugh at himself.

The hidden volcano

Alec Waugh is a Londoner by birth, a veteran of both world wars, and an older brother who after his early success as a novelist found himself in the shadow of a younger brother, Evelyn. He has not lost his art, however, and in *Island in the Sun* (Farrar, Straus, & Cudahy, \$3.95) he has written a pleasurable and most discerning novel of the West Indies, and one which will hold its own in any company.

This is the story of people, black and white, living in close proximity on the sun-drenched island of Santa Marta, and of the way in which they react upon each other in the critical year when a new constitution is being conferred upon the tiny Crown

Colony. The color bars, the segregation of the old Colonial days, are still ostensibly enforced. But the new governor, Lord Templeton, has been encouraged by Whitehall to install a government of natives and white planters. As for the younger generation, they have already been breaking through the color barrier here as elsewhere.

Mr. Waugh has been visiting the West Indies on and off since 1927; he knows the old regime and the new; and the success of his novel is assured by the skill with which his people are drawn. They are a colorful lot. At their head is the governor, His Excellency Lord Templeton, the suave, distinguished old soldier. He, of course, is supported by the West Indian aristocracy (personified by Julian Fleury, whose family acres and old house, Belfontaine, have been in the family for generations) and to a lesser extent by the planters who have moved in since the war — men like Colonel Carson, still suffering from his old wounds, hard-drinking and irascible. Gaiety is supplied by the Inseparables — the local beauties, Mavis, Doris, and Jocelyn — who flirt with the transients because there are few eligibles in Santa Marta. They were brought up with Grainger Morris, the famous athlete who was to make such a record at Oxford and as an international cricketer, and the fact that he is colored matters much less to them than to their parents. Morris, who has come back to the island to practice law (and lead his people), is one of the most admirable figures in the book. The troublemakers, either deliberately or through indiscretion, are David Boyeur, the colored labor leader; Carl Bradshaw, the clever journalist from Baltimore; and Maxwell Fleury, the jealous, embittered white planter.

From an innocent beginning, with the garden party at Government House and the formal announcement of the partial home rule, the tension of the little island community suddenly begins to rise. Sparked by a ludicrous lawsuit the animosities which should have been snuffed out in court blaze up in the high spirits of Mardi Gras, and are further inflamed by the mysterious killing of Colonel Carson. Casually and yet from the most natural causes, Santa Marta threatens to become a smoking volcano in this shift from colony to home rule.

The color line is ever-present in this sagacious novel, and so are the compromises by which it must be crossed as people mature. And the problems which Mr. Waugh has described so tellingly in Santa Marta are common to many other parts of the Commonwealth. The love stories here — and there are two of them, involving Jocelyn and Euan, Lord Templeton's son, Denis Archer, the A.D.C., and Margot Seaton, a half-caste — are warm-blooded, and while they might shock a Kentucky Colonel a little, he would know that something very like them has happened in his own county. All in all a delightful book.

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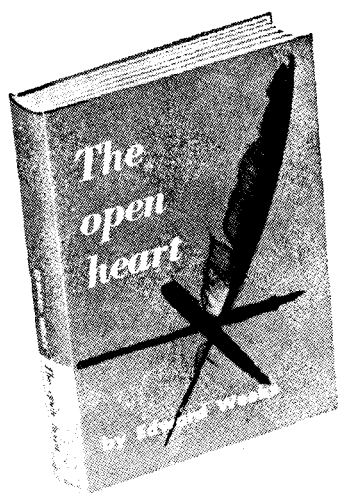
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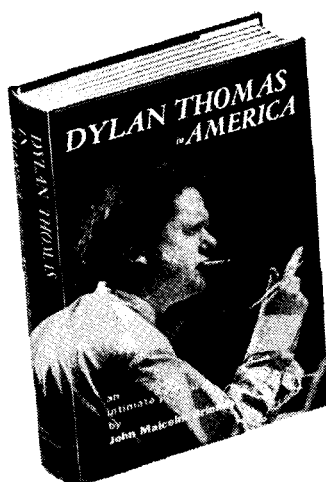
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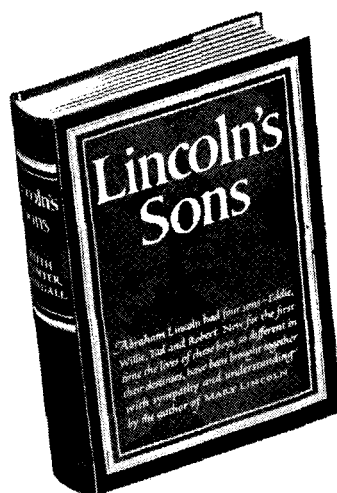
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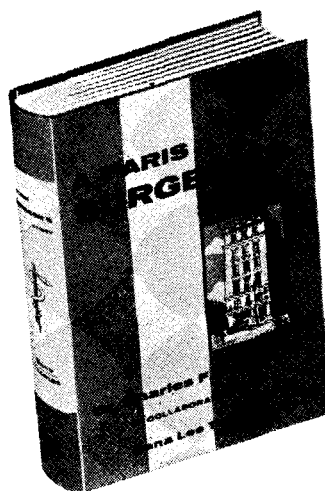
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Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO



ARCHEOLOGY has made two fascinating contributions to the current fall and winter literary season. The first was *The Scrolls from the Dead Sea*. The second is *The Secret of the Hittites* (Knopf, \$5.00) by C. W. Ceram, the author of *Gods, Graves and Scholars*. Profusely illustrated with photographs, line drawings, and maps, Mr. Ceram's book chronicles one of the most arresting chapters in the story of archeology—a saga richly charged with dramatic twists and with enthralling accounts of scholarly detective work. It unfolds to us the history of an empire of the second millennium before Christ whose very existence was lost to history for three thousand years.

In 1834, a French traveler discovered in and around Boghazköy in Central Anatolia ruins and monuments bearing inscriptions of an unfamiliar type, and subsequently similar relics were found over a wide area of Asia Minor. But it was not until 1879 that a British Orientalist, Archibald Sayce, advanced the thesis that all of these puzzling discoveries represented the remains of a Hittite empire. At that time, what little was known about the Hittites supported the belief that they were a tribe of Northern Syria, repeatedly defeated in battle by their great neighbors. Sayce's audacious hypothesis failed to explain how such a people could have expanded northward and built up a durable civilization stretching—so the relics indicated—from the Aegean throughout most of Anatolia. Before that riddle was solved, two sensational developments took place in the story of Hittitology.

The first was the discovery in Egypt, in 1889 and the ensuing years, of an immense collection of tablets recording the diplomatic correspondence of the pharaoh Amenophis IV (1370–1350 B.C.) and written in Akkadian, long since deciphered, the language of international diplomacy in the ancient East. These tablets showed conclusively that the Hittites had been a Great Power; and further, that they had *not* originated in Syria, as previously supposed, but

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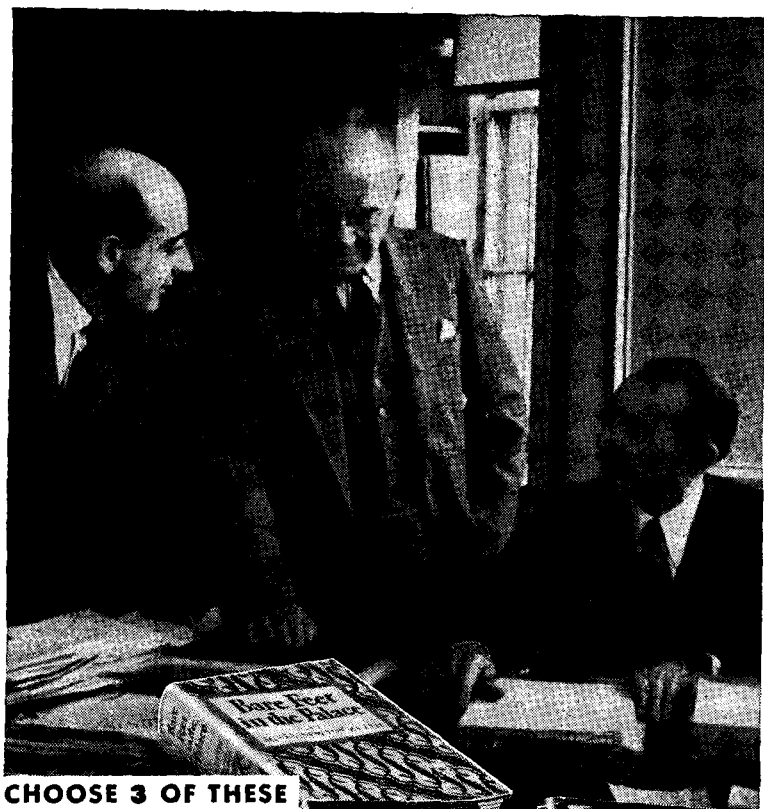
WHO are these interesting-looking gentlemen? They are three well-known editors familiar to book readers everywhere. EDWARD WEEKS, CHARLES ROLO and CHARLES MORTON, whose literary tastes are constantly reflected in the distinguished *Atlantic Magazine*. Each month they review all the important newly-published books. And they make sure that the finest and most readable of them go into their own book club – the ATLANTIC MONTHLY BOOK CLUB.

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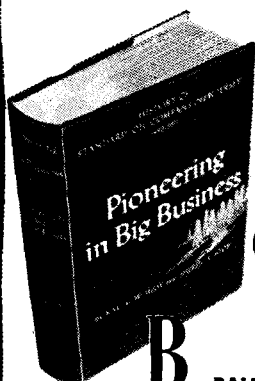
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must have moved into it from Asia Minor. A decade and a half after the Egyptian find, a German savant digging at Boghazköy made a discovery such as archeologists dream of: he unearthed the political archives of the Hittite capital, and among its thousands of tablets many were immediately readable, being written in Akkadian.

But at this point Hittitology had reached an impasse: the Hittites had two languages of their own and both were still unintelligible. During the First World War, the patient labors of a Czech scholar resulted in the decipherment of Hittite cuneiform and thereby solved the mystery of the origin of the Hittites. Their language revealed them to have been Indo-Europeans, who must have migrated into Asia Minor from the Northeast or via the Balkans. Finally, in 1947, a German philologist working in Istanbul had a sudden insight which started the decipherment of Hittite hieroglyphic, the language in which the Hittites recorded the deeds of their kings and their gods.

Today we can trace the history of the Hittite Empire from 1900 B.C. to its destruction seven hundred years later. We know that it fought successful wars against Egypt and once conquered Babylon; that it had an impressive system of government and a humane legal code, but never developed an organic culture such as existed in Egypt and Babylon. The rediscovery of the Third Great Power of the Near East, by enabling scholars to cross-check and synchronize Egyptian and Babylonian history, has made an exciting contribution to our knowledge of ancient civilization.

The great Skeffington

The Last Hurrah (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$4.00) by Edwin O'Connor — the Atlantic Prize Novel and the February Book-of-the-Month Club selection — is a memorable portrait of an American political boss, Frank Skeffington, "the last of the old-style political leaders." The setting is a city which, to understate things, bears a noticeable resemblance to Boston; and at the novel's opening Skeffington, who has just turned seventy-two, announces his decision to run for re-election as mayor.

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elected governor of the state. Imposingly handsome, quick-witted, superbly skilled in the tactics of vote-getting, Frank Skeffington is an immensely magnetic personality. He has about him a commanding aura of distinction, a seignorial poise; and he is a marvelously effective orator who can draw, at the apposite moment, on a rich fund of Shakespearean quotation. The poorer Democratic voters, especially the Irish, look up to him as a paternal hero who can always be counted on for a handout, a favor, or a job. To his many powerful enemies—the city financiers, the Republican press, the advocates of clean government, the old Cardinal (outraged by Skeffington's continual maneuvering to exploit the Church for his own purposes)—Skeffington is an unmitigated rascal who has reduced the city to the verge of bankruptcy.

For the first time, all of the anti-Skeffington elements agree to wage a united campaign in support of a compromise candidate, a colorless nonentity. What happens in that campaign is Mr. O'Connor's story—a story full of warmth and humor which charms the reader with its profusion of pungent Irish talk; with its big scenes such as the Ninth Ward Democratic Club dance and the magnificent wake staged by Skeffington for Knocko Minihan, a man greatly unloved; with its richly comic secondary characters such as Ditto, the Mayor's most idolatrous stooge, and Charlie Hennessey, a lone-hand candidate for office whose preposterous speeches are sheer delight. But above all it is Skeffington, the wayward giant, who gives O'Connor's novel its savor and its vitality.

I regret that O'Connor has not carried his portraiture a bit further in depth; and occasionally I felt that the seamier facts of political life were presented in too benevolent a key. But all in all, *The Last Hurrah* is a resounding success—vigorous, amusing, and brilliantly observed.

Repeat performances

Two of the books which have given me the most pleasure this winter are new editions of works which I had not thitherto read and which may not be known to quite a few readers of this column. One of them is *The Quest for Corvo* (Michigan State University Press, \$5.00) by A. J. A. Symons, which is described in the recently published supplement to

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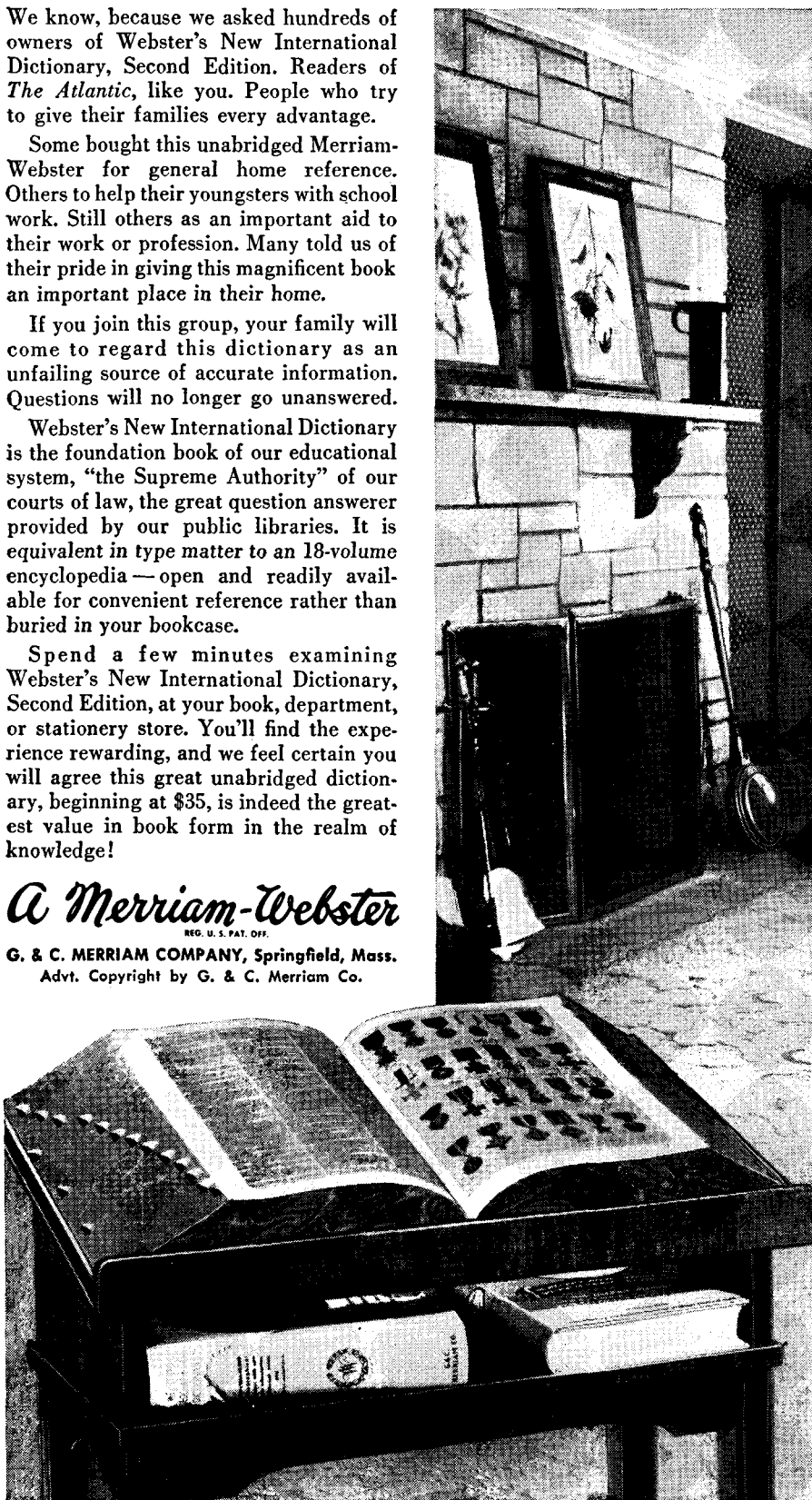
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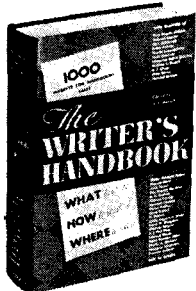
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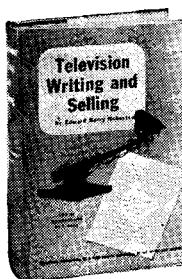
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Twentieth Century Authors (H. W. Wilson, \$8.00) as "one of the most brilliant of modern biographies." It first appeared in the mid-1930s and has for some years been available in the paperback Penguin series.

In 1925, the late A. J. A. Symons, an English man of letters, was loaned a copy of a novel by one Fr. Rolfe entitled *Hadrian the Seventh* and dated 1904. He found it spell-binding, a masterpiece, and was amazed that its author should have remained in obscurity. The fragmentary information available about Rolfe, who also called himself Baron Corvo, so captured Symons's imagination that he spent several years tracking down the story of Rolfe-Corvo's life.

Born in 1860, Frederick Rolfe became a schoolmaster, embraced Catholicism, and twice studied for the priesthood, in England and in Rome, but was twice discharged as unfit. The thwarting of what he so passionately felt to be his vocation caused his conspicuous eccentricities to harden into paranoia. Though remaining a devout Catholic, he conceived the obsession that Catholics were his malignant enemies conspiring to deprive him of his just deserts. After a sojourn in Italy, he assumed the title Baron Corvo; and he devoted the last twenty years of his life to writing, never doubting his literary genius. Except when supported by the largesse of newly made friends—whom his persecution mania invariably turned him against—he lived in frightful poverty. He died in Venice in 1913, a penniless outcast.

Rolfe's two most important books—*Hadrian the Seventh* and *The Desire and Pursuit of the Whole*, both published in this country a few years back—were singularly direct expressions of his psychoses. The former—the story of an Englishman who is first rejected for the priesthood and twenty years later becomes a great Pope—is a bizarre compound of firsthand experience graphically recorded and of extravagant fantasies so intensely and so precisely imagined that, artistically, they achieve a compelling reality.

The book which emerged from Mr. Symons's quest has a dual fascination. It is immensely intriguing both as an account of literary detection conducted by a worldly and cultivated sleuth, and as an artfully pieced-together biography of a half-mad charlatan with a streak of genius—

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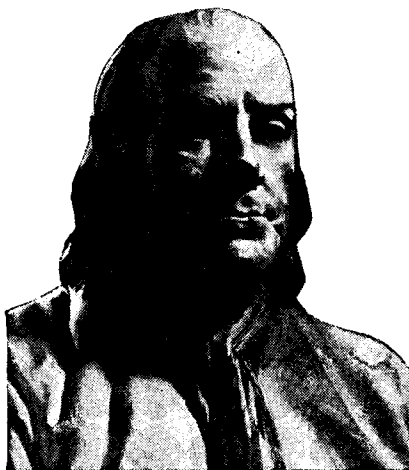
surely one of the queerest beings who ever put pen to paper.

The other reissue referred to a few paragraphs back is *The Honorable Picnic* (Viking, \$3.50) by Thomas Raugat, which was first published in 1927 and has long been out of print. Brilliantly translated from the French by Leonard Cline, this altogether enchanting novel is set in the Japan of the early 1920s. A Swiss League of Nations observer on a mission in the Far East — a conceited and fatuous seducer — invites two pretty Japanese girls to a day's outing at a fashionable resort near Tokyo. Several Japanese gentlemen, shocked to hear the distinguished foreigner planning to show himself in public with persons of the inferior sex, make it their duty to try to save his dignity and to show him how an honorable outing is conducted in a civilized nation like Japan. Eventually, a Geisha girl heroically saves everybody's face by sacrificing her honor for the price of a Kodak No. 3A. Extremely funny and at times extremely touching, the novel borrows a note or two from *Madame Butterfly*, gives an Oriental twist to Gallic bedroom farce, and deftly achieves a double-edged satire of the mores of both East and West.

Two Cassandras

After reading Arthur Koestler's book of essays, *The Trail of the Dinosaur* (Macmillan, \$3.50), and Elizabeth Stevenson's biography, *Henry Adams* (Macmillan, \$6.00), I was struck by certain parallels between the rootless twentieth-century intellectual and the nineteenth-century gentleman-of-letters with so splendid a heritage.

Both Koestler and Adams instinctively think of man in relation to society, and in the development of their thought about the social order there is a somewhat similar change of outlook. The youthful Adams — ardently believing in the positive, reforming faith of science — wished to found "a school" which would transform the social organism. The youthful Koestler — ardently believing in the positive, reforming faith of Marxism — joined the Communist Party. The Adams of *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres* yearned for the spiritual unity of the high Middle Ages; and the Koestler of *The Trail of the Dinosaur* dwells on the desperate need for a faith which will satisfy the "great sober thirst" of man's spirit. Both Adams and Koestler are prophets of



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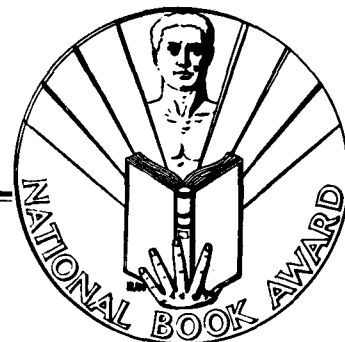
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doom, haunted by the belief that their civilization is breaking up. The idea which is the mainspring of the title essay in Koestler's book—that the growth in man's power has calamitously outdistanced his spiritual growth—began to preoccupy Adams more than half a century ago. "My belief is that science is going to wreck us," he wrote in 1902, "and that we are like monkeys monkeying with a loaded shell."

Miss Stevenson's book, the most comprehensive account of Adams's life published to date, is one of the most interesting biographies of an American that I have read in a long time; and this despite the fact that it is least impressive in the area where its subject presents the greatest challenge. Adams's complex, often contradictory personality has remained something of an enigma, and Miss Stevenson's treatment of what is psychologically puzzling in Adams's life is not particularly searching. But thorough scholarship, intelligence, a clear-eyed perspective, and an agreeably readable style add up to a notable conjunction of qualities.

As for Koestler's essays, they range over quite a variety of topics. These include Koestler's disappointment with British Socialism; Chambers and Hiss; the future of the Jews; snobbery; and "A Guide to Political Neuroses." Despite its diversity, Koestler's book has a clear-cut central theme: namely that the terms "Right" and "Left," "Capitalism" and "Socialism," have become largely meaningless and that the supposed conflict between them is obsolete. The overriding conflict of our time, says Koestler, is between "total unfreedom [Communism] and relative freedom." It makes particularly acute for the defenders of freedom a dilemma which is inseparable from the human condition and which admits of no final solution—the opposition between expediency (the engine of the train on which mankind is traveling) and morality (the brake).

Koestler announces, with a characteristic flourish, that these essays represent "a farewell to arms"—that they are his last word on the political questions which have obsessed him for a quarter of a century. "Cassandra has gone hoarse," he states, "and is due for a vocational change." There are indications that the new vocation will be much closer to the domain of the Yogi than to that of the Commissar.



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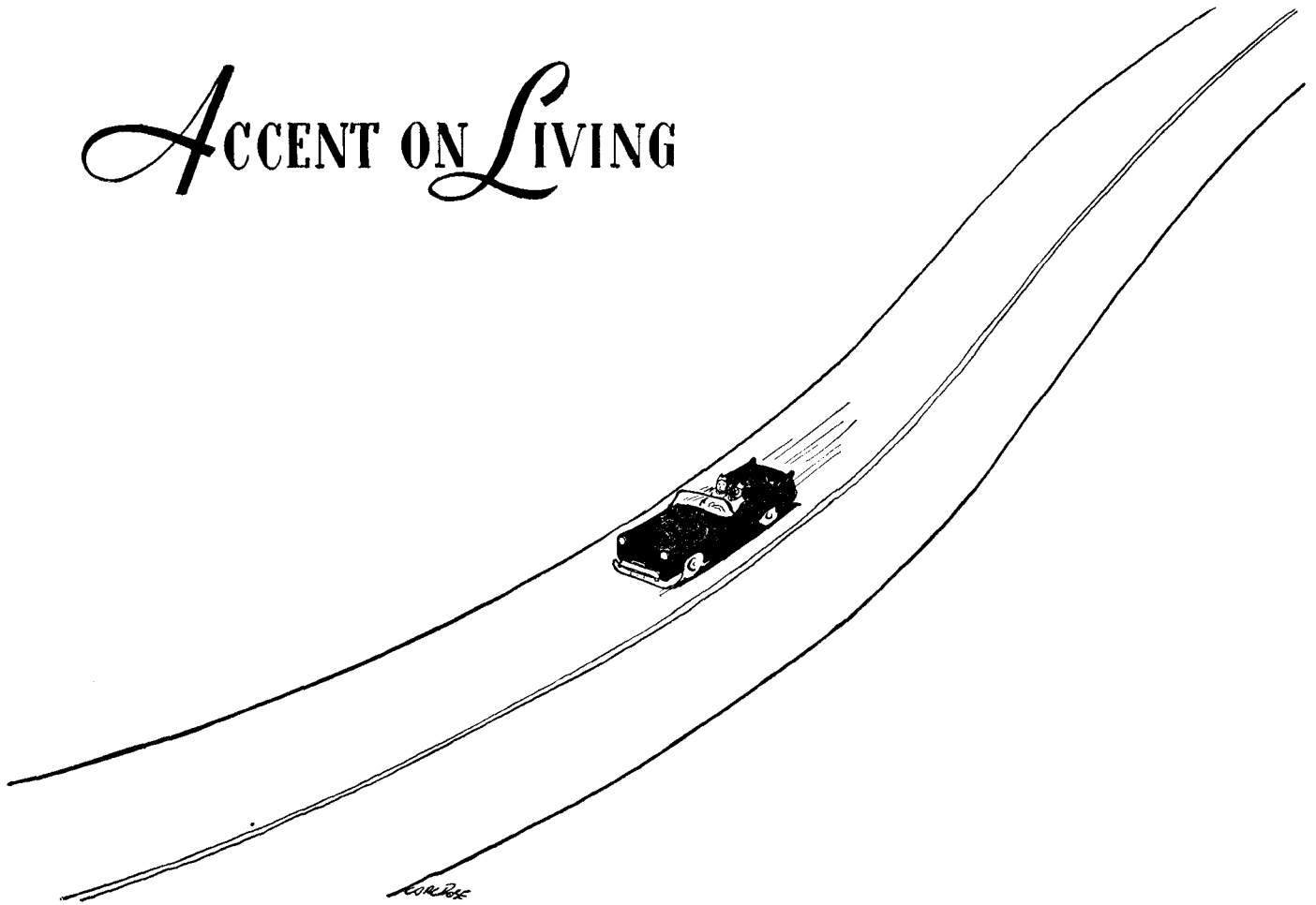
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WATCH FOR THE
NATIONAL BOOK AWARD
FEBRUARY 7

ACCENT ON LIVING



ON SAMPLING some of the new express highways and turnpikes, one gets the impression that driving on them must be much like travel in outer space. Nothing to see, nothing to do, nothing to indicate whether the day's run is through New Jersey, Maine, or Ohio, or through Phase II of the back road to Mars. There are probably no trees and shrubbery along the interstellar thruways, and doubtless the traveler would miss the familiar landscaping of our own new routes: the frail plantations of the center strip; the stubble, beer cans, paper plates, along the sides. Otherwise, the two would have a great deal in common. Within the near future, not more than two or three years, a man ought to be able to drive from New York to Los Angeles without having to look at anything at all. "We might as well be in Indiana or Tennessee," my wife remarked, as we were last breezing along the Maine Turnpike. But even as she spoke, the bulldozers and surface-laying machines were adding another sixty-odd miles to extend the non-scenery from Portland to Augusta. One hundred miles, one hundred minutes, but

somehow the longest hundred minutes of effortless motoring that anyone could wish.

Conversation dries up quickly on the express road.

"That sign said it's ten miles to the Griggsville exit."

"Do we go to Griggsville?"

"No."

"Oh."

Ten miles later: —

"That was the Griggsville exit."

"Was it?"

"Yes, it's where 207 cuts over to pick up 17A."

"I didn't notice it."

"Are you hungry?"

"Not yet, thanks. It's only ten after ten."

Each of the new toll roads is controlled by an Authority, and everywhere are the signs of the Authority's power and wisdom. It all seems terribly modern. The standardized filling stations manage to look like the prize-winning exhibit from a school of design, with plumbing fixtures in beige and black, tiled to the last

square inch, scrubbed and sanitary. The same air of high-speed cleanliness surrounds the pumps outside and pervades the standardized restaurant where, one feels confident, every frankfurter has been scientifically selected by the Authority's Bureau of Food and Nutrients, and the amount of fat permitted in a hamburger is held to exactly 22 per cent.

Because no human habitation is ever visible along the express highways, there is some mystery about where the filling station and restaurant people make their homes. The motorist is always amazed at encountering so many hard-working men and women out in what is obviously the middle of nowhere. But no matter where they live, they are thoroughly standardized, the same in one restaurant, and the next, and the next, and the next, and so are the frankfurters.

When it comes to overnight accommodations, the traveler finds that private enterprise has been concealing itself just off the express highway, and that any old exit will lead him to suitable motels. These are not operated by the all-wise Authority, but

they are just as impeccably standardized as the dab of piccalilli on the Authority's standardized frank.

To avoid getting into an unstandardized motel, the motorist simply consults a list put out by the motel chain, with the result that he can sleep each night on the same sponge-rubber mattress and pillows, tread the same thickly padded wall-to-wall carpeting, and be dazzled by the same chromatic plumbing. A room will provide, also, a television set on which he can see throughout the evening the same network programs that he gets at home. Around his quarters outside are the same cars — and when he emerges in the morning the same travelers will be piously wiping them down — that he saw at previous motels. By 8:30 the entire motel population is out on the thruway once again, laying down 60 mph in the sprint to the next motel.

More stubble-and-paper-platescenery, and after four hours of it comes

another rendezvous with the filling station and frankfurters. The meal is usually a stand-up affair, because one finds that the sit-down restaurant with real tables and chairs is always on the other side of the road, reached only by a tunnel or a long overpass, and no one wants to waste that much time on a mere meal anyhow. But the service in the stand-up place is so rapid that the lunch-break is over in fifteen minutes or so, and the travelers are back on the highway again. It makes a rather long afternoon for them.

Throughout all driving on the big new express roads is the constant sense of guilt: if the speed limit is sixty and the driver holds that figure, everyone else passes him and he feels like an obstruction to modern traffic; but if he tacks on an extra ten or fifteen miles he is reasonably certain of having a police car's siren screaming at him.

From a municipal point of view,

the growing traffic on the new highways is profitless. Why should the Chicagoan pay taxes and tolls for the sole purpose of traversing the stubble-and-paper-plate reaches around Buffalo? Is the Bostonian getting anything on the Jersey Turnpike that he couldn't just as well find in the scrubbiest parts of his own state?

Any city that would like to keep its motorists — and the industry that thrives on their traffic — nearer home could do so by creating a municipal expressway of its own. This would be nothing more than a closed circuit, twenty or thirty miles in circumference, screened from all extraneous sights and sounds by embankments planted to yield by the end of a year or two a suitable grade of stubble. The filling stations and restaurants would be just like those on the big roads. At a pinch, or if vacant land were too distant, the whole thing could be underground.

CHARLES W. MORTON

INSIDE STUFF

by GUY HALFERTY

A former newspaperman and a veteran of the United States Information Service, GUY HALFERTY is now in public relations work in California.

IN AN advertisement by a magazine, I read the bold headline, "Watch Out for Upsets This Year." It was followed by this paragraph: —

"As we analyze it, some prices will rise, others will actually slump. Some kinds of business will boom — others may not be able to survive. Controls will be changed in some fields, but will stiffen up in others. Many personal incomes will go up, but some families will be worse off than before."

A comforting paragraph later in the piece gave assurance that no matter what happens, the subscribers for that publication will be considerably better prepared than most. "If there's a sudden storm, they'll have their sails furled and their hatches battened down," it said.

Well that, of course, is one advantage, perhaps the main one, in subscribing for a periodical written in the latter-day "authoritative" vein. You know when to batten down your

hatches. As a follower of this do-as-we-say-and-you-won't-get-hurt school of journalism you get accustomed to being advised, warned, predicted to, cajoled, and instructed. When the command is "Expect . . ." you expect. When it's "Don't expect . . ." don't expect. Just follow orders.



To anyone who prefers to have full custody over his own confusion in the fields of personal and world affairs, the modern style of predigested editorializing is apt to cause a vague uneasiness that it is "authoritarian" rather than "authoritative." It is a style that demands a yes-sir-no-sir-no-excuse-sir attitude from its read-

ers. In crisp and confident phrases, it lays down what's what and why's why, and it rarely if ever mumbles over what's next — or "what's to be next," as its own phraseology would have it.

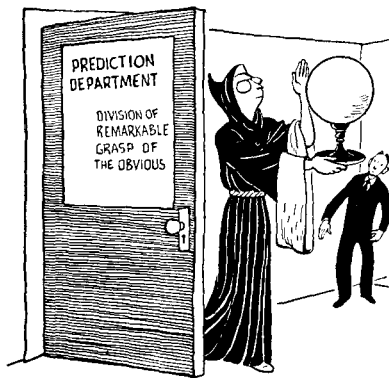
Such cautious and modest snatches of journalistic good manners as "might be," "it would seem," "although," and "there is a remote possibility that" are to be shunned like the pox. To the authoritarian writer, hedging of any kind is anathema, the cardinal weakness. In his lexicon, a qualified prediction is regarded as a cowardly device usable as a way out only when the jig is utterly up in every other direction. Practitioners of this type of journalism never let their readers think they are groping for thought. Like the lawyer or the psychiatrist, they speak as one who jolly well knows, not as one who is trying gamely to come up with something.

"Thailand will not be taken by the Communists this year," Magazine A remarked, and followed through in the highest authoritarian tradition with this note from a reporter who in all likelihood had just emerged from a Peiping night session: —

"Mao Tse-tung will be happy, for a time, if he can keep and digest what

he's grabbed." And "Bigger war, at this season, remains a receding prospect . . ."

Now this is a lovely, pear-shaped statement. If there is no bigger war this season, this fact will appear on the reportorial scoreboard. If there is, readers will be far too preoccupied to sue the writer. Since there is no law against long guessing, and no accounting is required under the free enterprise system for Predictions That Flubbed, this system is fairly critique-resistant. The law of averages, combined with some frequently astute reporting, takes care of a sufficiently comfortable share of the



predictions. The rest pass off into the air, to help form part of the very smog-mindedness they set out to clear away.

A corollary technique is the Specious, or Empty, Prediction. This is a handy device for predicting unimpressive things in an impressive way. The Department of Predictions of one publication warns ominously, if a bit late, "Advertising will soon reach bombardment proportions, and you will soon be urged to get out and buy."

Probably the same writer was responsible for another disquieting prediction, apropos of nothing, on the same page: "Motorists: Don't expect any relief from traffic jams. There won't be any."

Magazines in the authoritarian category are not easily abashed. At odd times they are not above a frank warning to beware of the contents of their own articles. One of them recently ran an exhaustive piece which compared how people spend their money in various regions and at different income levels. After painstakingly whittling the reader down to statistical size and shape, the article wound up on an unaccustomed note of caution. "Look to these figures not so much for instruction as for ex-

planation — for example, the reason your savings are low is that your housing expense is above average. . . .

"Just remember," it shot back over its departing shoulder, "that in the last analysis it's not averages that count most. Even averages can't hide the fact that the biggest budget influences are what *you* need and want and how hard you're trying."

The thoughtful reader can hardly help reflecting that no matter how hard he was trying, he would have saved himself a lot of worry and not a little time if he had read this last paragraph first. Were I a convert to the authoritarian cult, I would try wherever possible to avoid compromising my position by tossing decisions back to the reader in this manner. After all, what would *his* judgment amount to against mine?

It goes without saying that the advice-givers are right a lot of the time. It isn't so much their relative rightness or wrongness which raises my hackles as it is the tone they use on me. They speak in a lofty parentishness, covering all subjects with a finality that leaves me no opportunity for a final question-and-answer period.

The advice often deals with a variety of subjects. On baby-sitting (after listing some obvious do's and don't's, and a host of terrifying possibilities): "Now go on out and have a good time!" On buying a second mortgage: "Know what the monthly payments will be." On selecting a dishwasher: "Front-opening washers require more armwork, top-opening ones more bending." On entering politics: "In a pressure group, your main asset will be a thorough knowledge of the facts involved." On the butter-margarine controversy: "The outcome will be the sum total of the decisions of millions of families like yours." And on the preconvention political picture: "There is indecision among the Democratic voters. . . . Generally speaking, things are in a state of confusion."

But the admonition-from-nowhere that doubtless set many readers chewing their rugs concerned the allegedly improved state of the economy: "The need to rush is past," it said. "Only a few items will be really scarce, now or later. So if you want something, buy now or later depending on price or need."

This is good or bad. Depends a lot on how you look at it. Or why.



SAVE OUR SYMBOLS!

by CARL ROSE

CARL ROSE has illustrated the Atlantic's *Accent on Living* pages for the past twelve years. His article "Europe Instantly!" appeared in these pages just a year ago.

IN THE Atlantic Report on the World Today, "Science and Industry," December, 1955, an item on the uses of the tape recorder begins thus: *Cartoonists, notably conservative in their choice of symbols, still use the old-fashioned tin-man robot as the personification of advanced technology. In this electronic age a more appropriate symbol would be a long piece of plastic tape.*

To one not unfamiliar with cartoon symbology, and also one who has been a persistent trend-spotter, this pronouncement is the latest manifestation in what appears to be a deliberate campaign, waged by burgeoning Science, to deprive the hapless cartoonist of his only staff — perhaps of his *raison d'être*.

There have been other evidences of this creeping constriction. Not many months ago, a scientist emerged from a profoundly abstruse study of the subject to write an article for the *Scientific American* on the exact shape of liquid drops — rain drops, tear drops, oil drops. His findings were — and he had the photographs to prove them — that tear drops were not at all graceful little pear-shaped thingumbobs like this: —



Like the *Atlantic* writer on plastic tape, he included an irascible sentence implying that notably conservative cartoonists would probably stick to their traditional and incorrect con-



by JOHN M. CONLY

Bach: Harpsichord Concertos No. 1 and No. 2 (Helma Elsner, harpsichord; Rolf Reinhardt conducting Pro Musica Symphony Orchestra of Stuttgart; Vox PL-9510: 12"). Here is the only good up-to-date recording of the delicate and delightful No. 2, and what seems to me the best one of its more robust companion piece. The performances are spirited and tasteful, the sonic perspective good.

Beethoven: The Four Overtures to Fidelio (Otto Klemperer conducting Philharmonia Orchestra; Angel 35258: 12"). The *Fidelio* Overture and the *Leonores* 1, 2, and 3 also are offered on one record by Scherchen for Westminster, and on two 10-inch disks by Krauss for London. I like the Krauss performances best by a narrow margin, and the Angel sound best by one just as narrow. Klemperer's readings have the most grandeur, Krauss's the most excitement, Scherchen's the most analytical insight. You can't lose.

Beethoven: Sonatas Op. 31, No. 2, in D Minor, "Tempest," and Op. 53, No. 21, in C, "Waldstein" (Jacob Lateiner, piano; Westminster WN-18086: 12"). Six years ago, when he was only twenty-two, Mr. Lateiner put on LP a playing of Beethoven's deep and difficult last sonata (Op. 111) so impressive that it was suspected of being a lucky fluke. It wasn't, as he proves now with these two superb performances. His interpretative approach seems to lie midway between those of Schnabel and Kempff — high praise, and meant to be — and never falters. Westminster gives him good strong sound, and promises to give us more Lateiner Beethoven soon. Thank you, sirs.

Brahms: Orchestral Works (Sir Adrian Boult conducting Philharmonic Promenade Orchestra, with Monica Sinclair, contralto, and Croydon Philharmonic Society Chorus; Westminster WN-4401: four 12"). The works include the four symphonies, the *Tragic* and *Academic Festival*

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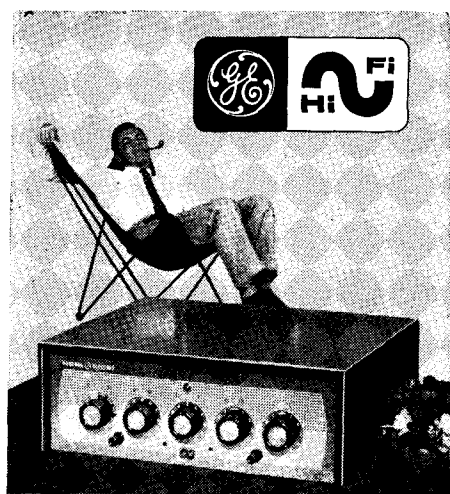
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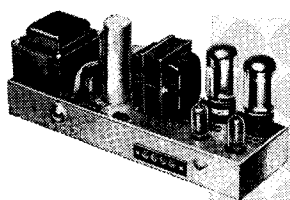


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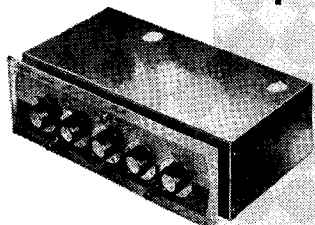
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overtures, the Alto Rhapsody, and the Haydn Variations. The orchestra is the Royal Philharmonic under a pseudonym. The contents are conveniently arranged, one symphony and one shorter item to each disk. Their sound is excellent and bright, the performances pleasing in their integration and restraint (the only one that doesn't come off being the Alto Rhapsody). Boult is competing with Toscanini and Bruno Walter, each of whom has put forth a Brahms collection. He does well: the other recordings are more exciting, but Boult's solid consistency sustains repeated listenings very durably. His versions of the overtures, I think, are the best on records.

Brahms: String Quartets, with **Haydn: Quartet Op. 33, No. 2, "The Joke"** (Budapest String Quartet; Columbia SL-925: two 12"). I attended some of the sessions whereat the Budapests completed the Brahms quartets. They weren't satisfied (they never are), but I was then and am still. I do not see how these performances could be improved on, and if you like Brahms quartets, you need wait no longer. The sound is realistic and the instrumental balance wholly admirable.

Haydn: The Creation (Mogens Wöldike conducting soloists, chorus, and orchestra of the Vienna State Opera; Vanguard VRS-471/2: two 12"). There is a Haydn Society LP recording of the *Creation*, led by Clemens Krauss and musically meritorious, but it sounds old and weak now and this new one outclasses it, for my taste, in all respects. It is pleasant to have this happiest of oratorios in such bright, new, and tasteful clothing.

Haydn: Trios No. 10, No. 16, and No. 24 (Jean Fournier, violin; Paul Badura-Skoda, piano; Antonio Janigro, cello; Westminster WN-18054: 12"). Third in this series, offering the gemlike Haydn piano trios in playings by three men who seem to understand them perfectly and enjoy them greatly. Not to be missed.

Lalo: Symphonie Espagnole (David Oistrakh, violin; Jean Martinon conducting Philharmonia Orchestra; Angel 35205: 12"). This demonstrates in fine reproduction the marvelous tone and digital control of the great Oistrakh, but I cannot say that it does much for Lalo. The performance somehow failed to jell, and the *Symphonie* emerges formless. One cannot have everything.

Liszt: Concertos No. 1 and No. 2 (Wilhelm Kempff, piano; Anatole Fistoulari conducting London Symphony Orchestra; London LL-1072: 12"). Nearly every other company has tried to make of this pair a hi-fi showpiece. London, coming last, has settled for an over-all sumptuousness of sound and musical atmosphere that makes the others seem merely athletic. Kempff is terrific.

Mozart: Don Giovanni (Josef Krips conducting Cesare Siepi, Fernando Corena, Anton Dermota, Suzanne Danco, Lisa della Casa, Hilde Gueden, Walter Berry, Kurt Böhme; Vienna State Opera Chorus and Philharmonic Orchestra; London XLLA-34: four 12" with libretto and piano score). Here is, I suppose, the best *Don Giovanni* on records, which isn't saying much. This opera is simply too hard to cast. London tried hard, and makes competing versions sound amateurish — but without making the grade itself. Only Fernando Corena (Leporello) and the Vienna Philharmonic sound happy in their parts; the others labor, and Suzanne Danco (Donna Anna) seems sometimes in actual anguish. But I am not sure the opera really can be done much better, and am inclined to recommend this version. However, there is one more Mozart-Year *Don* in the making, and perhaps it merits waiting to assay it.

Mozart: Mass in C Minor (Rudolf Moralt conducting soloists, Vienna Chamber Choir, and Vienna Symphony Orchestra; Epic SC-6009: two 12"). Critics in Mozart's lifetime thought this too operatic; it does not seem so now, after Rossini and Verdi. But it still has ample drama, to which Mr. Moralt and his group give suitable scope, and the result is felicitous. Good full sound.

Mozart: Die Zauberflöte (Karl Böhm conducting Hilde Gueden, Leopold Simoneau, Walter Berry, Wilma Lipp, Kurt Böhme, Emmy Loose, other soloists; Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra and State Opera Chorus; London XLLA-33: three 12"). What I particularly like about this *Magic Flute* are the Vienna Philharmonic's delectable tone and Walter Berry's Papageno. All I dislike about it is Wilma Lipp's Queen of the Night. Hence, in general desirability, I rate it above Beecham's wonderfully performed Victor antique and Von Karajan's austere 1951 version for Columbia.

Paganini: Concertos No. 1 and

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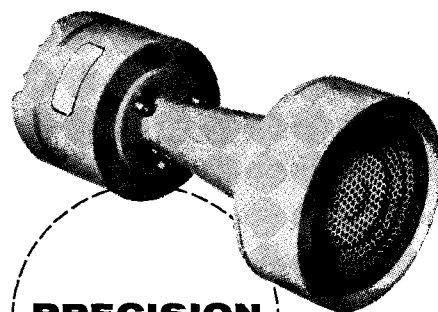
No. 2 (Ruggiero Ricci, violin; Anthony Collins conducting London Symphony Orchestra; London LL-1215: 12"). The First Concerto here is played in a truncated version, though very well. The real trove is the neglected Second. Anyone who can resist Ricci's magical duet with the triangle in the last movement is superhuman; this is real wizardry, and so is London's engineering.

Schubert: Fantasia in F Minor for Two Pianos; Andantino Varié, with Mozart: Sonata in D Major: Theme and Variations (Robert and Gaby Casadesus, pianos; Columbia ML-5046: 12"). Here is a compact treasury of music written for two pianos, and piano for four hands. Offhand I can think of nothing more beautiful (disregarding profundity) than the Schubert Fantasia, and the other works are not far behind. The playing is fond and faultless and, all told, the record is best described as lovable. Try it.

Stravinsky: Petroushka (two versions: Hermann Scherchen conducting Philharmonic Symphony of London; Westminster W-LAB-7011; Antal Dorati conducting Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra; Mercury MG-50058: each 12"). The Mercury version, drily boisterous and full of good brass blare, would have been accounted tops, perhaps, if the Scherchen had not appeared. This is priced at \$7.50, but it is on all scores superior to any other recording of the work — supple, unerring, and recorded with startling verisimilitude.

Tchaikovsky: Concerto No. 1 (Emil Gilels, piano; Fritz Reiner conducting Chicago Symphony Orchestra; RCA Victor LM-1969: 12"). Redheaded Mr. Gilels from the U.S.S.R. is young, but this is concerto-playing in a style that has vanished here — uninhibited virtuosity and display in the grand manner — and it stirs a thrill that cannot be ignored. It is more than just pianism: there is commitment and belief in it. It is hard to describe, so I suggest listening if you can. The reproduction is suitably rich and vibrant.

Winston Churchill (Sir Winston Churchill in speeches assembled and edited by Edward R. Murrow and Fred W. Friendly; Columbia ML-5066: 12"). Here are seventy-six excerpts from Churchill speeches made between 1942 and 1951, introduced by Mr. Murrow, editor of the series "I Can Hear It Now." No comment is really necessary.



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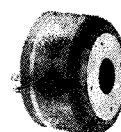
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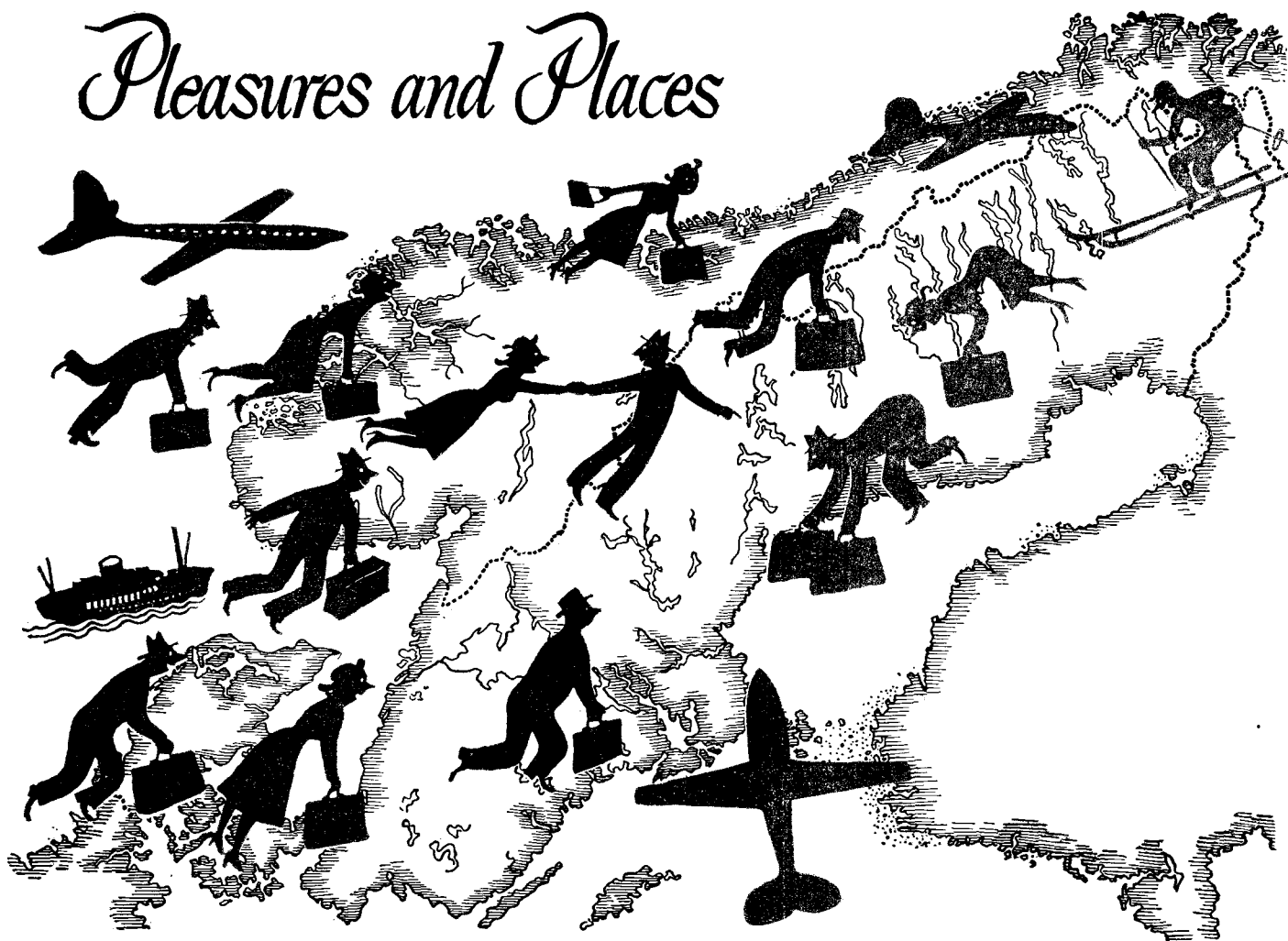


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Pleasures and Places



SCANDINAVIAN HOLIDAY

SOME parts of Europe, where the sightseeing crowds are most dense, have hardened against the tourist; he is resented. In these places they especially resent the American, the man who has "all the money." In Scandinavia they seem to like the tourist, including the American variety. (Certainly they speak his language gladly.) Money here is a secondary matter — there is enough for everyone. Life is good, it is lived eagerly.

Considering the great space, the diversity and spread of travel opportunities, there are not too many tourists. There are no tourist traps, no tourist trimmings. Prices are very low. A tip is only a tip, not a bribe or guilt-balm. These are strong reasons for choosing Scandinavia.

Another reason: this is no fringe province of greater Europe; these nations, including Finland, are distinct entities, never interchangeable, and form a northern spectrum of great beauty, subtlety, solidity, and range. And then there is the Scandinavian

summer. At its best it is incomparable, a kind of miraculous phenomenon — reason enough, in itself, to compel the choice of a Scandinavian holiday.

The small light of the northern winter shades over into April. People have had enough of it, they are pale and shrunken with it. Yet it continues until it is unbearable — until with a miraculous suddenness it is spring, it is May, the light comes. Slowly, and then more quickly, the days lengthen. Fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen hours of daylight — and the night a kind of blue twilight. It is then that these people of the north sigh and expand, let themselves go toward the sun in gratitude. They rush eagerly into summer; they throw off their clothes, take to the water, to sailboats, to beaches, lakes, islands.

On Midsummer Eve (June 23) the people light thousands of bonfires and dance around the Maypole, and do not go home to bed. (At midnight in Oslo a book can be read without artificial light.) Cafés move out on

the sidewalks. There is music in the open. It is an elated and unending celebration of summer, a revel. Nowhere else in Europe is there anything like it (in much of Europe, in fact, the people sleep away the summer). The visitor who enters into this mood becomes a guest, a friend, a celebrant — something much more than a tourist. It is another life.

Time and space

Scandinavia cannot be seen in three days on the way to somewhere else. If a visitor *must* hurry, he should use the very efficient internal services of Scandinavian Airlines System. But the traveler who really wants a taste of this immense cultural and natural smorgasbord might well spend a month or two and still come away with enlarged rather than diminished appetite. (Norway alone has 12,000 miles of coastline and 1000 waterfalls.) The green-gold spires and domes of Copenhagen, the 500 islands of Denmark, the castles and country churches and experimental new towns of Sweden, the massive shapes and movements of the Norwegian land-

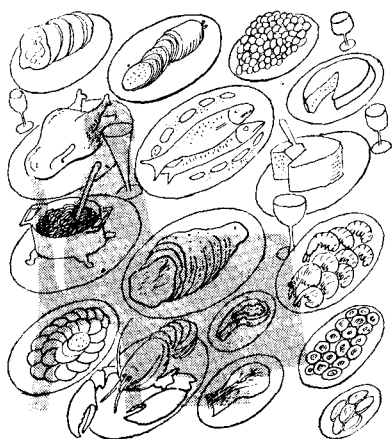
scape — these are parts of Europe as striking, as substantial as the Alps, the Seine, the towns of Tuscany.

The steamship crossing can be very pleasant for those who have 7-10 days to spend each way. For those who do not, the steady performance of Scandinavian Airlines, graced with refreshingly simple and comforting service, will seem a natural and exciting continuation of the Viking tradition and an appropriate transition to the good living and good taste of the Scandinavian people. New SAS equipment, to be in operation this summer, will cut considerably the present flight times of 18 hours to Oslo or Copenhagen, 20 hours to Stockholm. Round-trip tourist-class fare to Stockholm is \$640; this includes unlimited stopover privileges in Oslo and Copenhagen.

Copenhagen and tours

How then, once arrived, does one begin? In spring and early summer take Denmark (as mild as England) first, then Norway and Sweden. In late summer and early autumn, the other way round. Then measure the distances, select, strike boldly and *with a plan* — always with an eye to the tight hotel situation which varies, month by month, from country to country. Here, as a basis for planning, is a theoretically comprehensive itinerary, making use of various tours.

To begin with, Copenhagen: a cozy and compact town, radiating gaiety from a heart that is generous, open, cordial. With perfect grace it mixes the elegant and the vulgar: looking on the fish market are a bank, an art gallery, and a fashionable restaurant.



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or motor launch are surprisingly good; but this is, like Oslo and Stockholm, a human-scale city to be walked in.

From Copenhagen: The Fairy Tale Tour (3 or 4 days, about \$85) is more solid and effective than it might sound, sampling almost everything in this toy-like countryside. But driving here on the roads, on the long beaches of Jutland, is pure pleasure: to see the gentle green of Jutland, fringed with broad white sand (uncrowded); to see medieval Ribe and renaissance Ebeltøft, a tiny capital; then Randers, and the little lake steamers, and the hills around Himmelbjerget, the "sky mountain."

Or perhaps the island of Funen is the best of it, especially the closely clustered castles and gardens of the château country, the villages of half-timbered and lime-washed houses, and the marvelous medieval country churches.

Seek out old Svendborg, a great sailing center, where boats can be hired to sail to dozens of beautiful islands like Aero, Strynø, Langeland. This is a sailboatman's world: the yacht clubs of Copenhagen and other port towns all over Scandinavia generally will offer hospitality to members of equivalent American groups. Boats are for hire, too, in such superb sailing waters as the Norwegian west coast and the Stockholm archipelago.

Motorists in these country districts (the same holds for Norway and Sweden) can move around impromptu, by-passing the crowded resorts in favor of small, comfortable village hotels and inns. And everywhere they can count on the eager assistance of local tourist organizations (English-speaking).

Cruising the fjords

As much as a mile high and a mile deep and 120 miles long, the fjords—startling gashes in the Norwegian coast—are beyond description: they are nothing less than penetrations of the ocean clear to the heart of west Norway's mountain massif (the mightiest and most densely packed peaks in northern Europe), perhaps at their best in blossomtime (May). Easiest approach to the fjords is by the 12-day, all-expense tours of the coastal steamers (\$150, which includes half-day inland excursions) through sheltered water, between strings of islands, into narrow bays, calling at many coast towns and fishing villages. A more extensive and luxurious service

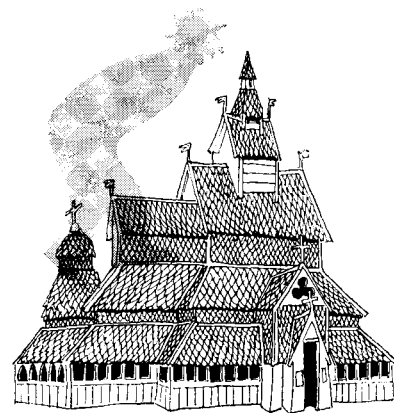
is offered by the cruise ships *Stella Polaris* (15 days from England or France), the new *Meteor* (all the way north to Spitzbergen, 8 to 14 days from Bergen), and the *Caronia*, which highlights Scandinavia on 37-day cruises from New York.

The fjords can also be had in one- or two-day excursions from the charming, vivacious, mountain-ringed port of Bergen; or by way of the extremely good hotels of Stavanger, the new gateway to the fjord country.

A new way to see the fjords is from the low-flying seaplane taxi of Bergen's West Norway Airlines—close over harbors and islands, with the rugged snow mountains far above your head.

Bergen to Oslo

The ingenious Oslo-Bergen Railway, cutting a deep cross-section through staggering mountains and high plateaus, provides a 12-hour glimpse into the giant crude spectacle of Norway. So that you miss nothing from the big windows of the observation cars (this is as much a sightseeing trip as a functional one) the trains stop—simply stop and wait—at all the finest points of view. For some 60 miles of the way this masterpiece of engineering seems to creep along the face of a gigantic wall, 2000 feet above the treeline.



Oslo itself makes a good and necessary change of pace between the glitterings and bustlings of Copenhagen and Stockholm; a slow, old-fashioned town, surrounded by water and wild wooded hills (try the high panoramic terrace of the very good restaurant at Frognerstøen, a half hour above the town by electric train). Join these most likable people in Europe at their cafés under trees, with band concerts, along the Karl Johans Gate. See the outdoor Folk Museum (containing one of the strange-looking wooden stave churches of the year 1200),

the folk dancing there, and the wonderful Viking ships nearby. In June and July, Oslo knows almost no night.

SAS flies (also from Copenhagen) a two-day tour to a high peak near Bodö above the Arctic Circle, for the mystical experience of the north country and the midnight sun. A reindeer roast is thrown in, all for about \$110.

Sweden

To relax, to see the Swedes at play, at ease; for a most enchanting rocky coast with thousands of islands, for the best of swimming (into September), sailing, fishing — travel north from the sedate and thriving beauty of Göteborg to Bohuslän. If it comes to a choice of one of the five or six superb Swedish landscapes, choose this one. Skåne, the second choice, is a *riviera*-château country with fine old country inns, and can be reached by excursions from Stockholm.

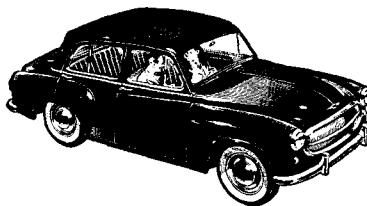
In Bohuslän there are neat and clean fishermen's cottages to be rented in a string of colorful and friendly fishing villages. And there is the yachting center of Marstrand, with an international regatta in July. Göteborg itself is Sweden's second largest city, a center of arts and design with gardens everywhere and some of the best seafood on earth.

For a slow, penetrating close-up of Sweden's rich and serene interior, the cross-country canal trip to Stockholm from Göteborg is perfect. For three days the small steamer, fitted as compactly as a doll house and renowned for its food, meanders through woods and meadows and medieval villages, past castles and churches and ruins and neat engineering towns; while it passes through the locks there is ample time for excursions. This is a true cross-section of the heart of Sweden, including lakes Vänern and Vättern, two of the largest in Europe.

From Stockholm

There are many intriguing possibilities for travel from Sweden's capital: 1) for \$310, Swedish Railways (the best in Europe — its third class is as good as our best coaches) runs a luxurious Sunlit Nights land cruise to cover the best of Sweden north of Stockholm — including Lapland — all the way to Narvik on the magnificent Ofoten Fjord. The railway also operates an extensive network of motor-coach tours all over Scandinavia, in typical Swedish style and

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thoroughness. The North Cape Tour (\$130) includes a visit to a Lapp encampment, fishing and folklore side-trips, and a chance to climb the end-of-the-world North Cape Plateau for a good look at the midnight sun.



The most complete coverage of Scandinavia is to be had through the fifteen tours arranged jointly by the State Railways of Denmark, Finland, Norway, and Sweden. These circular tours cover, as comprehensively as can be done, the great distances from Copenhagen to Helsinki to Narvik to Stockholm, at surprisingly low rates per mile.

The regular SAS service makes accessible such out-of-the-way places as Visby, the ancient walled Hanseatic city on the island of Gotland.

Sightseeing by trolley

The emphasis here is on Stockholm, Scandinavia's center of force, a city where the *oldest* lives actively, positively, comfortably, with the *newest* — an intricate, surprising, puzzling city. Copenhagen and Oslo are simpler, revealing themselves more readily to the casual walker.

Each of these capital cities is small enough to be taken on foot. But to begin with, for orientation, ride the trolley cars and water-buses. These are especially good in Stockholm, where the circular tramlines No. 4 and No. 8 seem designed more as sightseeing devices than as public transport. (The dinky little trolleys of Oslo should be ridden for the sheer fun of it, aside from what they reveal in the streets.) The Stockholm guide to trolley and bus lines, which has a very good map, is invaluable.

This summer, Norway will join Denmark and Sweden in the "Meet the Scandinavians" program, personal meetings on a basis of mutual interests between English-speaking local people and Americans. Initial

arrangements should be made through the separate National Travel Offices in New York. This direct contact is especially valuable for those who want to penetrate the hidden beauties and the paradoxes of Stockholm.

Remember these points of interest in the Swedish capital: the squares of the Old Town (intact, this core of Stockholm is one of the purest urban walking pleasures on earth); the villages of wooden houses near Tivoli in the Djurgården and in the Vitabergs district; Skäppesgränd, a street of old wooden houses with gardens, traditional home of the harbor pilots; the little lost cobbled streets; the Katarina church; the three surprising old churches — Riddarholmskyrka, Tyska Kyrka, Storkyrka; Moller-Nielsen's "play-sculpture" in Humlegård. There are modern residential districts — Fredhäll, Kungsklippan, and the remarkable new satellite town, Vällingby.

Come early for the cycle of festivals of music, drama, dance, and folklore: Bergen, May 25-June 7; Stockholm, June 3-13; Copenhagen, late May through early June; Helsinki, mid-June. The Scandinavian Design Cavalcade (makers and sellers and museums coöperating in a broad display) is held from August to mid-October, the Swedish Industries Fair in mid-May; and the St. Eriks International Fair, in Stockholm, is held from September 1 to 16. The Olympic Equestrian Games are held in Stockholm, June 10-17. The Agricultural Fair takes place in Copenhagen at the end of June.

Design on display

The *Permanent Exhibition* in Copenhagen has the *best* of handmade

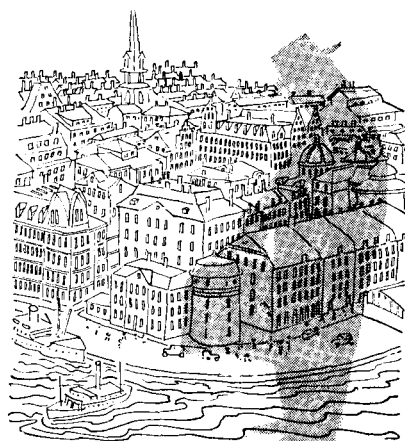


furniture, where one might gladly spend *all* of the \$500 duty-free allowance. There are museums of applied

arts in Oslo and Copenhagen; the Röhss Museum in Göteborg; the National Gallery, Stockholm; the NK Department Store, Stockholm; the Marabou Manufacturies, Stockholm; the modern buildings of Malmö. See the folder prepared by the Swedish Society of Design called "Where to Enjoy Swedish Design in Central Stockholm," which serves also as an authoritative shopping guide.

The hotel problem

The general level in Scandinavian hotels is the highest in Europe (though where they attempt the "Grand" or International style, it seems amateurish), and service is excellent. Prices



are low, but *space is scarce*. Make reservations *early*.

An itinerary should be planned with certain dates in mind. From May 15 to September 15, Stockholm will be very tight, especially at times of special events, so July holds the best possibilities. Coincidentally, July in Copenhagen is very difficult, with June 15-August 15 consistently tight. May is good here: a reservation can be had as late as April.

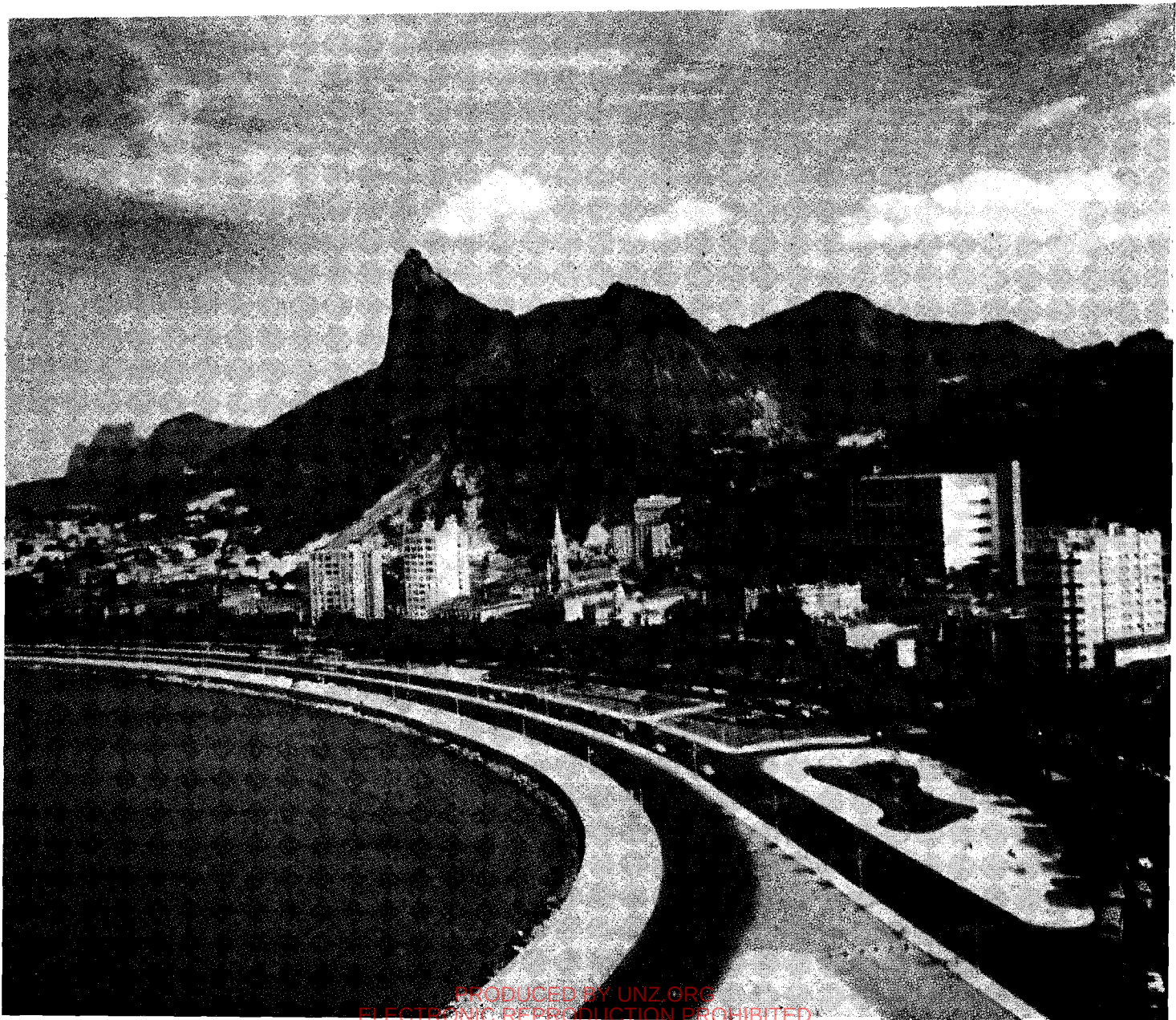
Outside the cities, for those who will avoid the well-known resorts, there is no real problem; country inns and hotels are very good, and generally have room. In the fjord country of Norway there is a tendency to bunch up at a few well-known places, like those at Hardangerfjord, and the operators of these places have tended to become overconfident and careless. Better go to the equally good Nordfjord, for instance, where the hotels are older, more typically Norwegian.

The answer, everywhere, is to remain flexible and adaptable; the very helpful State Tourist Offices will always find something, and it will always be adequate.

MITCHELL GOODMAN

PERSPECTIVE OF BRAZIL

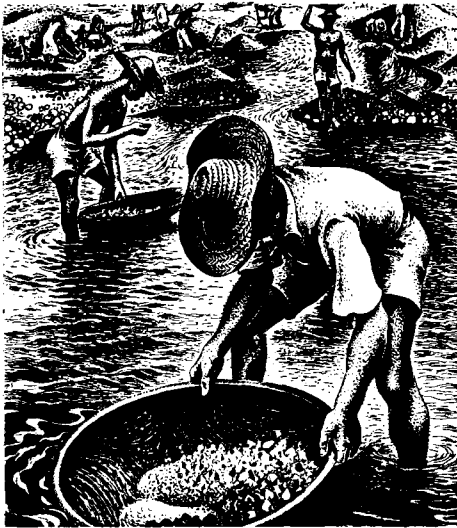
AN *Atlantic* SUPPLEMENT



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BRAZIL: THE GOOD NEIGHBOR

This supplement is the fifth in a series which is being published at intervals by *The Atlantic Monthly* to bring to readers in the United States a representative sampling of the literary and artistic achievements of other cultures and other countries. The four collections which preceded this one were *Perspective of India*, *Perspective of Holland and Belgium*, *Perspective of Japan*, and *Perspective of Greece*. Supplements devoted to Indonesia and the Arab World are in preparation and will appear in the *Atlantic* in the months to come.



Percy Lau

These supplements have been assembled, in co-operation with the *Atlantic* editorial staff, by Intercultural Publications Inc., a nonprofit corporation established by The Ford Foundation in 1952. They represent one aspect of the Foundation's extensive international program which seeks, through support of a variety of projects, to increase mutual understanding among the free nations and thus to strengthen the bases of world peace.

In this effort Intercultural Publications Inc. concentrates on the exchange of ideas and of literary and artistic materials through publications. Its major vehicle is *Perspectives USA*, a quarterly magazine of work by American writers and artists which is produced in four languages and distributed in sixty countries. Intercultural Publications has also prepared a series of anthologies in translation for distribution by various foreign publishers.

Perspective of India, *Perspective of Holland and Belgium*, *Perspective of Japan*, *Perspective of Greece*, and *Perspective of Brazil* reverse the flow of *Perspectives USA*, bringing a selection of foreign work to the attention of American readers. The editors of the *Atlantic* and the directors of Intercultural Publications hope that these exchanges will encourage greater awareness and deeper understanding of the countries and cultures for which the contributors to our pages are such compelling spokesmen.

The Atlantic Monthly

PERSPECTIVE OF BRAZIL

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EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION

by Carleton Sprague Smith

EVERYONE knows the name of Brazil, the mythical land of coffee and the *samba*, but far too few of us do more than keep abreast of its political affairs in the headlines. Yet one thing is certain, the country has come of age, and no one who aspires to a knowledge of twentieth-century culture should ignore Portuguese-speaking America. This supplement is intended to give a bird's-eye view of Brazil's intellectual achievements as well as its heritage of race, land, and government.

Brazil is going through an economic and social evolution similar to the one we experienced after our Civil War. New frontiers are being settled, virgin land cleared, and fundamental industries established. There is a cry for private capital and government subsidy to help the economic growth of the nation, though the realization of this expansion has led to nationalism and a certain amount of opposition to outside capital.

Foreign trade is essential for the prosperity of Brazil, which is still, despite its industrial surge, primarily an agricultural economy. There is keen international competition in every major field: coffee, corn, rice, cotton, sugar, cacao, rubber, and wax. Labor costs are relatively high, the cities vying with the country for unskilled workers. In certain regions the land has been badly depleted and, in recent years, whole provinces have been severely damaged by drought and occasionally by frost. Coal and gasoline must be imported, but, in compensation, there are huge deposits of ore and a tremendous hydroelectric potential of which only a fraction has already made São Paulo the major industrial city of Latin America.

Brazil's 55,000,000 inhabitants have a Latin cultural heritage but an Anglo-Saxon constitutional tradition. This makes the country more of a New World-Old World hybrid than the United States. Although Brazil is situated in the Tropical zone, living conditions generally are pleasant; it is seldom cold, and the thousand-mile-long escarpment which runs near the seacoast, rising to an elevation of nearly 2,000 feet, gives the interior a healthy climate. A phenomenal increase in population has taken place in the last fifty years; São Paulo, with only 70,000 inhabitants in 1890, now numbers over 2,000,000. Brazil's economic revolution through industrialization has changed the demographic pattern of the country. Agrarian landowners no longer are the dominant political group. An industrial middle class and workers in organized unions strongly influence the country's policies today.

What are some of the characteristics of Brazilians? They are independent of mind and intelligent,

extremely courteous, reflective, patient and generally non-violent even in their revolutions. Cordial and friendly — the *abraço* (embrace) between men being very common — their large families tend to make them hospitable, even to strangers. Brazilians are more tolerant in human relations than North Americans. They have a natural dignity and Christian spirit which is impressive.

No description of the national character can ignore their ever present sense of humor. Political jokes are widespread and witty and their songs are full of satirical comment. Yet, while Brazilians are critical of themselves, they are not too friendly to criticism by others. Some writers have spoken of their pessimism and of the apathy among the people in the back country. There is a classic story about a small farmer who was asked why so little was growing on his plot of ground. "*Plantando da*" ("If it were planted it would grow"), he replied. The belief that physical work is degrading still persists. More characteristic, however, and indeed universal in Brazil, is the feeling of *saudade* — a gentle sadness and sentimental nostalgia which instantly strikes foreigners as peculiarly Brazilian.

Both the federal and state governments have many problems, among the gravest being transportation and the establishment of schools. Illiteracy is high and, because the terrain is so rugged, roads and railroads have been constructed only at tremendous expense. Teaching the large rural population sanitation, nutrition, and modern agriculture is a colossal task and to simplify it the Ministries of Education and Health have been combined. The progress being made is symbolized by the structure which houses this Ministry in Rio: the finest modern public building in the Western Hemisphere.

Brazil is a land of contrasts. Side by side, Indians still subsist by Stone Age methods, *caboclos* — much like our hillbillies — live in squalor, and urban workers crowd into slums, while the upper middle classes build some of the most attractive, functional houses and apartments in the world. Universal military service, by showing the large cities to the young men from the interior, has helped to modify old rural patterns, and, on the whole, the Army has proved to be a force for constitutionalism. Meanwhile, the intellectuals play a surprisingly important role in the political development of the country. The evolving culture of Portuguese-speaking America is the best index of its basic philosophy. Because the future of this hemisphere depends on a mutual understanding of our two countries, we should take an active and sympathetic interest in Brazil's material, cultural, and spiritual achievements.

THE GOOD NEIGHBOR

A Half Century of Brazilian-American Friendship

by MAURÍCIO NABUCO

1

IN THIS troubled world, when a great effort is necessary simply for nations to live in peace with one another, it is gratifying to see two countries whose lasting friendship seems to have come naturally. There are geographical, historical, economic, and political sources for the traditional understanding which, twice in this century, has led Brazil and the United States to a full alliance in war. This alliance is a continuation of the oldest international agreement in existence, inherited from our mother countries and enriched on our side of the Atlantic. On one occasion, Sir Winston Churchill, speaking in the House of Commons about the Treaty of 1373 between England and Portugal, and the agreement which led to the use during World War II by British and American flotillas and air forces of the key island of the Azores, said: "I do not suppose any such continuity of relations between two powers has ever been set forth . . ." The continuity appears, however, to be greater than even that eminent statesman realized, and the excellent relations which exist between the United States and Brazil account in major part for the harmony between England and Portugal which permitted the leasing of those valuable bases.

Owing to the centuries-old alliance, the influence of English culture was great in Portugal. We find

English inspiration in Portuguese arts and crafts and there are many similarities between Portuguese and English customs and usages, especially in many family traditions such as the celebration of the birthday instead of the saint's day as is the Spanish custom. Affinity for things British has made it easier for Brazilians to understand American habits, institutions, and purposes, and even enabled them, at times, to explain these to their Spanish-speaking neighbors.

Only a few years after the United States won independence, there were already clear signs of her friendly policy toward Brazil. In a letter written in 1787, Thomas Jefferson, then Ambassador to the Court of Louis XVI of France, stated:

As a North-American I firmly believe that my country not only wants, but also needs an independent, strong, and friendly Brazil, to carry out in the southern portion of the hemisphere the mission that is ours in the northern part. Our two nations, united by a sincere friendship, would not only maintain peace throughout the Western Hemisphere, but would form, with the other countries of America, a block capable of resisting any aggression from Europe.

And today it is indeed a large block, bigger perhaps than even so farsighted a man as Jefferson could have expected. Brazil is the largest of the Latin-American countries — not only in territorial expanse but in population as well. In fact, Brazil is as big as all the others together. Geographically, therefore, Brazil and the United States are the two largest continental areas of our hemisphere, one balancing the other. In a new world where Spanish is so widespread, the fact that each of the two speaks a different language has drawn them together. Within their borders live the two largest

MAURÍCIO NABUCO was born in 1891 in London, where his father, Joaquim Nabuco, was on a diplomatic mission. Following his family's tradition of prominence in Brazilian public life, Mauricio Nabuco has been a distinguished member of the Brazilian Foreign Service for the past forty years, representing his country as Ambassador to Chile (1937-39), the Vatican (1945-48), and the United States (1948-51). At present retired, he is President of the Museum of Modern Art in Rio de Janeiro.

English- and Portuguese-speaking populations on earth: nearly sixty million Brazilians and about three times as many Americans.

Although the United States is predominately Protestant and Brazil Catholic, a common heritage of Christian principles has influenced the formation of their political institutions, which are based on respect for the dignity of man. The United States progressed by leaps and bounds, surely faster than Jefferson himself foresaw; Brazil is advancing at a more leisurely pace but his dream will some day come true. As early as 1840, Jefferson's projected policy was already being pursued. In that year, owing to the good offices of the United States, the French military occupation of Amapá — where the Bethlehem Steel Corporation now obtains manganese — was brought to an end. And Baron Rio Branco, Brazil's foremost Minister of Foreign Affairs, tells us that in 1895 it was the Monroe Doctrine which kept France from setting forth on a second military venture in the same area. The benefits to Brazil of the Monroe Doctrine were to be recurrent. Among them we might mention the collapse of the German Emperor's dream of colonizing part of southern Brazil, following an incident in 1909 when the German gunboat *Panther* landed an armed party in Santa Catarina.

2

EVER since the beginning of the independence of Brazil, whichever way one counts it — *de facto*, from the arrival of Dom João VI in Brazil in 1808 (when Rio temporarily became Portugal's capital), or *de jure*, from 1822 when, some eighteen months after the King returned to Lisbon, Brazil formally declared her independence — relations with the United States have been most cordial. The understanding has always amounted to an unwritten alliance. Each country has showered upon the other proofs of its esteem. During the American Civil War, Abraham Lincoln refused an offer of mediation by European powers and is said to have replied that if it ever came to making an amicable settlement the Emperor of Brazil, Dom Pedro II, would be his choice. In 1876 the Emperor went to the United States, where he had been invited to open the Centennial of Independence Exhibition in Philadelphia. He also used the opportunity to cement intellectual friendships with Emerson, Longfellow, Agassiz, and Alexander Graham Bell, thus drawing closer the ties between the two countries.

Dom Pedro was perhaps the largest single contributor to Brazilian-American relations, not only because he was a democrat and had faith in the destiny of the American people, but because he strove throughout his long reign of fifty-eight years to develop democracy in his own country. In this way he built one more bridge over the Caribbean, linking Brazil to the United States. When the

Brazilians thought they wanted more democracy than even Dom Pedro II could give them, the Monarchy fell. This was in 1889 when the Republic was born, which, except for some ten years of dictatorship under Vargas, has existed to this day. But even with the best-organized international relationships there are ups and downs. Brazilian-United States relations were relatively quiescent until 1905, when a felicitous coincidence placed four eminent men — two Brazilians and two Americans — in key positions. One of these statesmen, Rio Branco, whom we have already mentioned, kindled a new flame of friendship by sending Joaquim Nabuco to Washington. The broad-mindedness and foresight of these statesmen, who influenced the Brazilian-American movement in its second phase — one might almost say who brought about the renaissance of the Pan-American movement — are well shown by the following incident.

When Nabuco arrived in Washington in 1905 as Brazil's first Ambassador — up to that time most countries had only sent diplomatic agents of lower rank to the United States — a most cordial understanding arose immediately between him and Theodore Roosevelt. The President's great Secretary of State, Elihu Root, also became a close personal friend of the new ambassador. Root then came to an epoch-making decision: to visit Brazil on the occasion of the Third Pan-American Conference in Rio in 1906. No Secretary of State before him had ever left United States territory during his tenure of office and it took a man of great authority to establish such a precedent. Nabuco's broad vision made him insist that Elihu Root call not only at Rio but also at other capitals south of the Rio Grande. The President at first would not agree to this; in fact he said: "Well then, if you want Root to go to the other countries, he won't go to Brazil at all." Fortunately he soon changed his mind and so the first good-will trip, and a very successful one it was, rolled down to Rio in the *USS Charleston*. The Brazilian diplomat had rendered good service to the United States and to the cause of Pan-Americanism.

In 1913-14 Theodore Roosevelt, accompanied by Colonel Rondon, our remarkable Indian authority, explored 1,500 kilometers of an unknown river in the heart of Brazil, now known as Rio Roosevelt. Their adventure was described by T.R. in *Through the Brazilian Wilderness*.

Among other important good-neighbor visits was that of President-elect Herbert Hoover, who undertook a journey around South America in 1928. It is impossible to mention all of those who contributed to a favorable climate for understanding between Brazil and the United States, but I would like to recall Edwin V. Morgan, for over twenty years Ambassador to Brazil, who chose to be buried in Petrópolis. He held a privileged position throughout his long and fruitful mission, and was Ambassa-

dor in Rio when the United States entered World War I. Then Brazil, following public demand, severed relations with Germany and soon afterward declared war. Twenty-five years later, Brazil entered the second world conflict, again on the side of the United States.

Prior to that, she had made available to American forces, thanks to the long association between our navies, the coastal air bases which contributed to the victory of Allied arms in Africa. The Brazilian hump, as that region is known in the United States, is the portion of the American coastline nearest to Africa. There, through the airports of Pernambuco and Natal, thousands of men passed to fight against Rommel in the Libyan Desert. Those bases were defended by Brazilian ground forces, and the Brazilian Navy and Air Force watched over the South Atlantic with increasing vigilance. Our industry and agriculture furnished the Allied nations a diversified list of strategic materials. The battle for rubber cost us dear, but rubber was produced. At last, in the beginning of 1944, came the opportunity for Brazil to send an expeditionary force to Europe; her troops fought in the Italian theater of operations side by side with those of the American Fifth Army until the enemy surrendered. So much for Brazil's friendship during the war. The United States reciprocated and, while fighting was still going on, gave A-1 priority to several industrial developments that interested her southern friend, including the material necessary for Brazil's first integrated steel mill at Volta Redonda. V-day in Europe almost coincided with the death of Franklin D. Roosevelt, who dealt personally with relations between the two biggest American countries.

After the war, Europe began to absorb the United States' interest as well as her funds. Rebuilding the European economy was a challenge to the American sense of adventure; Brazil could wait — for staunch friends, like gilt-edged securities, can always wait. In this preoccupation with Europe, one of the factors that had contributed to Brazilian-American friendship was lost sight of: the fact that the two economies were non-competitive and, indeed, complemented each other. The United States has more coal than she can use, while Brazil is thought to have the largest iron ore deposits in the world. It was this potential for co-operation in the two economies which inspired one American businessman, the late Percival Farquhar, in his efforts to hasten the development of Brazil's resources. No one has pursued that goal with greater vision, or with less selfishness, than this promoter-idealist whose name must ever be linked with Brazilian-American friendship. But even as Farquhar died, three or four years ago, great assets were being neglected and points of strain were forming between Brazil and the United States.

One of these has to do with Africa. Brazilians, aware of the similarity of their own economy to that

of the continent to the east, watched with concern the help the United States was giving to African development. Only part of this American aid to Africa has been direct and intentional; much of it is an indirect result of the Marshall Plan, which has freed European capital for African investments. No one wants to see Africa remain underdeveloped; that immense zone must prosper and make its contribution to the world economy. But in the face of Brazil's highly advanced labor laws this competition with cheaper labor seems unfair.

3

THE economy of Brazil is based chiefly on coffee. Recently coffee prices rose and we were criticized for it. People in the States did not understand the situation. During the last war many countries of Europe were cut off and stopped buying their coffee in Brazil. Our growers suffered and reduced their production. With European postwar recovery this market was opened again and demand has risen faster than production — it takes time to bring a coffee tree to maturity. Now there is not enough coffee to go around and the price has gone up. The prices of American products have risen too, but Brazil has never reminded its consumers abroad that coffee was the last commodity to obtain an increase.

The material props under Brazilian-American friendship which have been weakened must be replaced by moral and spiritual resources, which become more powerful with the progress of civilization. There is no reason for despair. In Brazil, those who have fought hard against the policy of friendship toward the United States have always lost out in the long run.

The blinding hood of nationalism, the worst obstacle to international relations, may well disappear if Brazil achieves prosperity. Another stimulus to understanding is the strong upsurge of culture in Brazil, where a great scientific, intellectual, and artistic advance is on its way. New schools, museums, and laboratories are mushrooming. There are now dozens of libraries where ten years ago there was one. The number of our citizens visiting the United States is now counted by thousands where a generation ago it was inconsiderable. All these influences will help to guard that great rock of peace and liberty — Brazilian-American friendship. Every time one of the two countries has considered, even for an instant, the adoption of some other course, it has soon reverted to that policy of friendship which is imposed upon us by political, by human, and, if I might say so, by sentimental factors. It is now exactly half a century since the rebirth of Brazilian-American friendship in 1905. Its golden jubilee should be celebrated with measures which may assure another long period of mutual understanding.

BRAZILIAN MELTING POT

The Meeting of Races in Portuguese America

by GILBERTO FREYRE

1

BRAZIL is an American extension of Portugal. For those who know their history, this is such an obvious fact that sometimes it is forgotten. And yet it is the most important thing to remember about Brazil: it explains not only why Brazilians today speak Portuguese and carry on many of the institutions and ethnic traditions of the mother country, but also why modern Brazil is a thoroughly unified and integrated nation even though the original Portuguese stock is a small part of the total population.

The Portuguese colonists found in tropical America an ideal place for the expansion and development of their ethnically democratic but culturally aristocratic civilization. It was a civilization which had already begun to flourish in the tropics of Asia and Africa. The Portuguese were extraordinarily successful colonists, perhaps more successful than any of the other European nations who set out to conquer the world in the sixteenth century. That is, they established colonies which lived and became politically and culturally mature, whereas the colonies established by other European powers often remained nothing more than troublesome administrative outposts. Why was this so? It is difficult now to reconstruct all the factors, but certainly one

of them was the mysterious Portuguese talent for assimilating local institutions and native populations into their Christian, Latin, European culture. Perhaps it was something they learned from the Moors. In any case, whether the local people were yellow, as in Macao, brown, as in Portuguese East India, or black, as in Portuguese Africa, they adopted the civilization of Portugal with practically no trouble at all; they became in fact Portuguese.

The story is even more spectacular in Brazil. In 450 years, the Portuguese have assimilated not only the vast population of Amerindians — there was remarkably little bloodshed between the colonists and the natives — but also large numbers of Africans who were imported to work as slaves on the plantations. Some of these millions of Negroes imported to Brazilian plantations were obtained from areas of the most advanced Negro culture. They were men of Mohammedan faith and intellectual training, who were culturally superior to some of their European, white, Catholic masters. Perhaps no other American colony had, among its Africans imported for labor, so large a number of these intelligent Islamized people.

Negroes are now rapidly disappearing in Brazil, merging into the white stock; in some areas the tendency seems to be toward the stabilization of mixed-bloods in a new ethnic type, similar to the Polynesian. Social distance between the different groups of the population today is the result of class consciousness, rather than of race or color prejudice.

The settlers — Portuguese, Spanish, Italian, German, and Polish — through unions with colored women, made up for the extremely small number of whites available for the task of colonization. Through intercourse with the Indian or the Negro woman the colonizers propagated a vigorous and

GILBERTO FREYRE, born in 1900 in Pernambuco, was trained as a cultural and social anthropologist at Baylor University, under Franz Boas at Columbia, and at several European universities. Prolific author, delegate to the General Assembly of the United Nations, member of the Brazilian Parliament from 1945 to 1950, he has also taught in the Universities of Brazil, Coimbra, and San Marcos, among others. His important sociological studies, *The Masters and the Slaves* and *Brazil: an Interpretation*, have been published in English.

ductile *mestiço* population that was still more adaptable to the tropical climate. The lack of manpower from which he suffered more than any other colonist and which compelled him to immediate miscegenation — against which he had no racial scruples and but few religious prejudices — was for the Portuguese an advantage in the conquest and colonization of the tropics. An advantage so far as his better social, if not his biological, adaptation was concerned.

And today Brazil is a genuinely unified country, although some of the newest groups of immigrants are still in the first stages of assimilation.

Naturally the question arises, do the national and ethnic groups of non-Portuguese origin play separate roles in modern Brazilian society and politics? Yes and no. Each of them, it is true, has contributed significantly to life in Brazil, which today is no longer narrowly Iberian, but is instead an independent and distinctive culture made up of many elements. But in politics, racial or ethnic separatism does not exist. Unlike his colleague in the United States, the Brazilian politician does not have to worry about the "Italian vote" or the "German vote," much less the "Negro vote."

The absence of such sub-national expressions of exclusiveness in Brazilian politics seems to indicate that the tendency for ethnic groups to remain apart has been much less pronounced than in the United States. Instead, the tendency toward fusion — ethnic and cultural — has been the decisive factor in Brazilian history. In the case of the Amerindian, for instance, most of the other American republics have had an "Indian problem," and sometimes it has been an important political issue. But this problem has never troubled Brazil.

This is not to say that Brazil is, or has been, a paradise in comparison with her sister republics or with any other country where the national structure is heterogeneous but dominated by one cultural tradition. But it does mean that Brazilian politics have been regional, not ethnical. Brazil's sharpest crises, as a nation, have been caused by conflicts between regional groups, conflicts which have been greatly aggravated by the isolation and economic disorganization which have caused some regions to remain tragically archaic while others have achieved technological, economic, and intellectual supremacy. Brazil does not have race conflicts, but she has powerful class antagonisms, and these have grown out of her acute interregional maladjustments. Geographically, Brazil is an immense and very diversified country, and she lacks a dynamic economic balance between industry and agriculture, between urban and rural populations.

The fact is, the nearest thing to a civil war Brazil has known — she has never experienced anything like the Civil War in the United States or the Mexican Revolution, both of which were at least influenced by racial conflicts — was the Canudos War

(1897), the subject of Euclides da Cunha's famous book, *Os Sertões*. The *sertanejos*, a vigorous minority led by the mystic, Antônio Conselheiro, were not a clearly differentiated ethnic group, but on the contrary a thoroughly heterogeneous company whose unity of purpose came solely from their depressed regional status and historical backwardness. The *sertanejos* inhabited an area in Brazil's distant interior, and they retained in the nineteenth century the customs and cultural patterns which had prevailed among them in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. They fought to establish their status against the "superior" culture of the urban centers.

There have been other conflicts, of course — the so-called Malê Revolt in Bahia, for instance. It was a local slave uprising against the politically, economically, and culturally dominant Catholic whites. But even in this case, the Malês, who were Mohammedans, fought because they felt they were being unjustly treated in comparison with the other, "inferior" slaves who still professed the tribal religions of Africa. The revolt, in other words, arose from economic and cultural, rather than racial grievances.

This lack of a systematic and continuous African opposition to European dominance in Brazil seems to be due to the fact that the European dominance never became sharply exclusive, as it did in the areas of Anglo-Saxon colonization or even in some parts of Spanish and French America. The European dominance is there undeniably, and Brazil, in spite of its large non-European population, is still characterized by a European and Christian civilization. But that civilization has never been reserved in any way for people of European descent.

Eric Fischer, in *The Passing of the European Age*, has advanced the theory that cultural as well as political dominance is shifting from European to non-European centers and especially to America. Brazil is a case in point. The center of Portuguese literature, for instance, is now Brazil, not Portugal. Furthermore, Brazil offers a positive denial of the theory, held by many white South Africans, that a European and Christian civilization cannot survive in a country of mixed racial and ethnic strains. Brazil has its own national culture, of course, but its decisive characteristics are European and Christian, even though the non-European elements of its population have been large ever since the sixteenth century. In recent decades, the vitality of Catholic culture has been put to a severe test by the admission of many Jewish, Mohammedan, and Buddhist immigrants, and so far no serious conflict has appeared.

2

THIS does not mean that Brazilians today are slavishly preserving a pure European culture. The climate alone would prohibit anything like that. Brazil is a tropical and semitropical country, and

the demands of the climate cannot be ignored. They have affected Brazilian dress, cookery, architecture, and hundreds of other aspects of Brazilian life. In addition, the impact of other cultures — especially the Indian and Negro, but also other European and Asiatic ways of life — has considerably modified the pure Portuguese heritage. Italians, Germans, Poles, Japanese, English, French, and Jews have all been able to introduce many of their customs and traditions. Some of them have even established regional hegemonies: German culture is strong in Santa Catarina and part of Rio Grande do Sul; Italian in Rio Grande do Sul and São Paulo; Polish in Paraná; Japanese in São Paulo and in parts of the Amazonian region; Syrian also in São Paulo.

In other words, Brazilian culture, like that of any growing nation, is dynamic and creative. It is also independent and vigorous. But like any creative process, it must proceed within a recognizable context if it is to avoid falling into confusion and disunity. In the case of Brazil, this context is provided by the dominant heritage of Portugal.

For this reason, among others, I have coined the term "*Luso-tropical*" (Portuguese-tropical) to describe the civilization of all the Portuguese colonies, whether African, Indian, Malayan, or American. It is a useful term because these societies do share certain characteristics and because it gives the historian an integrated field for study. When one sees Brazil as the leading member of the *Luso-tropical* community, one understands better her cultural vitality and her capacity to resist the attempts of such sub-national groups as the German element in Santa Catarina to remain apart from the national culture. If these sub-groups had been successful, Brazilians today would not only eat different foods, speak different languages, and worship different gods; they would lack the common will and the psychological unity which today give them a genuine political life. Attempts by German, Japanese, or Polish sub-groups to lead a separate life in Brazil and to establish themselves on the basis of a *mystique* of superiority to the Brazilian community have all failed. And, generally speaking, such attempts have always failed in all the societies of the *Luso-tropical* community.

Most colonial societies are of two types: either they achieve uniformity by means of oligarchical oppression, or they suffer from a plurality of unrelated cultural and national elements. The Portuguese colonists avoided both extremes. Clearly they did this by bringing with them a powerful European civilization, and then by just relaxing. They did not force the natives to conform; they did not establish castes based on racial or cultural differences. They gave the natives as little cause as possible for resentment or racial self-consciousness. The result was that the natives soon adopted the politically and economically superior culture of the Portuguese

and set about transforming it into a viable tropical civilization. The colonies became mixed societies, in which the various racial groups share equally in the same civilization, in spite of differences of pigmentation and the shape of the nose.

One only has to look at South Africa or the Belgian Congo or Indonesia today to see what happened when other nations failed to take advantage of the example set by the Portuguese colonists.

In Brazil, both before and after the break with the Empire, ethnic problems have been easily solved. The abolition of slavery in 1888 was achieved peacefully and with little political disturbance. The "Indian problem," which has been so prominent in Peru, Mexico, Bolivia, and other Latin-American republics, has scarcely existed. The average Brazilian is unaware of the possibility of political, cultural, or social conflict among the races.

3

IT WOULD be foolish to maintain that Brazil, as a mixed society, has never had any political experience of ethnic conflict. During World War II, for instance, there were Nazi and para-Nazi attempts to stir up subversive feeling among the German and Japanese minorities. They were not successful, but among a few elements they did create a display of disaffection which received more attention than it warranted. Most of the people who composed these minorities were no more attracted by such propaganda than their cousins were in the United States.

The political activities of German and Italian voters in southern Brazil before 1930 were somewhat more serious. These sub-groups were organized into articulate political factions by the parties and political leaders who were willing to capitalize on separatist feelings. They had a few representatives in the national government, and although they almost always supported the current administration, they were vociferous in their demands for certain cultural privileges which were contrary to the well-established traditions of Brazil. For instance, they demanded the right to have their own schools, where all teaching should be conducted in their own languages. But these cases of separatist activity were never really important on a national scale.

It is interesting to note that when the Vargas regime of 1937 was established, it followed a nationalistic policy which was certainly excessive, but which nevertheless served to strengthen the Portuguese heritage in modern Brazil. Getúlio Vargas may not have been a fascist, as some of his critics have claimed, but he was undeniably an authoritarian. His policy toward the minorities was enforced, often enough, with the collaboration of the Brazilian Army. But he succeeded in uprooting many of the organized activities, including the schools, which the minorities had instituted to preserve their maternal cultures. These activities

would have died out sooner or later anyway, but this violent suppression of them hastened the processes of assimilation.

At the same time, if the Vargas policies had become permanent, there is no doubt that they would have ended in the cultural obliteration of many non-Portuguese elements in Brazil, and this would have been exactly contrary to the climate of tolerance which has characterized *Luso*-tropical civilizations. Even today some critics and observers in Brazil think that the cultural stability of the country is jeopardized by the freedom granted to the "foreign" elements, and they advocate various methods of control. But anyone who has studied the development of *Luso*-tropical civilizations will see that the situation in Brazil is today healthy and normal. It is simply the latest phase of the particularly happy adaptation of plastic European civilization to the tropics which has characterized the growth of the *Luso*-tropical centers for more than four hundred years.

A case in point is the Italian minority. The Italians are particularly concentrated in the States of São Paulo and Rio Grande do Sul, and they have many local customs which have obviously derived from their traditional culture. Yet they speak Portuguese, though some of them retain Italian as the language of the home; their children attend Brazilian schools; and in their dress and their manners they are scarcely distinguishable from Brazilians of Portuguese descent. In politics, the Italians have scattered themselves among so many different political parties that it is impossible to speak of an "Italian vote" or even of a particularly Italian point of view.

In the early days of the republican regime, Lauro Müller, who had been born in Santa Catarina in a family of German colonists, became one of the most astute and influential politicians in Brazil, just as successful as any Bahia-born Brazilian. (The State of Bahia is known as the "Brazilian Virginia" because so many statesmen and diplomats have been born there.) For years Müller was a presidential possibility, as was David Campista, the Brazilian son of a German Jew and a member of Parliament who became the Minister of Finance. Both men came close to being the President of the Brazilian Republic, and in neither case did their failure have anything to do with the fact that they were sons of non-Portuguese colonists.

Some of the second-generation newcomers are less stable. But it is likely that these transitional figures in Brazilian politics are simply part of the whole pattern of class antagonism and economic unrest which afflicts Brazil today. The rapid industrialization of Brazil has created many disturbances and upset the old balances; it has weakened the social barriers even while it has emphasized class differences. The transitional figure is just as common among Brazilians of Portuguese origin as

among those of non-Portuguese origin. Their transition has been from the agrarian North to the industrial South, from country to city, and sometimes from positions of weakness and poverty to positions of power and wealth. In such circumstances, moral controls break down, and the influence of one's ancestral environment, whether it was a farm in Brazil or a farm in Italy, no longer affects one's behavior. This is a condition of society which accompanies any period of rapid change in the economic structure, and it cannot be overcome by putting the blame on any particular element of the population.

4

PERHAPS the most important point to emphasize is that there really are second-generation Brazilians who are politicians. Even if they are not good politicians — and many of them are — they have at least entered an occupation which, in many societies, is closed to newcomers. Sociologists have pointed out, for instance, that earlier in this century the machine-dominated politics of the United States excluded the sons of Italian immigrants, thereby denying them one of the principal avenues to social and economic status. No such thing has occurred in Brazil. The sons of non-Portuguese immigrants have broad opportunities to rise to positions of authority and leadership, not only through a regular political career, but through equally regular careers in the ecclesiastical, military, technical, and commercial professions.

This explains the increasing number of non-Portuguese family names in the society columns of Brazilian newspapers, in Parliament, the diplomatic service, and even in the armed forces and the church.

Sons and grandsons of modest immigrants are rapidly rising in Brazil to positions of leadership in business, industry, politics, religion, and the press. In medicine there are men like Mario Pinotti; in science, Cesar Lattes; in art, Cândido Portinari; in architecture, Henrique Mindlin; in music, Francisco Mignone. Even in literature, where the vested cultural interests of the aristocracy are likely to be most firmly entrenched, the newcomers are surpassing the descendants of the old Portuguese families. In the last century, Machado de Assis, who was Brazil's greatest writer of fiction, was of Portuguese ancestry, although his novels sometimes derived from African and plebeian sources. But today many non-Portuguese Brazilians are contributing to contemporary literature — for example, Augusto Meyer, the scholarly and enthusiastic analyst of Portuguese classics; Viana Moog, the novelist and essayist; Menotti del Picchia, the nationalist poet; Augusto Frederico Schmidt, another poet whose works are very popular; Sergio Millet, the literary critic; Marcos Konder, a young poet; Gastão Cruls, a novelist who has specialized in the dramatic conflicts between the elemental values of the Amazonian

region and the bourgeois values of Rio society; Raúl Bopp, a poet who has written excellent lyrics based on Amazonian themes; and many others.

When the processes of assimilation go far enough to include literature of the most lyrical and introspective kinds, it means that in Brazil people of European non-Portuguese origin are really becoming a new force in the life and culture of the nation. They are joining the descendants of Portu-

guese, Amerindian, and Negro to work creatively with the old instruments of expression — the Portuguese language and the Portuguese lyrical tradition. Yet they speak in a modern idiom, and what they have to say is new. They symbolize the whole Brazilian melting pot, the dynamic and creative tropical culture which nevertheless derives across the centuries directly from the European Renaissance.

BLUE AND WHITE

(IN PRAISE OF THE MINISTRY OF EDUCATION BUILDING)

by Vinícius de Moraes

I

Geometrical masses
In musical ascension
The depth and silence
Of imprisoned space.

Shell and seahorse.

Blossom born of the sea
You rose toward the magnet of sky
Until light restored equilibrium.

Shell and seahorse.

Venus Anadyomene
Winged and many-footed
With blue breasts
Giving milk to the evening
Eupalinos saw you
In the rounded mirror of the dewdrop
That the night let fall
Upon the lips of morning.

Shell and seahorse.

Eyelids closed against
The power of the sun
Shadows outstretched
In endless calm
Sublime colloquy
Of form and eternity.

Shell and seahorse.

II

From the green density
Of the innermost sea
Architecture was born.
From the lime of shells
The seed of algae
From the life of the octopus

Waiting on tentacles
From the mating of the polypus
That stratifies the caves of the sea
From the avid palate
Of the purple anemone
That mortars fishlife
From the salty cell
Of strange substance
That makes heavy the sea.

Shell and seahorse.

Shell and seahorse:
The agile undulance
That the daylight
Pervading, transforms
Into clefs of the sun
And love of the infinite
Lifts into verticals
Parallel antennae
Propitious to the eternal
Invasion of music.

Shell and seahorse.

III

Blue . . . Blue . . .
Blue and white
Blue and white
Blue and white
Blue and white
Blue and white
Blue and white
Blue and white
Blue and white
Blue and white

Shell . . .
and seahorse.

Translated by Charles Edward Eaton

MUSIC

Key to the National Psyche

by JOSÉ DE ANDRADE MURICY

1

THE MIXTURE of races and nationalities in Brazil has produced a creative, effervescent spirit peculiarly our own. Anyone who has seen our country at Carnival time cannot long remain in doubt on this point. Brazilian music today is the result of a long hybridization. In the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries our musical achievements followed colonial patterns, some of our religious compositions were well-fashioned and moving, while in the Romantic Era salon pieces, reflecting European models and our popular dances, flourished. We developed a sentimental song, the *modinha*, akin in spirit to the Stephen Foster ballad, and we reveled in Italian opera. It is perhaps a significant fact that the hemisphere's one lyrico-dramatic talent, Carlos Gomes, should have written operas to Italian libretti and come from a land with an Emperor, Pedro II.

From 1900 on, serious Brazilian music began to take on a more distinctive flavor and from under the shadow of European operatic models local symphonic pieces and chamber music works emerged. Alberto Nepomuceno (1864–1920), with Brasília Itiberê da Cunha and Alexandre Levy, did a great deal for the integration of our national spirit, and their songs, while still within the realm of art,

have the colors and inflections of popular melody. Meanwhile, Brazil was swept by the nationalistic piano music of Ernesto Nazareth (1863–1934). Partly folkloric and partly erudite, his rich and unmistakable temperament combined local and foreign dance patterns with his own highly original ideas. Brazilian dances began to spread beyond our borders and the *maxixe* became the rage in Paris, London, and New York. Heretofore, Portuguese New World music had been the result of an Ibero-Arabic, Indian, and African fermentation. With the coming of the twentieth century, Spanish South American, Caribbean, and North American popular elements entered into the picture. People are inclined to ignore the interplay and reciprocal influences of dance music in the Americas; yet, it is a fascinating phenomenon of this age of rapid communication.

The best-known Brazilian composer of today, or any other day, is undoubtedly Heitor Villa-Lobos. Born in Rio de Janeiro in 1887, he played the 'cello and guitar as a youth, exploring both local and international paths, and then explosively asserted himself. From realism and impressionism he shaped his exuberant gifts with such originality and such strength that he was able, as happens occasionally in the arts, to impose new flavors and theories on a whole generation of musicians. He has taken themes from folk music, given them his personal stamp, and returned them to the people. His works, which are among the most numerous in the history of music, reflect the nature of Brazil and its many ethnological elements. Among other characteristics there is a powerful *Carioca* (the adjective usually applied to Rio de Janeiro) feeling relating him to Nazareth and other of his "popular" creative compatriots.

JOSÉ DE ANDRADE MURICY was born in Curitiba in 1895. He studied music with the Swiss composer Leo Kessler, graduated from the University of Rio de Janeiro, and then spent three years in Europe. He wrote a novel, *A Festa Inquieta*, in the early twenties and later compiled the anthologies *A Nova Literatura Brasileira* and *Panorama do Movimento Simbolista Brasileiro*. For many years he has been a music critic on the *Jornal do Brasil*, and he is equally noted in the field of literary criticism.

Highly instinctive, Villa-Lobos transmits a tireless, earthy impulse which has evoked a response unparalleled in the career of any other creative artist in this hemisphere with the exception of perhaps Poe, Whitman, or Gershwin. Everything that he writes, from little guitar pieces or filigree miniatures in the *Guia Prático* to his powerful massive *Rude Poema* and *Chôros* for orchestra, confirms his capacity for expansive, seemingly endless creation. Unlike our great novelist, Machado de Assis, Villa-Lobos does not need to create the legend that he was born on the hills surrounding Rio de Janeiro. Beside the musician, the novelist seems almost aristocratic. Villa-Lobos is the one who has more directly absorbed the flavor of the masses — changing it to his needs without submitting it, as did Machado, to a violent transmutation. It follows that the composer brings a universal contribution to his ethnic background whereas the novelist remains a decided individualist.

When Villa-Lobos was a boy, *Carioca* folk music had not been influenced by the rest of America; it was elegant, easy-flowing, and melodic, and the *chôro*, the *seresta*, and the *marcha de rancho* left an ineradicable mark on his spirit. Yet this composer transcends his surroundings and remains valid while many American contemporaries basing their style on more intellectual formulae fail to reach their goals.

The honors that Villa-Lobos has received bear witness to his genius. He is the only Brazilian member of the Institut de France, where he succeeded Manuel de Falla; the Conservatory of Montevideo bears his name; he has been the guest conductor of many of the world's greatest orchestras in performances of his own music, and there is an extensive bibliography of his compositions both published and recorded, in addition to numerous critical studies.

Although he is interested in folklore and has used it consciously ("I do not arrange popular melodies," he once said, "I atmosphere them.") Villa-Lobos is a great admirer of the classics. Upon overhearing one of his students tell another that he should use folk tunes in his compositions, the master burst out: "What a ridiculous pronouncement. Why, one can write completely Brazilian music in the style of Bach," and he proceeded to do so. His contrapuntal yet at the same time lyric *Bachianas brasileiras* are among the composer's most successful works. They have range, power, melody, structure, and poignancy, and have been very frequently recorded. Brazil's dynamic composer loves the unusual and enjoys being paradoxical; his imagination is constantly at work and he has even written a piece on the melodic contour of New York's skyline. Throughout much of his music one finds the stamp of genius, sometimes primitive or violent, sometimes florid or tender, often great, but by and large unmistakably Brazilian. Of

course, like all great men he has his weaknesses and his danger is a lack of self-criticism. Many of his pages could have been left unwritten; he has almost too many ideas. Taken at his best, however, Villa-Lobos is the most important composer of the New World in our time.

2

ONE OF the common characteristics of great musicians has been their ability to form schools and influence their contemporaries. Villa-Lobos has dominated Brazilian music for more than a generation and among his followers we must mention the neo-folklorists Luciano Gallet (1893–1931), Frutuoso Viana (born 1896), Jaime Ovalle (born 1894), and Brasília Itiberê Jr. (born 1896), each of whom has enriched the scene with songs which emanate a peculiarly Brazilian atmosphere. Few countries in the twentieth century can match us in the lyric field, as singers all over the world have discovered to their delight.

The *jongleur* of the contemporary school is Francisco Mignone (born 1897), a virtuoso musician whose extraordinary fluency and variety of expression have given us songs and piano, chamber and orchestral works. He has produced several ballets on national themes which reflect the life and color of the country and his mastery of the orchestra makes one think of Respighi. Oscar Lorenzo Fernández (1897–1948), in spite of his Spanish heritage, has been an apostle of the Brazilian element in music. Besides songs and chamber works, he too has written symphonies, concertos, and operas — one of them on a tale by Graça Aranha, *Malazarte*. Both these men will be remembered for certain compositions rather than striking originality and marked personality, their contributions to the song literature of our country being especially felicitous.

The pioneering efforts of Villa-Lobos were matched in the field of folklore and enlightened scholarship by the brilliant writer and critic Mário de Andrade (1893–1945). A poet and essayist whose penetrating mind explored, illuminated, and helped to create Brazil's aesthetic philosophy today, he also had a tremendous influence on music. It was really Andrade who led the composers to the contemporary poets who deserve so large a share of the credit for the flowering of Brazilian song. Poems by Manuel Bandeira, Carlos Drummond de Andrade, Mário de Andrade himself, and others have been sensitively interpreted by the men just mentioned. This synthesis of the arts is one of the chief characteristics of Brazilian culture.

Among the composers whose paths were thus opened, the two leading figures are Radamés Gnattali and Camargo Guarnieri. Radamés Gnattali (born 1896) is above all things a professional with an excellent métier. One of our outstanding

pianists, he is an adroit and resourceful orchestrator and his palette is colored by daily contact with popular music which he elaborates and prepares for one of the large radio stations. Gnattali, whose symphonic music has already been applauded in England and the United States, has a feeling for chamber music and piano pieces as well. The solo part of his second piano concerto is perhaps the most complex and difficult written in Brazil.

Camargo Guarnieri (born 1897), a *Paulista* (that is, a native of São Paulo — and the name implies a type of twentieth-century individual comparable to a Texan or a Californian in the United States), was formed under the tutelage of Mário de Andrade, his friend and counselor for a dozen years. Guarnieri's musical nature is one of the most gifted our country has produced. His sojourns in France and the United States have helped him to integrate his own personality and make him aware of his true potential. No one writes with greater precision than this Brazilian Ravel — a comparison he deserves, not because he owes anything musically to the French master, but because of the finish of his workmanship which is carried out to the last detail. His songs belong to the best in the contemporary field. They are peculiarly national without being consciously literal or improvised or without formal expression — a characteristic all too common with us. Of course he could only have come after Villa-Lobos. Guarnieri's extended and moving symphonies, his concertos, and his variations for piano and orchestra — his polished keyboard pieces and beautiful songs — all honor Brazil and the American continent. He marks the extreme limit of the tendency which characterizes this phase of Brazilian music, and he is still developing.

The development of Villa-Lobos' and Guarnieri's nationalism aims at assimilating the technical advances of contemporary music without either eliminating flavor or using an abstract musical language separated from the essence of our music.

3

NO ESSAY on contemporary Brazilian music can ignore the impact of various world movements on the aesthetic and ideology of Brazilian composers. Naturally the twelve-tone school has had its effect — even Villa-Lobos has written in it — and its chief advocate is the German composer-flutist Hans Joachim Koellreutter, now living in São Paulo. The Brazilian wing of this twentieth-century movement travels under the name of *Musica Viva*. It sponsors concerts devoted to such world-known personalities as Schönberg, Weber, and Berg, Bartok and Hindemith. The leading

Brazilian twelve-tone composer was Cláudio Santoro, whose early pieces had, in spite of a certain expressive density, an impressive, tragic sense. His symphonies and various chamber music works are impregnated with a serious, somewhat strange vitality. Several years ago, however, Santoro became imbued with socialist-realist theories and, leaving the severe "materialist ideology" which formerly guided his carefully thought out way of writing, he turned to tried-and-true patterns, too often, alas, banal rather than distinguished. The same path was followed by another twelve-toner, named Guerra-Peixe, an excellent musician and distinctly gifted composer though his achievements have never really captured the ear of the public.

The kaleidoscopic variety of popular Brazilian dances is truly startling and even today retains many traces of the past. Ernesto Nazareth's lively spirit continues on in numerous adaptations and imitations and the elegant *maxixe* — *Carioca* music par excellence — outlives the imported boleros and rumbas which are often vulgar and undistinguished. The *samba*, of course, is one of our twentieth-century trademarks. It is a lilting, swaying dance with a bounce and a shuffle step. No one can resist its gaiety, which has contributed glowingly to the spirit of Carnival. Jazz brought a certain complexity to our popular instrumental music and, though tending to eliminate national flavor, gave a technical standard, as well as color and counterpoint which have improved our radio broadcasts and stereotyped light music. Actually our early popular composers did not lack a virtuoso side. Nazareth when writing for the piano, or Calado, or the admirable Pixinguinha composing for the flute, demanded unusual dexterity as well as inborn rhythm and singing abilities; the same holds true for the guitar. If they are not present on the horizon today, we certainly will have successors to Nazareth and Chiquinha Gonzaga. It is unfortunate that Francisco Mignone with his melodic gifts has not gone further into the popular field because he might become the greatest of our light-opera composers.

And so we come to the end of this brief survey. Largely because our serious composers have accepted the same general aesthetic outlook and have had an outstanding creator to follow — we have a relatively homogeneous school. The leader, Villa-Lobos, and his younger contemporary, Camargo Guarnieri, have attained world stature. Both are familiar with our popular music and are abreast of what is going on elsewhere. It would be hard to imagine Brazil without its musicians — whether it be in Carnival time, a band doing a *samba*, or a symphony orchestra playing *chôros*, music is as much a part of our civilization as coffee.

Translated by Elisabeth Sprague Smith

FANDANGO

The Life and Death of a Gaúcho

by ÉRICO VERÍSSIMO

1

I SHALL never forget that bleak winter morning when word came from my grandfather's cattle ranch that Fandango was dead. It's strange the way you sometimes react to good or bad news. I received the sad message not with my brain but with my heart, which started pounding faster and faster, before my mind had taken in the full meaning of the loss.

My father heard the news in silence, without so much as blinking, his dry eyes set on the overcast sky. I knew he was sorry, because he too loved the old man. His countenance, however, did not betray him. That's the way *gaúchos* are. The men of the green pampas are not supposed to cry. Crying is for women — young women, that is, because old ones like my grandmother had cried so much over their men, killed, wounded or mutilated in endless duels, revolutions, and wars, that they had run out of tears.

I forgot to say that the wind was blowing hard that day, wailing and moaning in a kind of despair. It too had heard the sad news.

I guess it's no use to go on with my story without saying a few words about the place I live in, of which most people have probably never heard. Oh, I don't mean Brazil. Of course practically everybody has heard of that big country one way or another. I

mean my native Rio Grande do Sul, the southernmost state of Brazil, bordering on Uruguay and Argentina. It has been so to speak the battleground of the nation throughout its history. Almost all the foreign wars in which Brazil has been involved were fought on *gaúcho* territory.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century, Rio Grande do Sul was nothing but a vast green desert separating the last Portuguese settlement in southern Brazil from the Spanish possessions on the River Plate. Then Brazilians from other regions started going down to that no man's land, which for some odd reason was known as "The Continent." Those adventurers knew that the rich lands and the wild cattle in the South would belong to the first-comer. The pioneers followed the elusive trails of the cattle drovers. Many explored the rivers in search of gold and silver and precious stones. A few of them applied to the King for land grants, but most just took over the lands they liked, and not infrequently stole them from other settlers. Eventually roving cattle thieves settled down and ranches were established; but for many years the Continent was infested with desperadoes. They were tough men who knew no law or allegiance. Who were their enemies? The Indians, wild beasts, snakes, fevers and the Regiment of Dragoons that the Portuguese Crown had recently sent to the Continent. And who were their friends? Their horses, their muskets, their pistols and their knives. To the beat of their horses' hoofs and the crackle of their rifles the Spaniards were thrust back. The frontier went marching with them. They *were* the frontier.

Settlements sprang up in the valleys and on the prairies, in the highlands and on the banks of many rivers. These were the seeds of the towns of today.

ÉRICO VERÍSSIMO was born in 1905 in the *gaúcho* state of Rio Grande do Sul. After studying in Porto Alegre, he entered business, but later became a writer. His first book, *Fantoches*, was a collection of short stories, and in 1938 a best-seller, *Consider the Lilies of the Field*, appeared. This has been published in English translation, as have his novels *Time and the Wind*, *The Rest Is Silence*, and *Crossroads*. At present he is Director of the Department of Cultural Affairs of the Pan-American Union.



During the nineteenth century thousands of immigrants came from Europe, first from Germany and then from Italy. *Gringos*, we called them. That's why today one finds so many people with blond hair, blue eyes and foreign accents.

This last used to roil old Fandango. He had no patience with foreigners. He was suspicious of them. He thought immigration a bad thing, because "every man ought to stay put in his own country, minding his own business, with his relatives and friends."

2

WHEN my grandfather was born, it's said that Fandango, in those days a cowpuncher of twenty, was sent from the ranch to the village, on the back of a burro, to fetch the priest to baptize the baby. He was well into his forties when my father was born. My father grew up in the shadow of Fandango, and a very broad and generous shadow it was. The *gaúcho* taught him — as he had previously done with my grandfather — all about horses, the winds, the weather, women and the routine of ranch life. Our ranch was called "Angico," which is the name of a tree. Now, for some mysterious reason Fandango always reminded me of a tree, something rooted in the soil of our ranch, something strong, friendly and beautiful.

It never occurred to me to ask Fandango who his parents were, because I had the feeling that he had not been born like other humans: he had just sprung

up from the soil of Angico like a plant, the seeds of which had been brought by the wind from some faraway forest.

Of course his real name was not Fandango, but José Menezes. The nickname was due to his passion for dancing. (For the *gaúchos*, every party, every fiesta at which there is dancing is a *fandango*.)

When I was twelve, the old cowhand was already in his early eighties, but still strong of body and clear of mind. I used to spend my summer vacation at Angico, and that for me was the best time of the year.

"What do they teach you in school?" Fandango asked me one summer.

"Well," I answered, "reading, writing and arithmetic. Geography and history, too."

Fandango chuckled and shook his white-maned head.

"That's for girls, son," he said. "A man should learn other things. Come on, I'll start your *gaúcho* education today."

And that summer and in the summers that followed, I learned many practical things from the old man. The Portuguese that they taught me at school was a strange, elaborate tongue that had very little connection with the language spoken in the sheds and kitchen of the ranch. Fandango considered the knowledge of arithmetic unnecessary. He had a theory of his own about the four principal operations. "The hard-working man adds," he would say with a wink; "the rascal subtracts; the clever man multiplies; and only the fool divides." He had never gone to school, and yet he could make an accurate estimate of the cattle in a herd at a quick glance. Geography? Fandango had the whole geography of the province in his head. From boyhood he had earned his living journeying, driving carts or herds, and there was not a ravine or gap or hideout in Rio Grande that he didn't know as well as the palm of his hand. He knew where the water holes were, where the rivers could be forded, where the best grazing land or the best shelter was to be found. It seemed that there was not a cabin, ranch, village, town or city where he did not have an acquaintance. "Even the trees and the animals know me when I go by," he used to boast.

One day, after looking at the pictures in a French magazine to which my father subscribed, I asked my oracle: "Which way do you take to go to Paris?"

Fandango looked puzzled. "Where's that, son?" "Somewhere in Europe."

"Oh, well . . ." He looked first to the right, then to the left, closed one eye, pointed an arm to the north and, with the air of one who had gone to Paris many times, said: "You go straight in that direction, by way of Dead Man's Creek."

I was very proud of my knowledge of history, and sometimes I would tell Fandango all I knew about the Punic Wars, Alexander the Great, or the French Revolution. The old cowhand listened to

me in silence, but seemed unimpressed. He thought all those things — wars, generals, foreign lands and people — were nothing more than invention on the part of some wily city folk. I confess that I found it easier to believe in Fandango's tales than in my history books. For the old man knew the best yarns in the world: stories about ghosts, family feuds, wars, duels and all sorts of adventures. At sixteen he had seen his first war, and that was why he used to say, "Ever since I have been big enough to hold a gun, I've been fighting with the Castilians." (A "Castilian" was any of our Spanish-speaking neighbors across the border.)

Fandango could tell signs of rain in the smell of the wind or the look of the clouds. There was one side of the sky — the west — which he called the "rain maker," because when the clouds darkened in that direction it was rain for sure. There was a saying Fandango used to repeat frequently in winter: "Frost on the mud, rain on the stud." One day I asked: "Why 'on the stud,' Fandango?"

"To make it rhyme, son."

It took me some time to realize that Fandango was an incorrigible joker. One day, when I asked him whether it was going to rain or not, the old *gaúcho* looked gravely at the sky, consulted the clouds and answered: "Sky with stony grain means wind or rain." He paused briefly, gave his little dry laugh, and added: "... or something else again."

One day as we were going across the country in the heat of the sun, after a rodeo, feeling very thirsty, we hunted eagerly for a water hole. Presently Fandango reined in his horse and began to sniff deeply, smelling the wind. After some time he said: "There's water nearby. Over that way." We turned in the direction indicated and found water.

"How do you know these things?" I wondered.

"Well, I have been around for a long time, son."

Fandango was a man of average height, his skin tanned to leather by the sun, his roguish little black

eyes set deep in bony sockets, his mustache and beard snowy white, and his cheeks the color of a ripe guava. He had a voice like a splintered cane, very similar to a parrot's squawk. He used to sum up his dislikes in a sentence that had become widely known: "Three things there are in life that make it very hard: old women, dark nights and a dog pack in the yard."

He also liked to say that "a man's woman, his rifle and his mount are not to be lent on any account."

The cowboys were in the habit of drawing comparisons between horses and women. Fandango advised the ranch hands to marry girls they knew, if possible girls they had watched grow up. And he quoted a saying: "The filly for your eye is the one raised up nearby." He would also warn: "A freckled woman and a horse that shies — watch out, brother, if you are wise."

Many were the tales that Fandango told about himself. Once, when eighteen, he ended a dance with his knife. As the daughter of the house loudly refused to dance with him, he shouted: "You're not the first mare that ever shied away from me." A brother of the girl who was near him pulled his dagger. "The weather closed in," Fandango used to tell. "First thing I did was kick over the lamp. From that point on we fought in the dark."

One winter day after lunch Fandango sat enjoying the sun in the doorway of the ranch house. Someone approached him and said: "Basking in the sun like a lizard, eh, Fandango?"

"The sun's the poor man's poncho, partner," replied the *gaúcho*.

He had also mysterious sayings, the meaning of which I could never penetrate: "A big stone makes a shadow, but the shadow has no weight."

"What does that mean?" I asked.

"When you're older you'll understand without anybody explaining."



In his wandering life Fandango had known many people in many places. He had a prodigious memory: he never forgot names, faces, dates or places. One night in the lean-to at Angico, when the ranch hands and a stranger were talking, smoking and drinking *maté* around the fire, someone inquired: "Whatever happened to Joca Silva?"

Fandango promptly informed: "Killed by his brother-in-law a long time ago."

"And how about his uncle, Two-Gun Pedro?"

The old *gaúcho* thought a minute and then answered: "Got his throat cut in the last revolution."

"And that tall one-eyed drover who used to . . ."

"Manuel the Horsefly?"

"That's the one!"

"Killed by an accordion player at a dance . . . couple of years ago."

The stranger, a cattle drover from São Paulo, who had listened in silence, observed: "From all I hear nobody around here dies in bed."

Fandango spat in the fire and replied: "Right hard to do, young fellow. But some manage . . ."

It was with Fandango that I learned to swim, use the lariat, treat sores and round up cattle. But of all the bits of knowledge the old man passed on to me, the ones of which I was most proud in those days were those having to do with horses. I had absorbed them in practical lessons, on trips, during roundups and at horse-breakings in which I saw with my own eyes the tricks and habits of horses, the peculiarities of each breed, and each type of marking. When I questioned the old man about the qualities of a dark brown horse, he would close one eye, look at me for some time and say sententiously: "Dark brown? He'll die before he tires down."

"And a dapple, Fandango?"

"In water he's better than a canoe."

"If you meet a traveler on the road with his saddle gear on his back, you can ask right away, 'Where'd you leave the bay?' " And he would add: "Once, over yonder around São Sepé, I was left afoot by a bay."

Nobody ever found out whether the thing had really happened "yonder around São Sepé" or whether Fandango had chosen that settlement just for the rhyme.

That was old Fandango for you. I owed him many things, including my life. Yes, my life! Once I went to swim in the river and, becoming exhausted, I was carried away by the current. Realizing that I was going to be swept over the nearby waterfall, to death on the rocks below — more than one ranch hand had died that way — I started yelling at the top of my lungs. Fandango, who was riding on horseback somewhere in the neighborhood, heard my cries for help, galloped down to the bank of the stream, grabbed his lasso, whirled it in the air, and flung it out in my direction. When, a little later, bruised, panting, and scared, I was riding home

behind him on the horse's crupper, he gave me a slap on the thigh and said: "I've lassoed many a bull and many a calf in my day, but this is the first time I ever lassoed a monkey!" And he began to laugh. His laugh rang out on the clear afternoon air, mingling with the song of the birds and the roar of the waterfall, and all alike faded away on the broad horizon of Angico.

3

Now Fandango was dead. I drove with my father to Angico, to attend the old *gaúcho's* funeral.

My grandfather met us in front of the big ranch house. My father and I, following the ancient custom of our land, kissed his long, parched hand. The old man told us that Fandango as usual was watching the sunrise that morning, leaning on the fence near the bunkhouse, and all of a sudden his head had dropped on his chest, his arms had gone limp and there he had stayed, propped up on the fence, as if he had fallen asleep.

"I was at his side," my grandfather went on, "watching the sunrise too. And I didn't have to touch him, feel his pulse or even look at his face to know he was dead. We old people are too well acquainted with death not to know it when it comes."

My father cleared his throat. He always did that when he was either annoyed or moved or both.

We walked in silence to the room where Fandango's body was laid out. Grandfather stopped at the door and whispered: "He didn't really die. It was just like a candle blown out by the wind."

The wind was still blowing hard. Under the gray sky the rolling fields of Angico were a depressingly dull green.

Fandango was lying in a rough coffin made by the ranch hands with lumber from our woods. You could have imagined he was just asleep. His face was serene and I think there was a faint suggestion of a smile on his pale lips. Yes, a mocking smile, as if he were making fun of all the sad-faced people who had gathered around him. It seemed I could hear his voice: "Come on, you folks! Why so serious? Everyone has to die sooner or later. Haven't I told you many times that I wanted my funeral to be gay like a party? Well, where are the musicians? Where are the dancers? Call them in! Where are the six pretty girls I told you I wanted to carry my coffin?"

But the silence persisted in that cold, somber room and all the faces were as pale and motionless as the dead man's. The flames of the four candles that burned at the corners of the coffin flickered agonizingly.

I gazed at Fandango's face, trying to cry to relieve the unbearable weight of grief I felt in my chest. But it was no use. My eyes remained dry.

My grandfather took my arm and whispered in my ear: "I know how you feel, boy." He squeezed

my arm. "Fandango told me many times that he wanted to be buried by the crooked pine on top of the hill," he went on. "I'm going to give him his wish."

At five in the afternoon the funeral procession started. As the coffin had no handles, it was carried on a cart pulled by a horse. My grandfather, my father and I followed the cart on foot, heading the procession. From the neighboring villages, ranches and farms many people had come to say farewell to the old *gaúcho* — rich ranchers, cowboys, farmers, Negroes, tramps, even *gringos* from the Italian settlements. They all knew and loved Fandango.

Horsemen stood in a double line along the slope of the hill, and, when the coffin passed by, the *gaúchos* took off their hats. Up at the foot of the crooked pine a group of people — men, women and children — surrounded the open grave.

Contemplating the picture from the foot of the hill, I shuddered, as if suddenly pierced by the sad, grave beauty of that moment. It was like the funeral of an ancient warrior, in a silent country which knew no drums or fanfares. The only audible sounds were the moaning of the wind and the rustling of the trees.

It was too much for me. I covered my face with my hands and let the tears stream down. Fandango whispered in my mind: "A man never cries. Pull yourself together, son."

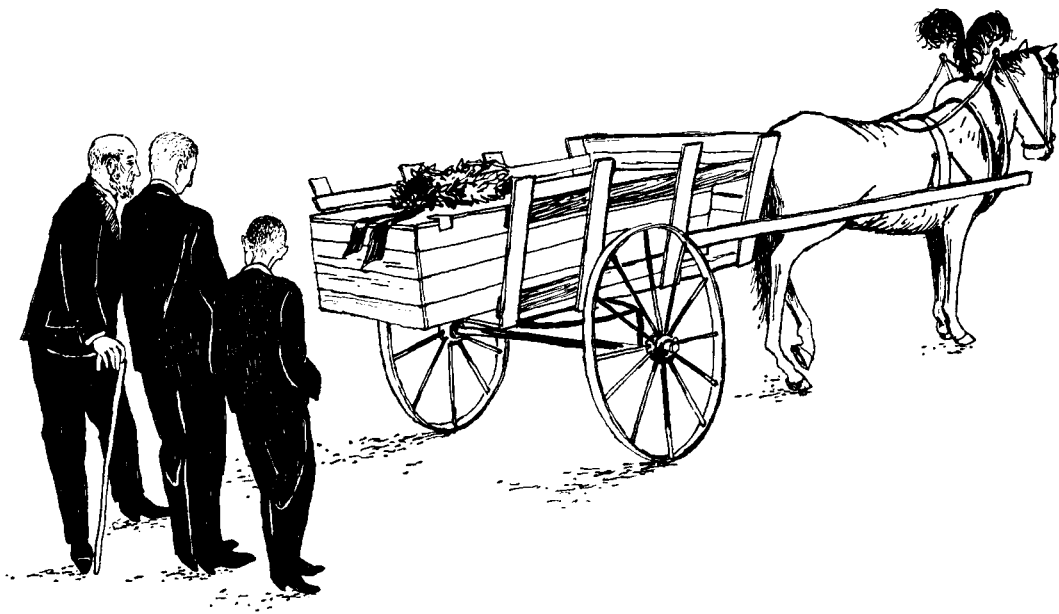
At my side, my father cleared his throat three times. My grandfather kept squeezing my arm, as if he were trying to speak to me without words. Finally we reached the top of the hill. Following an ancient tradition, the coffin was opened once again before burial.

I looked for the last time upon the dead man's face, and the serenity of its expression was such that a calm came upon me, and my weeping ceased.

I uttered no word; my lips did not move; but in my heart I addressed Fandango. "Old friend, forgive my tears. I understand now. You are not going away from us; your body will be planted in the good earth of Angico, and from it perhaps will spring a tree in whose shade I shall come to rest. Old cattle drover, your soul is journeying down its last trail, and one day I shall come to join you on some rise in the prairies of Eternity. Then since you will already know everyone and everything there, you can be my teacher again, just as in times past. Everything is going to be all right now. Farewell!" I am sure no one understood why a smile came to my lips as the coffin was lowered into the grave.

My grandfather and my father took handfuls of earth and cast them upon the lid of the coffin. Others followed their example. Then a ranch hand took a spade and started to fill in the grave.

Little by little the crowd disbanded. Fandango was alone on the hill by the crooked pine.



The illustrations are by the
American artist RANDY MONK

MEN, IDEAS, AND INSTITUTIONS

Humanism and the Temperament of the People

by ALCEU AMOROSO LIMA

1

ANATIONALITY is — well, what? No one really knows. The scholars, of course, dispute about it endlessly. What makes a nation? How can you identify it? What factors comprise it?

My own guess, admittedly imprecise, is that a nation is the external form or, in a sense, the expression of a certain philosophy. I do not mean the systematic philosophy of professional philosophers, but rather the everyday, very dynamic philosophy that we mean when we speak of somebody's "philosophy of life." In the case of a nation, it derives, I believe, from three sources: the land, the people, and their institutions; and it can best be studied in terms of these three elements. In the specific case of Brazil, it is quite proper to say that the national philosophy is humanism, and that certain aspects of Brazilian culture can only be explained in the light of the humanistic tradition.

First, then, let us consider the land, the earth. Brazil, many geologists believe, comprises the oldest part of the Western Hemisphere, perhaps the oldest land in the whole world. For this reason, the Brazilian plateau, unlike most parts of America, is dense, hardened earth where there are no earthquakes or volcanoes.

Equally important is the vastness of Brazil. Sometimes North Americans are surprised to learn

that, in respect to size, Brazil is one of the first six nations of the world, as large as the United States plus another Texas.

Some nations have been dominated by the idea of space, some by the idea of time, and some by a combination of the two. The American continents give us examples of nations dominated by space: Canada, the United States, and Brazil. Their civilization is recent, and for the first time they are playing a prominent and integrating role in the history of the world. The nations dominated by time are those which have grown out of the centuries; their long historical continuity is the chief force which has shaped their cultures. I am thinking of the great Latin countries of Europe — France, Spain, Portugal, Italy — and even Germany, in spite of the apparent rupture between medieval and modern German history. And finally there are those huge, slow aggregations — the British Commonwealth, Russia, China, and India — in which both space and time influenced the national character.

Vastness, then, is a characteristic of Brazil, and another is variety. For if the central tableland is an extremely old geological formation, the Amazonian region, as Count Keyserling said, "is still in the third day of creation." There, the earth is so wrapped in the primeval waters that it seems like a piece of Asia or Africa in the midst of America. In fact, the tropical forests of Brazil are very like those of India, and ever since colonial times there has been an interchange of flora and fauna between the two countries over the trade routes. Psychologically speaking, since they face similar tropical conditions, Brazilians are the most "Oriental" people in America, although the impact of specific Asiatic cultures has been greater in Central America. The varieties of soil and weather, of topography and

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vegetation, give Brazilians good reason to believe in the great possibilities for the development of their country; but they have also caused some of the most serious economic and political problems.

The Brazilian soil is difficult and rough. There are no high mountains as in Asia or Hispano-America, but there are several small mountain ranges which are an obstacle to transportation and the mechanization of tillage. Plains are an exception; there are few navigable rivers and many stony creeks, where the microfauna cause more trouble than do all the macrofauna in Africa. The soil, even when fertile, is easily worn out and eroded; and apparently, there is little of the marvelous liquid wealth underground which has enriched the sister republics of South America. Far from being an earthly paradise, Brazil is a land that defies the human effort to dominate it technologically.

In our overcrowded world, some nations, like those of Europe, can no longer contain their extremely dynamic people within the national frontiers, and others, like the populous Asiatic countries, suffer from a very low standard of living. Hence living space is at a premium, and people emigrate; as a result an underpopulated country may find its own people outnumbered. Birth control and obstacles to immigration, such as have been advocated by some in Brazil, are contrary to common sense. What Brazil needs is more people.

Another consequence of so much living space is the multiplicity of activities. A diversified land permits a diversified civilization. Brazilian unity is based on variety, and to understand it, one must distinguish among the levels of culture, which range from the very primitive to the most advanced.

Three important cultural levels may be classified as the primitive, the *caipira* or hillbilly, and the Atlantic. The least developed cultural group, the primitive, is in fact prelithic, that is, still living largely in a pre Stone Age civilization. The second group includes the *sertanejo* or back-country population from the farms and villages, where the Atlantic culture, at least in its material aspects, is slowly penetrating. The Atlantic culture itself is the advanced and articulate civilization of the great cities, where the commercial, fashionable, and intellectual elites are gathered. The coexistence, and sometimes — as in Rio de Janeiro — the close proximity, of highly developed and very primitive cultures is one of the most typical aspects of life in modern Brazil.

But we can also distinguish a number of cultural zones in Brazil, which cut across the different levels of cultural development. For instance, the Northeastern and Northwestern, the Southern and the Central. It would be impossible to analyze these different cultures here; but it is enough to point out, perhaps, that they are quite different and distinct, though not antagonistic, and that their different modes of living lead immediately to an obvious consequence: the elasticity of political

institutions in Brazil. Brazilian democracy is not the result of political idealism, but the necessary consequence of the social conditions, the characteristics of the land, and the psychology of the people; it is the realistic outcome of the nation's need for stability in spite of such diversity.

Brazilians from the inland — the *jagunço*, often a religious fanatic; the *caboclo*, backwoodsman; the *matuto*, countryman; the *piraquara*, or peasant from Paraíba do Sul (each region uses different names) — are not Euclides da Cunha's *Hercules Quasimodo* nor Monteiro Lobato's *Squatting Man*, the two extremes of realistic optimism and pessimism. Instead, they are well adapted to their surroundings, and they are capable of a skill superior to that of ordinary farmers anywhere else. At the same time, their techniques and equipment are often old-fashioned, and undoubtedly their work is undermined by waste and inefficiency. This is our main labor problem. The Brazilian makes a great effort, and the result is poor, in no way proportional to his work. It cannot be solved by setting aside the question of social justice and concentrating on problems of efficiency and wealth, as some have recommended. The moral problem and the social problem are the same: justice and productivity are, in a sense, two sides of the same coin. Both are part of the chief problem which is, always in Brazil, the *human* problem.

2

IT HAS often been said that the fundamental difference between Eastern and Western civilization is that, whereas in the Orient the object or thing prevails over the person, in the West the person prevails over the thing.

It is dangerous to push such a broad generalization very far because there are literally thousands of exceptions to it. Nevertheless, it contains a useful element of truth. In the East, nature prevails. Scenery dominates art and literature, as the doctrine of immanence dominates philosophy. Man is almost a supernumerary, a latecomer cluttering up the scene. But in the West, at least since the time of Christ, civilization has been based on the primacy of human beings. Society dominates nature, just as man dominates society. In philosophy, Reason; in economics, Property; in politics, Freedom; in society, Law; in art, the Subject — these are the prevailing elements in European civilization, and they have been transmitted to America. In the West, a kind of innate humanism has inspired historical trends and social institutions.

Brazilian humanism derives from European and Western humanism. However, within this general principal of man's primacy in the West, there has been a variety in the distribution of values, and we can say that Portuguese-Brazilian civilization, more than any other form of Euro-American humanism,

is fundamentally *subjective* and *homocentric*. The predominance of man over land and institutions is the central characteristic of Brazil, but there are others which also must be recognized.

In the first place, there is the ascendancy of sensibility over reason. Brazilians are naturally affectionate. Lyricism, a feeling for imagery, and *saudosismo*, our special form of nostalgia — these are the traditional marks of the Portuguese temperament, and in Brazil they have been accentuated, rather than modified, by the other elements of African influence. Genuine goodness very often may derive from this affectionate psyche, and when it does it is a positive element which must be defended and cultivated. But the negative aspect of the same psychological characteristic is sentimentality, which Brazilians must always fight against.

A second characteristic of Brazilian humanism is the precedence of the abstract over the concrete. Ideas prevail over things. Furthermore, Brazilians are more at ease with concepts than with ideas, and still more at ease with words and figures than with concepts. Of all the aspects of literature, eloquence is the one that Brazilians like best. Brazilians have a natural tendency to make abstractions out of individual events; and they generalize easily and do not hesitate to jump to conclusions.

As a matter of fact, this tendency often leads Brazilians to confuse the abstract and the general. The genuine metaphysical abstraction, which leads one to the realm of essences, is foreign to the Brazilian's intellect. Instead, he indulges in lazy generalizations, passing from accuracy to vagueness. This is often unfortunate, of course; but on the other hand it allows Brazilians to feel at home in the spheres of high culture where quick generalizations and large ideas lead to effective communication.

A result of this tendency is the Brazilian's preference for the extemporized over the prepared. He dislikes detailed work; he is impatient, eager for quick results, and capable of brilliant extemporizations. In military language, he is more expert in tactics than in strategy. Skill, ability, smartness (in its good sense, but also its bad), are typically Brazilian. The famous word *geitinho*, "little special solution," typical of our popular vocabulary, gives us an expressive idea of the Brazilian people. Some Brazilians even say that only extemporized actions can bring good results — a dangerous paradox, although not entirely false.

Another aspect of the Brazilian psyche is the reliance on talent rather than scholarship. Because the Brazilian intelligence is broad and sparkling, Brazilians trust it much more than they trust culture or, especially, education. Learning in Brazil is deplorably inadequate. Colleges and universities are a recent development, and they are still on a rather high-schoolish level. Brazilians lack the passion for research, for analysis and deep study, and they depend on their natural intelligence.

Perhaps it can all be summed up by saying that the Brazilian is by nature an *amateur* and not a *professional*. He does things because he likes to, not because he has to. One feels that, by contrast, men in the United States are more professional, and that life in North America is highly professionalized. People are identified by their occupations, and professional rank is very important. For this reason, vocational training has become an exceedingly prominent part of education in the United States. In Brazil, on the other hand, professional nomadism is the rule. Brazilians wander from occupation to occupation, putting off — sometimes indefinitely — the time when they must choose a permanent profession. Hence people in Brazil are usually known, not by the occupations of their working hours, but by their families, their social positions, or simply by their personal habits and temperaments.

The chief point is, however, that all these characteristics go a long way toward explaining Brazilian humanism. Almost instinctively, it seems, Brazilians choose the man, the person, in place of the values of efficiency, political idealism, or the other incitements of the modern world. There is nothing vague or putative about this aspect of Brazilian humanism; it can be seen clearly in the fashions, politics, and working habits — the whole style of living — of the nation. The human being, with his dignity, character, and feeling, his claims to moral and spiritual recognition, is at the very center of Brazilian civilization.

3

THE third element of Brazilian humanism, the nation's institutional life, remains to be discussed. Generally speaking, institutions tend to perpetuate themselves, and thus they are a conserving force in any culture. If a proper tension can be maintained between institutional conservatism and the dynamic forces of change and advancement, a strong and vigorous culture is likely to be the result. This means, in the case of Brazil, that the traditional institutions must share the people's generally humanistic concepts of behavior and must satisfy the demands of the individual person.

The basic institution in any country is the family, and in Brazil the family has been the most important source of national stability. A big family, united, hierarchical, and based on love, sacrament, fecundity, and autonomy, has been the point of departure for Brazilian social organization since the sixteenth century. Not isolated persons, but families — foreign as well as Brazilian — cleared the land after the conquest, extended the frontiers to the West, and stabilized the *bandeiras*, which were raids for Indian slaves and gold treks into the interior. Families created political authority, as well as politics in general, in the rough inland farming communities. This tendency toward family auton-

omy is the source of one of the most unusual and characteristic aspects of Brazilian history: its peacefulness. The most important events in Brazilian history occurred without bloodshed — the change from the colonial period to the Empire, and from the Empire to the Republic. Brazilian revolutions have been remarkably easygoing, and political life has been guided more by the ideas of harmony and conciliation than by ideas of struggle and violence. All this is due primarily to the essential domestic organization of Brazilian society and to the increasing importance of the role played by women.

The family is an organically stable unit, but within this stability there has nevertheless been a certain transformation of values: the father's authority has decreased, the mother's influence has increased, and the children have become more "emancipated." This evolution can be seen clearly if we compare the colonial family of four hundred years ago with the family of today.

If the norm of family life is characterized by the father's responsibility, the mother's kindness, and the children's obedience, then the colonial family in Brazil suffered from an exaggeration of these functions. As Capistrano de Abreu has written, "Father was cross, mother was submissive, and the children were frightened." In part this may have been caused by the centuries of Mozarabic influence in Portugal, and in part by the austerity of existence in the American colonies. In any case, the modern tendency is in just the opposite direction; in an effort to correct the excesses of the colonial family, modern Brazilians have exaggerated the contrary aspects of family life. The father's authority is being suppressed, the mother is mundanized, and the children are completely and prematurely set free. To a certain extent also this tendency is simply the result of a Brazilian imitation of foreign manners. But even so, the family remains the strongest element in Brazilian society.

4

THE school is an extension and specialization of the family. The truth of this can be seen very clearly in Brazilian history, for education in Brazil has traditionally been private and pragmatic: it has been a matter of training at home and on the job. Schools came later. When they did come, they were at first controlled by the family; only gradually did outside social groups — the Church and the religious orders, and then the State — take on the direction of the schools. Brazilians have been slow to develop the idea of the school as a separate social institution, which explains why they were the last nation on the continent to establish universities, and even today their schools and universities suffer from a comparative lack of autonomy and freedom.

We have seen already that Brazilians lack a sense of professionalism, and this is reflected in the social

institution which is usually called "labor." In Brazil there is no adequate rationale of labor, nor much unity among workers as workers. Instead, a sense of economic individualism has led to the growth of plutocratic capitalism and to an essentially political way of dealing with economic problems. The result, inevitably, is a kind of incipient statism, which in turn reacts unfavorably upon the Brazilian's sense of individual and family autonomy. What Brazilians need is a sense of enterprise, a labor community in which capital, labor, and technique join to promote stability and economic vitality. In fact, however, the economic aspects of life in Brazil are badly muddled. Natural ability and a productive adjustment between man and nature form one side of the picture; but waste, inefficiency, unprofessionalism, and class antagonisms form the other.

If the family is the basic social institution which makes for stability in Brazil, the State should be the institution which expresses that stability. The State as a political structure encompasses all other institutions and is a continuous articulation of the tensions between authority and freedom. Unfortunately, in Brazil the State has never been more than partly successful, and it has never been truly representative of Brazilian civilization. The reasons for this lie in the fact that the State has always been outside-in and upside-down.

By outside-in, I mean that the State has developed, not as an organic expression of Brazilian civilization, but as a series of imported experiments. During the colonial period, of course, political authority lay in the absolute dominion of the overseas metropolis. During the Empire, parliamentary institutions were imported, patterned after French and British models, and they had no real historical development in Brazil. In the period of the Republic, Brazil has imported what I may call "presidentialistic" institutions from the United States, and again, with no tradition of an elected executive, the system has foundered and works only because it has been propped up by a number of makeshift devices. In other words, Brazil has no organic political structure, no political institutions which are characteristically Brazilian and participate in the native Brazilian humanism.

By upside-down, I mean simply that there has been too much government in Brazil. The political tradition has been characteristically authoritarian, no matter what outward form the State has taken during the different periods of Brazilian history. The importance of government has always been stressed; the government has usually been top-heavy; and there has been little inclination to derive either governmental authority or the forms of governmental action from the will of the people. The result is that today, in matters of politics, Brazilians are conformistic. They are not partisan-minded, or even very strongly public-minded. The

two extremes of absenteeism and oligarchism have predominated in the politics of the Brazilian capital. All of these are signs of political immaturity.

The Church is naturally one of the most important institutions in Brazil. Brazilians are predominantly Roman Catholics and have been ever since the first Portuguese sailors celebrated the discovery of the country in a Mass sung on the shore. Brazil was founded during the great age of the Church's expansion, when the mariners of the Renaissance opened the whole world to European civilization. The Church in Brazil was formed on a wave of enthusiasm which still is found in many of the native religious traditions and ceremonies.

In speaking of the Church in Brazil, there are two important points to be made. First, Brazil — like all the other American civilizations — was not born primarily in the movements for political conquest or economic expansion. In Protestant as well as Catholic America, the chief motives of the sixteenth- and seventeenth-century colonists were religious. In some cases, it was the desire to spread the faith; in others, the need to achieve spiritual autonomy. In Brazil, at least, this has meant that religious problems immediately became central to the working of the new society, and have remained so to this day: the religious question is the central and capital point around which, avoidably or unavoidably, for or against, all others turn.

Second, for Roman Catholics the Church is neither a political nor a purely spiritual institution. Its institutional character is much more direct and inclusive. For the Church's dogma is the Mystical Body of Christ, the Church as the very presence of Christ mystically incorporated with all the faithful. Hence the Church invades and, in a sense, precedes every other mode of life, and this means that the Church has always been the keystone of Brazilian society. The history of Brazil, if it is not precisely the history of the Brazilian Church, is at least the history of the problems which have arisen in connection with the Church, as a result of the impingement of every other social and political factor upon the Church's influence.

5

AT THE beginning, I said that a nationality is a philosophy of life, and I hope that my brief analysis of Brazilian humanism has served to make my meaning clear. But it should also be clear by now that because it is a philosophy of *life*, it refers to something living and organic. Indeed, it is almost impossible to speak of a nation without using these words from biology. In the modern world, nations have become so real and so important that we believe almost instinctively in their living personalities, and when we see a nation, such as Germany, which has appeared to change its personality, we feel troubled, and perhaps even refuse to believe it.

Like all living creatures, nations have a first duty to themselves — to preserve themselves by preserving their continuity. This does not mean that they must resist all change, for what is changeless is usually dead; but it does mean that they must resist total change, destructive change. In other words, they must measure each new age, with its characteristic ideas and innovations, against their fundamental philosophies, beliefs, and ways of life in order to assure a consistent evolution. Unfortunately — or perhaps fortunately — there is no certain means by which such measurements can be made, and only the endless processes of individual questioning and response can bring about a proper adjustment between permanence and change.

A few things are fundamental. We are more interested in preserving the different characteristics of the Brazilian mind than in achieving a definitive amalgamation of the Brazilian race. Furthermore, the Portuguese language is a basic pillar of our nationality. There should be no conscious design to create a Brazilian language, but on the other hand no obstacles should be raised to hinder the free development of our daily speech. Under the Empire there was a great respect for culture; today we sometimes confuse "book" culture with actual creation and are too prone to think that education does not need to be encouraged. Actually the Ministry of Education has been struggling against illiteracy for twenty-five years. Another enemy of our culture is the moral corruption of our political and economic life. Morality is not a secondary or successive element. It is concomitant with technique. Without a moral sense technical facilities are just as bad as no technique at all. In short, if we maintain our moral principles and our religious faith as fundamental values of our dynamic civilization, we are being true to our national destiny.

Brazil is plagued by many grave problems, especially in the spheres of politics and economics, which no serious-minded Brazilian can overlook. Most of Brazil's troubles can be traced to the conflict which has occurred whenever the nation, in her haste to develop quickly, has sheered away from her traditional, deeply engrained humanism. The temptations to do so have been enormous. For centuries Brazil has been a subordinate nation, first to Portugal and Europe, later to North America. Naturally her few idealists have felt that "progress" could be made by importing the systems and institutions of the "superior" countries. But idealism itself is contrary to the Brazilian's emphasis on human values, and the foreign systems and institutions have been like so many wrong-sized shoes.

Yet if the Brazilians of today face many problems, their heads and especially their hearts are still sound. The humanistic outlook still prevails. There is every reason to think it will continue to prevail and will triumph over the obstacles it encounters.

Translated by Sílvia Amoroso Lima Ferreira

THE BEAUTY CONTEST

A Story

by ANTÔNIO DE ALCÂNTARA MACHADO

1

THOUGH certain nationalists in Corisco insisted on calling her *Senhorita*, her official title was "Miss Corisco." The town of Corisco was so tiny and poor that, when ten families bought an alms box for the church, there was no money left over to put into it. Hence there were not many rivals to eliminate: Bentinho's daughter was freckled; João's sister had something wrong with her hips. So right from the start Conceição was a favorite and was soon acclaimed Miss Corisco.

She started by giving an interview to reporters from the newspaper *O Cachoeirense*. They asked: "What was the greatest emotion of your life?" She answered: "There were three. My first Communion, a moving-picture of Rudolf Valentino which I saw in the capital of my beloved State, and . . . the third I can't tell — it's a secret."

"We respect the secret," wrote the newspaper, "because of course it cloaks a sweet love story." Then they asked: "What is your dearest wish?" She answered: "To see Brazil always in the vanguard of every enterprise."

"An admirable answer," commented *O Cachoeirense*, "which reveals in Miss Corisco a patriot worthy to be compared with Clara Camarão, Anita Garibaldi, Doña Margarida de Barros, and other national heroines."

Finally they asked: "What do you think of love?" She said: "Love, in my humble opinion, is an incomprehensible thing which rules the world."

ANTÔNIO DE ALCÂNTARA MACHADO (1901–35) was a witty writer on urban life and a distinguished journalist and scholar. His works include stories about the Italian quarter of São Paulo, a travel book, and two historical monographs. "The Beauty Contest" is as much a parody of middle-class mores as it is of beauty contests in general.

"Words," the newspaper pointed out, "which contain a profound philosophy, surprising in view of the youth and sex of the enchanting miss."

She was photographed in various poses: with a little dog in her lap; picking roses in her garden; with her chin resting on the back of her hands. She gave the journalists her autograph — on rose-colored gold-bordered paper, with faint pencil lines to make it come out even, with the letters balancing along them. Her married brother dictated the sentiments. The representatives of *O Cachoeirense* withdrew. Miss Corisco went off to sweep the kitchen, which was her duty every day including Sundays and holidays. But next morning, accompanied by her brother, she took the bus to the capital of her state, Paraíba do Sul, to appear before the beauty-contest jury at the statewide level.

The Ciné Theater Esmeralda was full to bursting. On the stage behind the jury the C. Gomes-G. Puccini Music Society was playing two-steps. Every other minute the enthusiastic audience gave a cheer for Brazil and the Brazilian "race." The candidates filed out dressed in the most refined taste. There were five judges: one Brazilian, two Italian, one second-generation Italian, and one Portuguese. They were overwhelmed with patriotic feelings: they wanted to choose a really Brazilian type. Dr. Noé Cavalheiro outlined the ideal incisively as: small mouth and tender eyes. Miss Corisco, by a three-vote margin, was elected Miss Paraíba do Sul.

Then she heard the first speech, pronounced with such emotion that it choked the voice of Dr. Noé Cavalheiro, assistant district attorney, silk handkerchief and all. He recalled how the ancient Greeks dedicated themselves to a cult of physical beauty. He dwelt on the disadvantage of a *mens sana* unless embodied in a *corpore sano*. And though

he granted that the beauty of woman had provoked wars and catastrophes, he cited various historical examples of how it had also more than once contributed to the general advancement of nations. He reminded his hearers that Brazil owed much to the love shown it by Emperor Dom Pedro I under the beneficent influence of his mistress the Marquesa de Santos. He then referred to the competence of the jury, its independence of spirit, and claimed that the only dissonant note was his own speech — which called forth the unanimous protestation of the audience.

In conclusion, he intoned an impassioned hymn to the transient pulchritude of Conceição. "Uniting the classic beauty of the Venus de Milo with the stupefying seductiveness of the legendary Queen of Nineveh, Miss Paraíba do Sul, greater than Beatrice and happier than Natércia, has conquered the heart of an entire region! The Fatherland is not only, as certain spirits imbued with materialism seem to think, laws guaranteeing private property! The Fatherland is something more, something sublime and divine! It is the star which watches us from the sky and the woman who sanctifies our hearth! The Fatherland is you, Miss Paraíba do Sul, it is in your eyes that is mirrored all the virile strength of the nation! For us, honest patriots and eternal lovers of Beauty, Miss Paraíba do Sul is at this moment Brazil!" (Prolonged applause. Speaker enthusiastically complimented. Sincere shouts of "Encore! Encore!")

One by one the members of the jury kissed the delicate rosy little hands of Miss Paraíba do Sul, while the C. Gomes-G. Puccini Music Society vigorously attacked the immortal music of *O Guarani*.

Very flushed and with her velvety eyelids blinking ingenuously, Conceição granted her first interview as Miss Paraíba do Sul. She expressed her opinion on the coming presidential elections, the growing of oranges, the religious question in Mexico, the popular provincial priest Padre Cicero, monetary stabilization, Victor Hugo, Brazilian perfumes, the nineteenth-century writer Coelho Neto, and the decision that cleared the famous madman Febrônio the Devil.

In the Great World Hotel, the pilgrimage to her shrine went on from morning till night. Miss Paraíba do Sul received everyone most amiably with a charming smile on her red lips. The room-waiter went so far as to declare to a reporter, "She is extraordinarily amiable about receiving people: whoever knocks on the door can go in." Her brother, without waiting to find out whether offense was intended, instantly assaulted the unfortunate man. They were all taken to police court, but there the prestige of Miss Paraíba do Sul settled the matter quickly, with charges dismissed.

Presents rained in every day, such as a typewriter and binoculars for the races. An automobile was put at her disposal. The promising young

architect Barros Jandaia offered her his professional services gratis. The hairdresser would not hear of charging her, and even gave her twenty coupons for free shampoos with Pixavon. The Cosmopolitan Bookshop offered a de luxe edition of *Paradise Lost*. And so it went.

Miss Paraíba do Sul was received in special audience by the governor of the state: she answered His Excellency's questions most charmingly, and distributed Petit Londrino cigarettes (ovals) to the inmates of the state prison. She also visited the City Hall. There an alderman compared her to the delicate violet of our orchards, which not only attracts by its beauty and captivates by its perfume but also conquers by its exemplary modesty.

Fifteen full days. Really busy. Not one minute of rest. Miss Paraíba do Sul hinted delicately that glory was a burden almost too heavy for her fragile shoulders. And entrained in a private car for Rio de Janeiro, the national capital.

At all the stations along the route appeared the judge, the district attorney, the government delegate, the mayor, the federal tax collector, and the sacristan who was in charge of the customary fireworks. The train whistled. Cheers and applause. The train moved on. Miss Paraíba do Sul arrived in Rio with an unbearable headache.

2

THEN began the days of wild hope and suspense. Parties and more parties to cover up the anxiety. And notes from anonymous admirers. And a ball on the Navy destroyer *Paraíba do Sul*. And tea parties with the rivals, spiced with delicious catty remarks. And interviews, interviews, interviews! And pictures of every description in the magazines. One photographer, more daring than most, invaded the privacy of her bedroom and made a very original shot. Next day, on opening their newspapers, the *Cariocas* were confronted with a shoe and the following caption:

"While Miss Paraíba do Sul was dining, we succeeded in penetrating into her apartment and committing the delicious offense of photographing a little perfumed shoe lying on the dressing table. We were indiscreet enough to ascertain the size . . . it was three and a half! For our readers' pleasure we show above the slipper of this young Maria Cinderella of Grace and Beauty."

Such things touch the heart. Miss Paraíba do Sul gave the little shoe to the photographer as a memento. It was practically useless anyway (as her brother pointed out), since its sole was already worn paper-thin. Enormous crowds were lucky enough to see it on exhibition at the newspaper office. There was not one discordant opinion: it was indeed an adorable little shoe.

Finally the great day of the competition arrived. Miss Paraíba do Sul paraded in her bathing suit

for all the old men of the jury to appraise her figure, and submitted to anthropological measurement at the National Museum. Her record was discussed by scientific societies and provoked quarrels among people who had been friends since school days.

But it was all useless. It was not Miss Paraíba do Sul who was judged worthy to represent Brazil in the world contest at Galveston.

It is true that she cried. It cannot be denied. Yes, she cried. But only in the privacy of her hotel room. In public she behaved like a perfect lady. She was all smiles with Miss Brazil. Her admirers protested energetically. A group of students drew up a manifesto in her favor. She just smiled gratefully and said the most amiable sort of things about Miss Brazil. She was honored with further titles: Miss Pindorama (Lady of the Land of Palms); Miss Terra de Santa Cruz (after the original name of Brazil); and Miss Simpatia Verdeamarela (after the colors of the national flag). Everyone recognized that the moral victory was hers. This was a consolation.

Once back in the capital of her native state, however, she decided to change her attitude. She sharply criticized the jury's decision. "Miss Brazil? Certainly a beauty. But a dull beauty. And what good is that without active charm? And no taste at all. You should just see her clothes. All from the bargain counter. What's more, you can tell from her features that she has foreign blood. Brazil will be represented at Galveston; but *not* the Brazilian race." And on she went. Not even the

contest's organizers came out unscathed. "Pleasant enough, but partial. One of them, a bald old fellow with a long beard, was always annoying the candidates with his idiotic gallantries. But he got what he deserved: one of the contestants asked him why he didn't cut off a piece of his beard and glue it on to his bald head to look like hair. Yes, that's what she said. Right to his face. Absolutely. And with people around. She actually did. He got as red as a beet."

Corisco received back its Venus with a mournful soul. Miss Paraíba do Sul's father shook his head and murmured: "What injustice! What injustice!"

She and her brother spoke in vain about the moral victory, the sympathy of the people, the protests in the public press. She told how once when she was coming out of the hotel some man had said to her that she was the winner in the heart of the Brazilian people! "What about *that*, Father?"

But the old man would not be convinced. It was all very fine. But the prize money, the 84 contos, had gone to someone else. "That's the whole point. Someone else got the money. Injustice. Brazil is going from bad to worse."

But he soon had to swear he was wrong, that Brazil was getting on very well, that a moral victory was more than enough, that money never brings happiness — because Miss Corisco, Miss Paraíba do Sul, Miss Pindorama, Miss Terra de Santa Cruz, Miss Simpatia Verdeamarela was beginning to cry.

Translated by Elisabeth Sprague Smith

THE GUARDIAN ANGELS

by Augusto Frederico Schmidt

Two guardian angels awaited us, motionless in the darkness.
The church was closed, the saints asleep.
The rain that fell throughout our journey
Was coming down incessantly outside.

No tears came to my eyes;
I saw things clearly, I felt indifferent,
But noticed noises and shadows.
You were smiling, cheerful and a little malicious.

Then I heard a sound of sobbing,
Of agony rising to desperation.
A smell of death moved up and down the steps.

Suddenly I saw that you were barefoot,
Your hair dripping, your face contorted;
And I watched you cross the empty nave
And disappear out there in the night and rain.

Translated by William Candlewood

THE ART OF THE TROPICS

Painting and Sculpture in Brazil

by JOSÉ VALLADARES

I

DURING the last twenty years, a taste for the fine arts has spread widely in Brazil, as it has in the other nations of the Americas, and with it has appeared a deepening cultural self-consciousness. We Brazilians are more alert than ever to the various strains of our heritage; we cultivate them without any fear of becoming lost in a cultural backwater. To a large extent, the fine arts, especially painting, have been responsible for this change.

The background can be sketched briefly, because in many respects it is similar to the artistic development of the United States or any other transplanted nation. Our art history falls broadly into three periods. During the colonial period, when Brazil was virtually an extension of Lisbon, we produced several original and genuinely creative artists. Later, when the country began to assume a semi-independent status, provincialism and cultural naïveté became dominant, and a long period of imitative academicism settled upon the arts. Finally, in the twentieth century, came the new awakening.

Brazil had a relatively simple indigenous inheritance, and our Indians, like those of eastern North America, were less creative than the inhabitants of Mexico, Central America, and Peru. This made a difference in our colonial painting, which

was very little influenced by native elements, and when the twentieth-century flowering occurred, our artists did not, as did those of some neighboring countries, return for a part of their rationale to the Indian predecessors. Instead they have painted life as it is in Brazil, the colors and shapes of a tropical, hybrid, and new world culture.

It is important to remember that, although from the year 1500, when Cabral discovered Brazil, we have had a predominantly Portuguese culture, nevertheless the French, Spanish, and Dutch had footholds in Brazil during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Of these three, the Dutch, led by Maurice of Nassau, who ruled Pernambuco in the 1630's and 1640's, left the strongest imprint, especially on the architecture of the region. The first pictures of the Brazilian scene to arrive in Europe were painted during this period by Dutch artists, of whom Franz Post and Albert Eckhout were the most distinguished.

Artists and artisans accompanied the waves of Portuguese colonizers and fortune hunters who sought treasure in the Brazilian hills. It was in the mining community of Minas Gerais that the greatest of these colonial artists was born in 1730. He was Antônio Francisco Lisboa, known as O Aleijadinho (the Little Cripple), one of the most versatile artists to work in the New World. Perhaps the fact that he never left his country intensified the Brazilian quality of his church sculpture and architecture. At any rate, his exuberant, baroque designs, executed in local stone, wood, and precious metals, remain today among the glories of the hemisphere.

In 1816 a cultural mission — they are not the twentieth-century novelty that some suppose — came from Paris to the Rio de Janeiro court of Dom João VI. In the group of artists, sculptors, and

JOSÉ VALLADARES, born in 1917, is a graduate of the Faculty of Law of Pernambuco. He studied the history of art in Brazil and the United States where he worked for a time in the Brooklyn Museum. Upon returning to Brazil, he became Director of the State Museum of Bahia and is now Professor of the History of Art at the Escola de Belas Artes and the Faculdade de Filosofia of the University of Bahia. Among his writings are *Museums for the People*, *An Art Guide of Bahia*, and *Studies on Colonial Art*.

other craftsmen were such excellent painters as J. B. Debret and N. A. Taunay, who helped to found the Academy of Fine Arts. This was the beginning of a constant flow back and forth across the Atlantic of artists who were no better or worse than their academic contemporaries in other American countries.

2

THE belated introduction of the Brazilian public to a type of painting that was not academic probably occurred first at the exhibition of Lasar Segall's work in São Paulo in 1913. Nine years later, this same city was host to the famous *Semana de Arte Moderna* (Modern Art Week), which was chiefly a literary event but which had far-reaching repercussions among the fine arts as well. During the next fifteen years, Brazilian painting attained an international level and came into its own.

For Brazil, this meant giving up the traditional academic teaching of Europe and experimenting with a type of painting more closely related to its own life. To be explicit, the ingredients of the Brazilian melting pot are more highly integrated than, for instance, the disparate ethnic strains of the United States. The Moorish, African, and indigenous Indian elements have been amalgamated with the European heritage, so that today one finds in Brazilian art a unique tropical flavor, a combination of the Portuguese tradition of opulent design and the native propensity for the picturesque.

Fauvism, cubism, futurism, primitivism, and surrealism began to make their way into the studios and discussions of Brazilian artists in the 1920's. The new conventions of taste and sensibility in a very short time proved to be better adapted to the depiction of Brazilian scenery, people, customs, and the national soul than the strict middle-of-the-road formalisms of nineteenth-century academic art.

Some years ago it was observed that modern Brazilian painting was split into two schools, one in São Paulo and one in Rio. The division stems from different approaches to painting, a difference in subject matter and local flavor. The *Paulistas* are more concerned with spiritual values and with workmanship, and they very often reflect the industrial, grayish, somber atmosphere of their fast-growing city; while the *Cariocas* tend toward a type of painting that is more monumental, more decorative, and related to the bright colors and sunny vistas of their environment. During the last few years, cities like Pôrto Alegre, Belo Horizonte, Recife, and Salvador have also become small art centers where painters admire but do not depend on the examples set by their colleagues in Rio and São Paulo.

Like other countries, Brazil has a group of painters who possess definite personal characteristics and a style which distinguishes them from the

adepts of internationalism in art. They range from a primitive like Heitor dos Prazeres or José Antônio da Silva to a master in composition and drawing like Portinari; from a realist like Pancetti to an abstractionist like Cícero Dias. Some, like Djanira, are intensely aware of local color, while others, like Guignard, use colors that are less local but very expressive of the subject.

Our best painter today, a man whose name and importance have been internationally recognized for many years, is Cândido Portinari, who was born in 1903 in Brodowski, São Paulo, of Italian parents and who now lives in Rio. His works have already appeared in textbooks on the history of art, and he was considered one of the few New World painters worth discussing in the recent *Dictionnaire de la Peinture Moderne*. The exceptional quality of Portinari's painting largely derives from his mastery of design and his innate feeling for monumental composition. On such good foundations he builds color to a surface of richness and brilliance, in fresco as well as in tempera and oil. There is dramatic feeling in his work, but it is conveyed through space and light rather than through actual gestures. His justly famous frescoes at the Hispanic Foundation of the Library of Congress in Washington, as well as those in the Ministry of Education in Rio de Janeiro, his gigantic canvases, *First Mass in Brazil* or the *Tiradentes*, all testify to his wise understanding of the problems of a bare wall. Portinari's work has revealed a very obvious tenderness for the people of his own country; he is the painter who has most faithfully and convincingly represented the Indian, the Negro, the *mestiço*, and the white man who have made Brazil what it is. He has used these typical figures in compositions that show the basic activities of Brazilian economic life, past and present, in a way far more eloquent than any artist before him. Canvases by Portinari are found in several European and American museums and private collections. At present, he is working on two huge allegories of war and peace, which are to decorate one of the rooms of the United Nations Building in New York.

It would be erroneous to pretend that the work of Lasar Segall (born in 1890, in Vilna, Russia, and living in São Paulo) has the same Brazilian meaning that we find in Portinari. His paintings belong to a school that pays more attention to interior problems than to the world around him. As a representative of the expressionist group, Segall's concern with the intricacies of the human spirit has very often led him to subjects that are autobiographical, and hence his painting offers a special insight into the experience of the many immigrants who have come from distant lands to live in Brazil. His paintings inspire a deep admiration for a sincere artist who has devoted all his talent and energy to the constant improvement of his work, experimenting in different techniques with the utmost

care, and always motivated by his desire for the perfection of his art and by a noble although discreet sense of human brotherhood. Although he is chiefly an easel painter, he has done a few large canvases. In these compositions every single detail is treated as if it were an isolated painting. Houses, street scenes, his family, friends and unknown people, landscapes and animals, all these subjects have been interpreted by Segall with great sympathy and a sure hand. His complete works make a truthful picture of the reactions of a sensitive person to the problem of modern man in Brazil.

A precursor who should be mentioned along with Segall is Tarsila do Amaral, who not only was familiar with the school of Paris where she studied — the influence of Léger being strong at the time — but also spent a year in New York. She thus brought an international point of view to Brazil in the twenties. This was rejected at first by certain dominant figures in the intellectual life of the country — notably the writer Monteiro Lobato — but her sincerity and true artistic personality ultimately won the day, and her technique came to be used more and more in a Brazilian manner. Two other colleagues, also widely traveled, Flávio de Carvalho and Oswald Andrade Filho, helped in other ways to enrich the new artistic climate.

Alberto Guignard (born in 1893, now living in Belo Horizonte) is a painter of candid reality. A nervous but clear design is the most effective element in his art, and it bespeaks a quick rhythm that reflects his own personality. Less preoccupied with the problems of society than Portinari and Segall, he transmits a sense of enjoyment and affection for the Brazilian scene. He is also a teacher of great influence, whose craftsmanlike approach to the problems of painting has attracted many students.

With Emiliano di Cavalcanti (born in 1897 in Rio and living in São Paulo) we come to one of the members of the old guard of modern painting in Brazil. In the early twenties, he was already one of the most talked-of artists in the country. A well-organized exhibition of his work would show how much he has evolved from a rather crude Fauvism to a type of painting related to cubism but full of personal discoveries. His favorite subject is the Brazilian *mestiço* and the everyday worker. In bright colors, expertly combined, he has peopled Brazilian painting with hundreds of sensuous women and violent men in a way paralleled by some of the country's novelists. One may like these creatures or not, but they are strong personalities.

Many Latin Americans have more than one string to their bow, and therefore José Pancetti's versatility should not surprise us. He is a poet who has also earned his living as a sailor in the Brazilian Navy, and his love of the sea is reflected in his marine painting, which has in fact made famous several sections of the Brazilian coast. Born a year

before Portinari, and like him of Italian parentage, he has pursued his natural talent for landscape to the very heart of the Brazilian scene. His colors embrace a wide variety of nuances, since, although he is now a realist, he harks back to the post-impressionists. In his work nature undergoes a spontaneous purification.

Djanira (born a *Paulista* in 1914, now living in Rio) is another extremely personal painter. After years of serious study, she has developed a style which reveals training and knowledge but preserves her original interest in primitivism. Hers is the most beautiful decorative painting in Brazil. In some of her works small things which she loves, such as flowers, may grow to the size of human heads, while a disliked skyscraper may shrink to the height of a child's leg. In this world of magic, colors shine and sing, creating an intricate communion of man and nature.

The most consistent of Brazilian primitives is Heitor dos Prazeres who was born in 1908 in Rio, where he still lives. His paintings often depict the artistic world, where he is also known as a composer of popular music, with a brush which prefers gay subjects like *samba* parties and weddings. An absolutely self-taught artist, he belongs to the ever growing group that has sprung up in many countries during recent decades of artists who are good in spite of their unprofessional backgrounds.

The abstractionist Cícero Dias, born in Rio (1908) and now living in France, keeps in touch with the inventions of the School of Paris. Despite this, his paintings are clearly the work of a man who cannot escape the color, culture, and feeling of his motherland. Enigmatic as it may seem, no painter has given a clearer picture of the atmosphere of northeastern Brazil than Cícero Dias with his abstract compositions.

Alfredo Volpi (born in 1896 in Italy and now settled in São Paulo), after a long and varied career, has finally come to a type of painting that is a sort of delicate, musical arabesque, based on the most rudimentary forms and filled with sophisticated colors. His canvases give the impression of deliberate naïveté but one cannot deny their charm. He has also designed tiles, a form of art which came to Brazil in colonial times with the Dutch and Portuguese and which is particularly appropriate to the tropical climate. In the 1940's, Paulo Rossi Osir of São Paulo undertook to revive this art and gathered around him a group of competent and interested artists. The validity of the project is reflected in its successful architectural use.

3

A SCULPTOR with the virtuosity and power of an Aleijadinho, the great colonial artist, cannot be expected to appear very often in the history of any country. Today, however, Brazil has some interest-

ing sculptors, who receive important commissions and play leading roles in our artistic life.

Why does our sculpture lack the unmistakable Brazilian flavor so characteristic of our painting, architecture, and music? It may be simply that Brazilian sculptors turn their attention to the human figure, a dependable subject the world over. Nevertheless, to continue to express with freshness, nobility, and pathos various bodily and spiritual attitudes is perhaps as justifiable as to rely on wires and bits of machinery in the making of a piece of "sculpture."

There is only one sculptor, Victor Brecheret, born in France, who has accompanied the development of our modern art from its beginning during the *Semana de Arte Moderna* in 1922 to the present day. He is also the one who has most successfully solved the problem of monumentality, as in his huge *Bandeirantes* (Pioneers) group in São Paulo. Starting out as a neoclassicist, he has pared his expression down at times almost to the tender suggestiveness of a Henry Moore or the sinuous reductions of Arp, as in the *Índio e a Suçupara* of 1951. One of his pupils, Bruno Giorgi, whose first work was also neoclassical, has grown in versatility and depth. His sculpture has perhaps more earthiness and warmth than Brecheret's, and he won last year the National Prize at the second *Paulista Bienal de Arte* (Biennial Art Exhibition). Later he traveled to Italy where he made a large figure of Dante for the Municipal Library of São Paulo.

A woman sculptor of considerable power is Maria Martins, wife of the former Brazilian Ambassador to the United States. A pupil of Lipschitz, she

possesses a strong personality, her themes deriving frequently from Brazilian life. Dances and Amazonian legends have moved her, as the sculptures *Soul of the Samba*, *Macumba*, *Cobra Grande*, and *Uirapurú* illustrate, yet she is also known for her many studies of Salomé and Christ.

A younger sculptor from Bahia, Mário Cravo, starts out with the premise that in order to be universal one must first be local. He has, for example, been inspired by Bahian baroque architecture and has made an interesting collection of ex-votos and folk objects. On the other hand, the style of each of his works is determined by its subject, so that one must look at many of them to appreciate his versatility.

Zamoyski, Lipschitz, and Calder, to name but three of the foreigners whose works are found in Brazil, have in various ways contributed to the artistic life of the country, and Zamoyski has taught at Rio and at São Paulo for a number of years.

In Rio de Janeiro there is a municipal law which requires architects to incorporate provisions for painting or sculpture in their designs for any new, large buildings to be erected in the city. One cannot legislate good art, of course, but such a law is an indication of the encouragement that artists find in Brazil today. Other indications are São Paulo's international *Bienal*, the vigorous policies of the nation's museums, and the thriving market for contemporary art. In other words, the flourishing community of Brazilian artists is being offered an ample opportunity to do good work, and a genuinely integrated art is now emerging.

THE BIRTH

by Cecília Meireles

We awaited the child
Through the tempest.
From what corner of the sky or time
Would he come?
His small form was already in view;
but what soul did it bring?
And the wind blew . . . Gardens and roofs
swept by its fury . . .
Leaves on high, by sea and cloud
on that airy day.

We awaited the child,
He was the wind-flower.
And the wind which came from far, so far,
was the secret stair
bringing him — alone? sad? mute?
Beyond Life — like Death —
why this rebirth of the theme?

We awaited the child
Who was the wind of love,
but in our smile and our hope
there were tears.
Perhaps the child would arrive tired
with his melancholy legacy.
And the wind was his deserted path . . .
O, floating bridge and shadow!

What can we offer the child?
What can we? What must we?
After this long sojourn?
For him to stay on barren earth,
Since he comes, yet comes, to us
Through the wind's abyss?

Translated by Henry K. Keith



ALBERTO DA VEIGA GUIGNARD: *Ouro Preto, St. John's Eve* (1942) oil
The Museum of Modern Art, New York

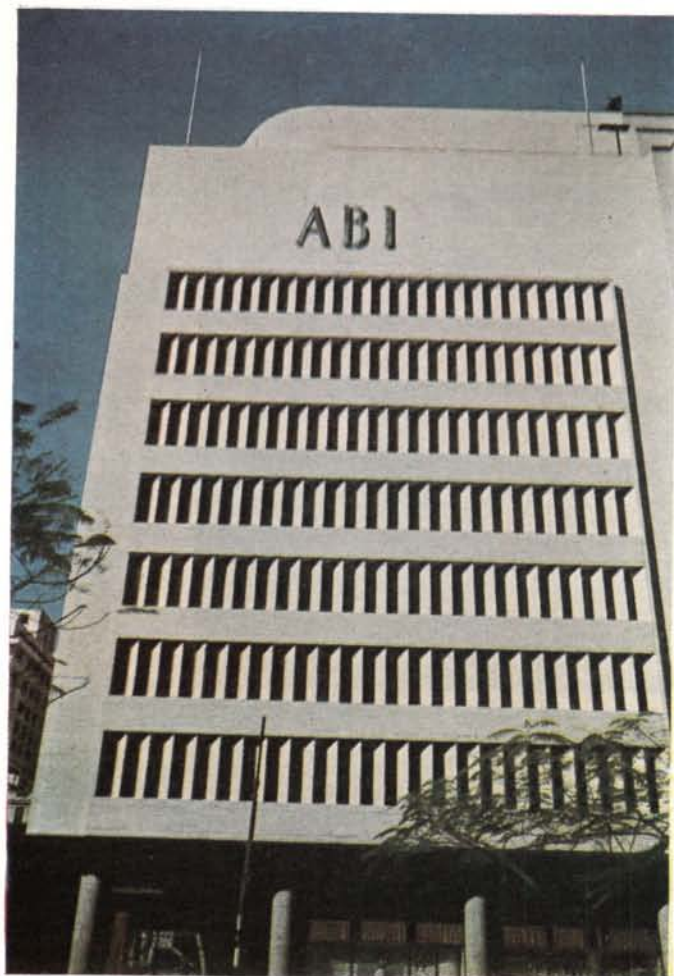


Photo Robert Smith

Architects: MARCELO AND MILTON ROBERTO
Brazilian Press Association Building (1940)
Rio de Janeiro

The façade of fixed concrete panels set vertically diminishes the sun's penetrating heat. Gardens and a pool are on the roof.

Architect: OLAVO REDIG DE CAMPOS
Moreira Salles House (c. 1952)
Gávea, Rio de Janeiro

Grouped around a patio, the main living areas of this house are emphasized by their texture and angular massing. The garden is by ROBERTO BURLE-MARX.

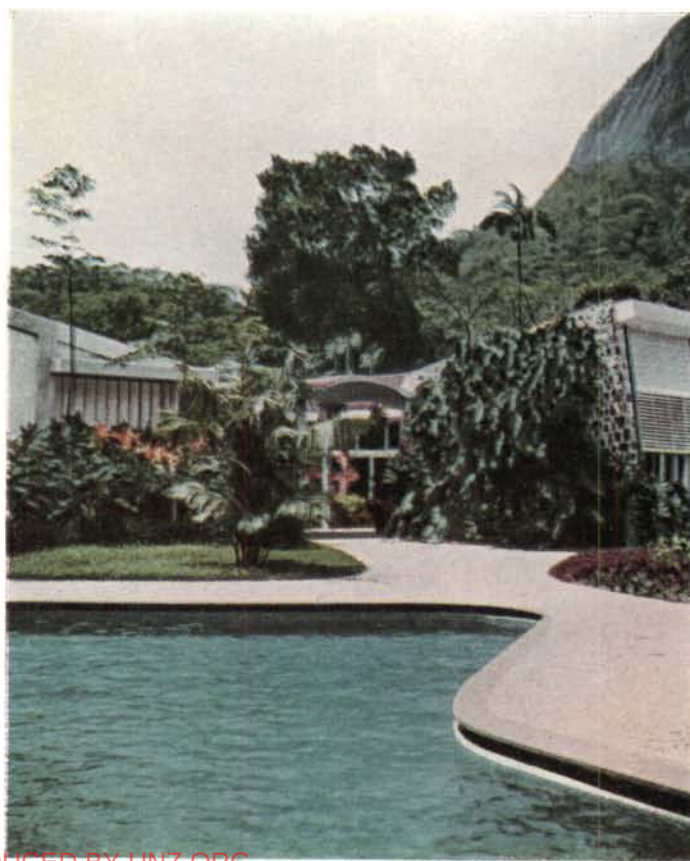


Photo Rollie McKenna



Photo Rollie McKenna

Architect: RINO LEVI
Olivo Gomes House (c. 1948)
São José dos Campos, São Paulo

Pillars raise the main living area above the ground, permitting a better view, easier ventilation, and full use of the garden. A spiral staircase connects the terrace with the pool below. The garden is by BURLE-MARX.



Photo Robert Smith

Architect: OSCAR NIEMEYER. Island Restaurant (1942). Pampulha, Minas Gerais.

The free form roof of reinforced concrete of this open gallery follows the shore line and connects the glass-enclosed restaurant with a small open-air stage. Landscaping by BURLE-MARX.

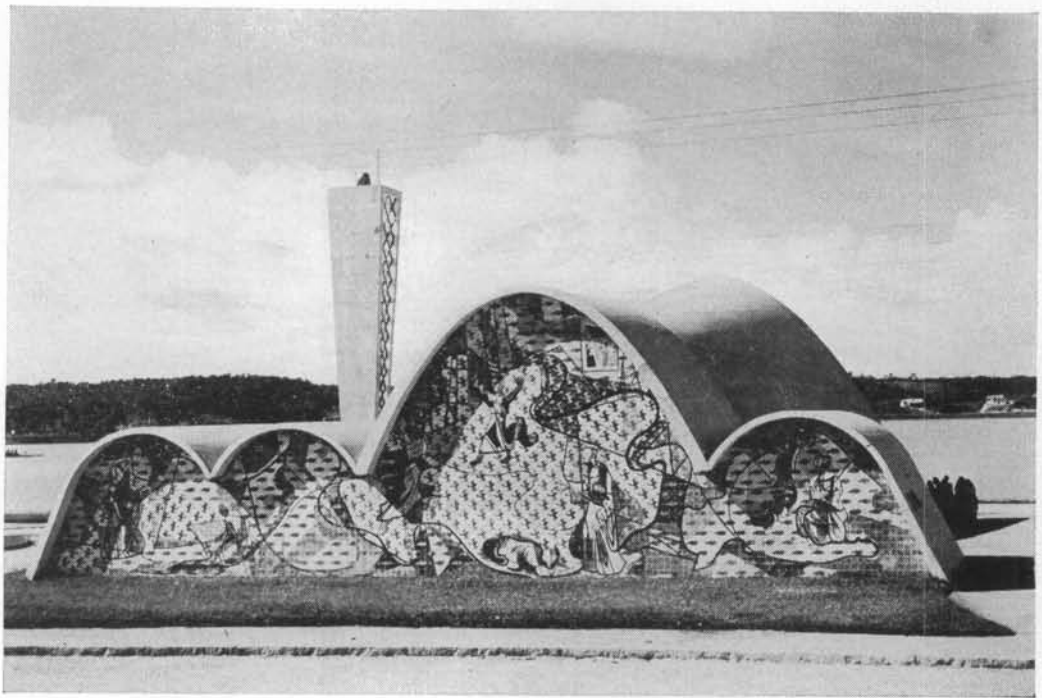


Photo Marcel Gautherot

Architect: OSCAR NIEMEYER. Church of St. Francis (1943). Pampulha, Minas Gerais

The paraboloid concrete shell vaults are closed by glass and a tile wall decorated by Cândido Portinari. Refused consecration, the church is now kept up by an historical society.

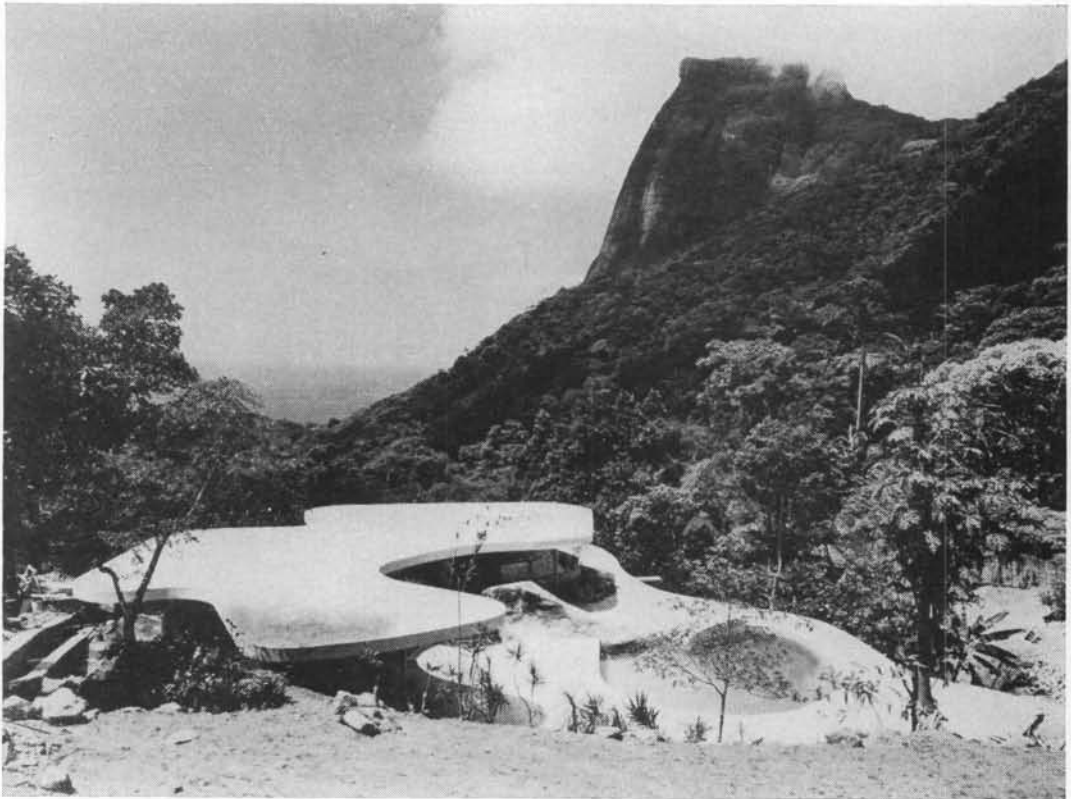


Photo Nicolau Dreier

Architect: OSCAR NIEMEYER (1953). Gávea, Rio de Janeiro

The roof of the architect's own house blends into the landscape of the Bay of Gávea. The main floor is a glass pavilion and on a lower floor the bedrooms are cut into the hillside.



Photo Eric Hess, Triangle

Architects: COSTA, NIEMEYER, REIDY, and others
Ministry of Education and Health (1942)
Rio de Janeiro

Raised above the ground on concrete pillars, the building is shielded from the tropical sun by *brise-soleil* first proposed by Le Corbusier in 1933. Garden by BURLE-MARX.



Photo Carlos

Architect: LÚCIO COSTA. Apartment House (1947–53)
Parque Guinle, Rio de Janeiro

The tile grills and vertical louvers protect the balconies from the sun and create a graceful pattern unusual for apartment buildings. Landscaping by BURLE-MARX.



Photo Rollie McKenna

Architect: AFONSO EDUARDO REIDY. Primary School and Housing Project (1948–50)
Pedregulho, Rio de Janeiro

The low-cost housing project in the background follows the contours of the hill, which are repeated in the vaulted roof of the gymnasium of the primary school in the foreground.



CÁNDIDO PORTINARI: *Morro* (1933) oil
The Museum of Modern Art, New York

TESTIMONY OF A CARIOCA ARCHITECT

Concrete, Sun, and Vegetation

by LÚCIO COSTA

1

WHEN one considers the present state of modern architecture the contribution of Brazil is unexpected and surprisingly important. Unexpected, because Brazil of all countries would seem to be one of the least predisposed to modern architecture, in the face of the proverbial inefficiency of its workmen, the absence of an apprenticeship system, the relative backwardness of industry, and the general dislike of "collective living." Our architecture is important because it has succeeded in adding plastic lyricism and concern for human emotions to the structures in which we live and work. On these additions depends the survival of architecture when its mere functionalism will have outlived its usefulness — survival not only as a didactic example of an outmoded technique of construction, or as testimony of an outdated civilization, but in the more profound and permanent sense of a work of art still valid because it will still be able to touch the heart.

Let me try to explain what the plastic lyricism and emotional content of architecture looks like. After the maximum requirements of good engineering and intelligent, socially enlightened planning have been fulfilled, there remain factors which only great imagination and sensitivity can supply. Their common denominator is beauty — beauty in the

materials of building and in the variety of inspiring new shapes in which they are used; the curves and planes which bring a building closer to nature, and nature itself invited to be a part of the plan. One may see gardens indoors and outdoors, on the ground floor and on roofs, and houses planned so that each room has the extension of a private garden. The use of decoration is a part of the integral whole — tiles, mosaics, and sculpture add color, design, and richer artistic enjoyment. It all can be summarized as a creative harmony between the buildings of man and the world in which he constructs them.

The conception and recognition of this plastic and emotional quality as a fundamental element in a work of architecture is at the present time the urgent task confronting both architects and the professional teachers of architecture.

How does one account for the surprising accomplishments of our Brazilian architects? How has such progress been possible in so short a time?

Two of the answers to this question are found in factors not necessarily peculiar to Brazil, namely our comparatively recent industrialization, and the abolition of slavery which occurred in 1888, later than in other parts of the world — later and without bloodshed. With the coming of the twentieth century the old type of building was no longer an efficient machine. Ways of fabrication, of construction, and of living were completely changed and, of course, new trends in taste and style accompanied these changes.

Furthermore, our structural engineering was about to enter a new phase characterized in part by a period of apprenticeship and improvement forced on us by a surge of speculative commercial building and also by the insistence of modern architects

LÚCIO COSTA is one of the originators of contemporary Brazilian architecture. He has added to its development and prestige not only in his notable constructions but also in his philosophical writings. Born in Toulon, France, in 1902, he attended English and Swiss schools. In 1923 he received the diploma of the *Escola Nacional de Belas Artes* (Rio) and was its Director in 1930–31. A specialist on Brazilian colonial architecture, he is a Director of the Research Division of the *Patrimônio Histórico e Artístico Nacional*.

intent on exploring the plastic possibilities of reinforced concrete. Owing to the great cost and scarcity of steel a substitute had to be found, and reinforced concrete turned out to be more than adequate. This happy marriage of necessity and imagination raised our reinforced-concrete technique to such a degree of virtuosity that it became almost an autonomous school of architecture which is now studied and used by engineers all over the world.

The daring pioneers of this new process were the architect Francisco Serrador and the engineer Emilio Baumgart. Their Teatro João Caetano and the A Noite Building marked the end of the experimental phase. We should also mention Joaquim Cardoso, poet, artist, engineer, and for the last twenty years the brilliant collaborator, first of Luis Nunes and now of Oscar Niemeyer and José Reis in some of our most distinguished contemporary buildings. Another engineer who has decisively influenced the architects is Carmen Portinho, all her life a link between the fine arts and the technical arts, and at present Director of the Department of Public Housing. Among her recent achievements is the municipal housing development at Pedregulho which accommodates nearly twenty-five hundred people. The contemporary movement in São Paulo asserted itself relatively early in the architecture of Gregori Warchavchik, whose own appealing, romantically modern house was built in 1928. In Rio de Janeiro, after the organization of the 1931 Salon, Warchavchik and his colleagues were able to sew the seeds for the modernization of the teaching of architecture.

2

LOOKING back over the earliest years, we remember the first real rebels in the School of Architecture, Atilio Masieri Alves, an enthusiast of the stage designs of Bakst and the acting of Chaplin, and the young student Jaime da Silva Teles, the first in Brazil to hail the new spirit in architecture championed in the early twenties by the French review *L'Esprit Nouveau*. The first building constructed on *pilotis* (columns raising the building mass above the ground) was designed in 1931 by Stelio Alves de Souza. The first *brise-soleil* (a system of exterior sunshades or louvers — sometimes movable — to offset the tropical glare while permitting free circulation of air) was the work of Alexandre Baldassini. Little by little, from 1931 to 1935, there came together a group of young professionals interested in the new techniques and forms of architecture. They were a purist battalion dedicated to the impassioned study of Gropius, Mies van der Rohe, and especially Le Corbusier.

The doctrines of Le Corbusier came to be considered almost the Holy Scripture of our architecture. Their socio-economic, technical, and artistic aspects were painstakingly analyzed by our architects. They welcomed the dogmatic discipline of

Le Corbusier's theories and conceived an ascetic passion for his high social principles.

These Brazilian architects ignored the *a priori* attitudes and strict protocol of official modernism. They were modern in spite of themselves. Their concern was to reconcile art with technique and to provide for mankind the life, healthy and comfortable, dignified and beautiful, which the Machine Age theoretically makes possible.

The definitive landmark of the new Brazilian architecture is the Ministry of Education and Health Building in Rio. From the day of its *vernissage*, so to speak, it has served both as a model of international importance and the first large-scale embodiment of Le Corbusier's style. An original sketch for this building, requested for another location, had been supplied by Le Corbusier. But the entire project from drafting table through actual construction was carried out without the least help from the French master. It was a completely spontaneous local achievement that justified the principles for which Le Corbusier had always fought. And one can actually observe, splendidly executed, many of the postulates of the Le Corbusier doctrine: the efficient use of the ground area thanks to the *pilotis* which allow an independent structure without a massive perimeter of walls; the transparent façades equipped where necessary with *brise-soleil* in such a way that they are not a part of the supporting walls but simply a source of light and a protective membrane permitting a better use of the interior area; the subdivisions of the interior space independent of the structure which allow greater freedom of arrangement; the elimination of protruding beams to insure the smooth continuity of ceilings; and the reclaiming of useful space by developing gardens on the roof slabs.

This building is beautiful — not only beautiful but symbolic, since its construction was only made possible by a brave disregard of municipal legislation, of customary architectural precepts, and even of the most elementary rules of normal procedure.

The integrated success of the undertaking, however, was assured by the participation of a man, now internationally known, who by the example and range of his own work has done so much to formulate this new direction taken by contemporary Brazilian architecture. Oscar Niemeyer, trained in Rio and with a thoroughly *Carioca* mentality, was the one who at the crucial moment saw the latent possibilities of the project and made them realities. His fame has since been increased by his distinguished buildings in Pampulha and his part in the design of the United Nations Building in New York. Gropius has called him "the bird of paradise." Like his great eighteenth-century predecessor, O Aleijadinho, the colonial sculptor, who worked under similar circumstances, Niemeyer furnished the key to an enigmatic architectural problem. But among his many colleagues, both veterans and

novices, certain ones also deserve special mention. They are Afonso Reidy, one of our most important housing specialists, who drew the designs for *Pedregulho*, the brothers Roberto, responsible for the ABI (Press) Building and the airport in Rio, Henrique Mindlin, creator of successful apartment buildings and private houses, and the imaginative landscape architect, Roberto Burle-Marx.

Rino Levi in São Paulo brought Italian training to Brazil, and from the moment that the Columbus Building was erected in 1932 showed himself to be one of the leaders of the modern school. João Vilanova Artigas and Olavo Redig de Campos are also exponents of the modern movement.

Burle-Marx is a unique figure. Born in São Paulo in 1909, of German and Brazilian parents, he studied in Rio and in Europe, especially in Germany. In 1934 he began to work as a landscape architect. Few painters have the botanical knowledge which he possesses, and few gardeners have the genius to use local plants in such a decorative fashion. Burle-Marx arranges his gardens as a painter would, with a remarkable command of space, materials, levels, and textures. His technique of massed color bed placement is most effective,

and indeed he brings new life to the art of gardening by introducing into his conception and choice of materials and design the principles of abstract plastic composition.

In spite of the international flavor which it shares with good architecture the world over, Brazilian architecture already has a feeling of its own. It is identified in the eyes of foreigners as a manifestation of local character, not only because it revives many ideas peculiar to our tradition, such as our version of the baroque, but fundamentally because it expresses our national personality in our own materials and techniques as determined by individuals of native artistic temperament. It adapts itself, moreover, to the development of our cultural and physical ambience because it is consciously conceived with this end in mind.

We are not arbitrarily seeking originality for its own sake, nor are we concerned simply with audacious solutions to our architectural problems — this would be a negation of art. Our intention is to examine the possibilities inherent in the new techniques as dedicated creative artists bent on charting the still unexplored world of form.

Translated by Elisabeth Sprague Smith

TWO POEMS

by Manuel Bandeira

THE CACTUS

That cactus recalled the despairing gestures
of marble:

Laocoön strangled by the serpents,
Ugolino and his famished sons.

It called to mind also the dry northeast, the
parched wilderness, the bush.

It was enormous, even for this land so mon-
strously fertile.

One day an angry gust uprooted it.

The cactus fell across the street,

Demolished the eaves of the houses across the
way,

Obstructed the passage of streetcars, automo-
biles, wagons;

Tore down the electric wires, and during
twenty-four hours deprived the city of light
and power:

It was beautiful, harsh, intractable.

MOZART IN HEAVEN

*On the 5th of December 1791 Wolfgang
Amadeus Mozart entered heaven as a circus
performer, turning marvelous pirouettes on
a dazzling white horse.*

The small astonished angels said: Who can that
be? Who in the world can that be?

As never-before-heard melodies began to soar
Line after line above the staff.

For a moment the ineffable contemplation
paused.

The Virgin kissed him on the forehead

And from then on Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
was the youngest of the angels.

Translated by Dudley Poore

RECOLLECTIONS OF A RIGHT ARM

A Story

by RUBEM BRAGA



BY NOW I have heard the story so many times that it has become trite: "Yesterday, when we arrived at São Paulo, the weather was so bad that we couldn't land. We spent over an hour circling in the fog because of the low ceiling."

But I have made many landings in the past, perilous landings where there were rocks and ditches to menace a pilot already in difficulties, but landings, nevertheless. I got into the plane indifferently, and as the day was not a pleasant one, I shot only a casual glance at the city of Rio de Janeiro and immersed myself in reading whatever newspaper came to hand. Afterwards, I looked out of the window to see only ugly, menacing clouds. Actually, I had no sense of being aloft; I was thinking only of earthbound things, my own insignificant affairs. I fell into a bored somnolence until a nervous woman beside me said suddenly: "We can't land." The plane was already circling in a dense fog. I tried to calm the lady.

She was so worried that, although it was chilly, she started fanning herself with a magazine. I tried to convince her that she ought not to fan herself, but I soon ceased, realizing that it was better that she continue. She needed to do something, and apparently the only means she could employ at that fearful moment was to fan herself. I offered her my folded newspaper in place of the magazine, and she thanked me gratefully, as though she believed that by producing more breeze

she could engage more effectively in her struggle with imminent death.

I spent nearly half an hour with the troubles of that lady. Noting that a friend of hers was sitting nearby, I offered to change places and her companion accepted. But I waited in vain for my lady to move her legs so that I could leave my seat next to the window; she finally confessed that it was better as we were, that she preferred to have a man — "a gentleman" — at her side. This flattered my chivalrous pride: I felt useful and responsible. Because a Braga, a man of character, was there, that airplane wouldn't dare to fall. There were, of course, a pilot, a copilot, and several other men in the plane. But I was the man beside her, the flesh-and-blood man that she could touch. And it was in this man that she was placing her trust: in this person in the heavy wool suit, with the necktie, the mustache, the arm she ended by grasping. It wasn't really my arm she was holding on to, but the arm of a man, any man, a person with mysterious attributes of strength and protection.

I called the stewardess, who tried to calm the lady with crackers, coffee, chewing gum, words of comfort, pats on the shoulder, cotton for the ears, and a smooth, firm voice that at times contained a slight tone of reproach and at others was interspersed with that set facial reassurance that is undoubtedly part of the Civil Aeronautics Code, the so-called "ceiling zero smile."

But a stewardess isn't very convincing, and she's only an employee. The lady evidently considered her a sort of accomplice of the management and at bottom the party responsible for this dangerous fog. The young girl was doubtless hiding the truth and uttering hypocritical words so that she would allow herself to be killed without a struggle.

RUBEM BRAGA, born in 1913, is one of Brazil's best-known writers of sketches for newspapers and magazines, many of which have appeared in book form. During the war he was with the Brazilian expeditionary force in Italy, and sent back many human-interest stories. He is now head of the Brazilian Trade Bureau in Santiago, Chile.

Apparently I was the only trustworthy person and the lady, who at the airport had had a rather disdainful manner, glared at the stewardess and attached herself to me. I brought myself to put my right hand upon hers, which was grasping my arm. This gesture of affectionate protection had an immediate effect; she gave a profound sigh of relief, closed her eyes, inclined her head slightly toward me, and remained immovable, calm. It was clear that my hand was protecting her against everybody and everything; she remained as though asleep.

The plane continued to circle monotonously in the heavy fog. Whenever it gave a particularly deep roll, I reassured the lady further by closing my hand lightly over hers. This seemed to help a lot.

I looked sadly out the window again, where I could see the right wing, slightly elevated, in the midst of the fog. As the lady gave me no more trouble, I recommenced thinking about myself, sad, weak subject though I might have been.

We had been over São Paulo a long time. Perhaps it was raining below; at any rate the great city, invisible though so near, was going about its business quite indifferent to the ridiculous group of men and women imprisoned up there in an airplane.

I thought about São Paulo and about the twenty-year-old boy who had arrived there one night with thirty *milreis* in his pocket and had gone strolling across the old Tea Viaduct without knowing a soul in the strange city. The old viaduct no longer exists, and the boy, shy and poetic, is now a sad man looking at the fog and thinking of death.

Other recollections came to me, and I remembered hearing that at the moment of death a person envisions most of the events of his past, sweet or bitter as they might have been. But the monotonous sight of that wing in the middle of the fog made me torpid, and I didn't think of anything any more. It was as though the world outside of that fog bank had ceased to exist, and because of that I became indifferent to death. Perhaps it would amount to nothing more than a heavy shock and then all would be finished. Death ought to be like that: an immense, colorless, formless fog — for eternity.

I felt pleasure in the thought that now there wouldn't be anything further, that it would no longer be necessary to regret, to scramble for a living, to worry; that all things and persons who had power over me and directed my pleasures and pains had ceased to be, had dissolved in that world of fog.

The lady suddenly gave a start and began to ask anxious questions. The plane was descending more and more, and still it was impossible to make out a single thing. The motor seemed to have taken on a different sound; it could have been the rattle that precedes the last agonies of death. The lady extended her right arm to grasp the back of the seat ahead, and suddenly I realized that for all her thin, rather hard face, she had a beautiful arm, symmetrical and well-muscled.

I continued to look at it carefully from the strong, smooth shoulder to the long-fingered hands, and there came over me an extraordinary longing for the earth, for human beauty, for the long and inescapable foolishness of love. No longer did I want to die, and the idea of death suddenly seemed to me so wrong, so ugly, so absurd that I was startled. Death was a dark, gray thing, without the warmth, grace, or soft strength of an arm or a leg, without the smooth radiance of a woman's body.

Hands, hair, torso, muscles, breasts: that miracle of smooth, warm, sensitive things made to be loved. All the pleasure of life struck me, so deep a desire to live, so ardent a yearning, that I tensed my muscles, stretched out my legs, felt a pleasant warmth in my gaze. I shouldn't die! My momentary torpor suddenly seemed a vile, sick, vicious thing, and I raised my head and looked about as if I had finally decided to take some decisive step.

My gesture seemed to disturb the lady. But looking once more through the window, I made out houses, a square patch of green and another of red earth through the irritating veil of mist. It was a quick glimpse, soon lost in the dense fog, but it gave me a deep certainty of being saved. Because the earth *existed*, it wasn't a distant dream; the world wasn't only fog, and there really were houses, trees, persons, ground — the good, solid, immovable ground — where one could lie down, where one could sleep securely and quietly, where a man could press close to a woman's body and love her powerfully, with all his passion and all his senses, with the approval of the world.

In the airport, waiting for my baggage, I saw my seat companion nearby. She was with a man wearing glasses who, with baggage check in hand, was attending to the claiming of her suitcase. She said something to him, and he approached me with an expression that was intended to be cordial. He explained that he had been waiting a long time; that he could imagine how much trouble his wife, always very nervous, had given me.

"Why, not at all, sir."

He bade me good-by as though, with the thanks circumstance had forced him to express, he had complied with an unpleasant formality due a stranger — a stranger who ought to remain a stranger.

A stranger I felt in front of that man with the half-disagreeable face. I vaguely felt that in some way I had betrayed him and that he sensed this.

While he was leaving me, the lady gave me a tiny smile. I have a romantic tendency to imagine things, and I fancied that she was careful to smile at me when the man couldn't notice it — an extra-marital smile, vaguely conspiratorial. Certainly I shall never see her again, nor do I wish to. But, for an instant, her lovely right arm was for me the talisman of life itself, and I shan't soon forget it.

Translated by Rod Horton

MODERN WRITING IN BRAZIL

The Growth of a National Literature

by ANTÔNIO CÂNDIDO DE MELO E SOUZA

1

WHEN you walk down the Avenida Presidente Wilson in Rio de Janeiro, you pass by a small, graceful building which we call the Petit Trianon. Brazilians are proud of the edifice because it is the home of the Academy of Letters; it signifies an accomplishment of the mind and spirit which, in our distracting tropical land, we cannot lightly disregard. And on the façade of the building, there is a statue of a seated man whose head is turned in such a way that the face is in shadow. It is Machado de Assis. All Brazilians, even the young writers who rebel most passionately against "academic" traditions, know this figure with the shadowy, unprepossessing face, know him and revere him. For he was the greatest of all Brazilian writers, one of the subtlest writers of modern times, and sixty years ago he founded our Academy.

Yet foreigners who walk by the Petit Trianon, if they notice the statue at all or take the trouble to inquire about it, seldom recognize the name of the man who is so famous in Brazil, and this is something which puzzles Brazilians and sometimes annoys them. Only recently — half a century too late — have three novels of Machado de Assis, *Dom Casmurro*, *Epitaph of a Small Winner*, and *Philosopher or Dog?*, been translated into English and published in the United States, where they have enjoyed a *succès d'estime*. Critics and scholars believe that if they had been known fifty years ago,

they might have had an important bearing on the development of modern European and North American literature. Now, when the direction of modern writing has already been determined by James and Dostoevski, by Kafka and Proust and Pirandello, the influence of Machado de Assis cannot be felt, though of course his books are still very much worth reading for their own sake. But why was there this long period of neglect? Why, for that matter, are the writers of present-day Brazil relatively little known throughout the rest of the world?

Machado de Assis (born 1839) died in 1908 and modern writing (I use the term in the same sense that one does when one speaks of modern painting or modern music) began in Brazil some time later. First to move to new grounds was Monteiro Lobato (1883–1948) a coffee planter in the interior of the State of São Paulo, who became so incensed at his neighbors and alarmed by their habit of setting dangerously large fires to burn off the underbrush on their plantations that he wrote a letter to the editor of the newspaper in the state capital. The letter was so well expressed that it was published on the front page, and Lobato decided to take up a literary career. In 1918, he published a collection of sketches entitled *Urupês*, which was the first Brazilian book written in a distinctly modern manner. Not that it was radical in matters of form and style; but Lobato wrote about the country people of Brazil, the *caboclos* of the backlands, as if they were real people, not simply stock figures. He took them seriously, and his sketches opened up a whole new area for Brazilian writers, in much the same way that the writings of Edgar Lee Masters or Sherwood Anderson were a liberating force in the literature of the United States. Until his death, Lobato continued his somewhat stormy career as

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a writer, never failing to delight Brazilians with his stories and his epigrammatic criticism.

But it is probably more accurate to say that the beginning of *modernismo* in Brazil was the *Semana de Arte Moderna*, or Modern Art Week, which was held in the Municipal Theater of São Paulo in 1922. It was a clamorous, high-spirited affair, where the general Brazilian public had its first opportunity to become acquainted with Dadaism, cubism, futurism, imagism, vorticism, and what-have-you — the whole modernist ferment of *blague* and rebellion which burst on the world of European art during the first two decades of the century.

It is interesting that some of the aesthetic patterns of the Europeans were better suited to our own literary needs than to their own, and were able to flourish here with more freedom and fertility. Primitivism, for example, as illustrated by Picasso's concern with Negro art, or by the free association of the Dadaists, was much less artificial here than in the more civilized countries of the Old World. The heritage of the primitive Africans and Indians who gave so much racially and spiritually to Brazil is naturally more alive and meaningful to us than to Europeans. The same is true of the daring experiments in free verse, automatic writing, aesthetic distortion, the taste for the prosaic, and representation for its own sake, all of which corresponded to deep undercurrents in popular art that were seeking tentatively to come to the surface.

Oswald de Andrade (1890–1954) was the tireless and irreverent champion of modern writing in Brazil, the perpetual *enfant terrible*. Of all the avant-garde reviews which sprang up in the twenties, his *Revista de Antropofagia*, proclaiming the truth of anthropophagy (i.e. cannibalism), is perhaps the best remembered. A highly gifted writer, he laid the foundation for much of the Brazilian poetry that has been written during the past thirty years; his experiments in verse ranged from sallies into primitivism to subtle and learned applications of symbolist techniques. In his prose fiction, he developed a synthetic and allusive style in which he wrote two little masterpieces of social satire, *Memórias Sentimentais de João Miramar* (1924) and *Serafim Ponte Grande* (1933). And before his death, he was engaged in writing *Marco Zero*, a historical novel sequence that revived some aspects of Lobato's earlier venture into the realistic treatment of backland themes.

2

Two other writers who were associated with the beginnings of *modernismo*, Mário de Andrade (1893–1945) and Manuel Bandeira (born 1886), had an even greater influence.

Judged by the scope of his work, the variety of his interests, and the creativeness of his mind, Mário de Andrade was perhaps the outstanding

figure of the movement. He was the leader of the São Paulo Futurists, publishing his first book, *Paulicéia Desvairada* (Hallucinated City), shortly after the *Semana de Arte Moderna*. In it, he attacked bourgeois culture with unrelenting fury, and he continued throughout his life to insist on absolute purity in the aims and methods of literature. Many people feel that his *Macunaíma* (1927) is the most significant literary achievement of modern Brazil.

Manuel Bandeira is the outstanding poet of the *modernista* movement. Born in Pernambuco, he later moved to Rio and today he is the permanent secretary of the Brazilian Academy. His experiments in verse form and meter are studied by all our young poets and equally important have been those works in which Bandeira adapted the older Portuguese lyric traditions to contemporary needs. As an editor and anthologist, to say nothing of his distinguished criticism, he has done a great deal to animate and direct the course of poetry in Brazil.

So far, I have said nothing to distinguish the modern movement in Brazilian literature from the same phenomenon in the other nations of America, and it is quite true that during the twenties the writers of Brazil were doing the same things as the writers of the United States or Mexico. That is to say, they were oriented toward Paris; they were busy absorbing and adapting the great European experiment in the arts. Hence, their works were often obviously imitative, and in spite of their polemic ardor, their theories and programs were frequently without roots. But by 1930 a more searching spirit of self-criticism and nativism became apparent. In the first place, a new literary generation appeared, young writers who had come of age, so to speak, after the advent of *modernismo*; they could afford to criticize the radical oldsters. In the second place, literary activity took on new life in the vast Northeast, the region of great plantations, where the ravages of the droughts and the depressed world markets were particularly disastrous. In the third place, there are real differences between Brazil and other nations, and these young writers of the Northeast set out to discover the differences and exploit them, to create in other words a truly native literature without abandoning the technical and formal advances that had been made during the period of experimentation.

What are the marks which distinguish Brazil from other countries? For one thing, Brazil is the only tropical land in the world which has produced a significant literature in the modern period. But more important, Brazil is the only nation with a European cultural background which has assimilated, not only Negro and Indian cultures, but the Negroes and Indians themselves, at all levels of society.

The place of the *mestiço*, the person of mixed racial descent, in the evolving social scheme has

been debated by Brazilians since the sixteenth century, and again in the thirties it became, along with the political and economic problems of those troubled years, a primary theme for the young novelists of the Northeast. Did these writers produce what critics in the United States often call "proletarian" novels? No, at least not in the narrowly ideological sense. Brazilian writers are as politically minded as writers anywhere else, but they have always been too personal, too introspective, and perhaps too melancholy to create a genuinely propagandistic literature.

Let me mention three writers who deserve special attention: Jorge Amado (born 1912), José Lins do Rego (born 1901), and Graciliano Ramos (1892-1953). Though they are different, they share a deep concern to create a modern indigenous literature. A few of their books have even managed to break the barrier of silence which foreign readers and critics have imposed on Brazil. Perhaps more than any other writers, these three have captured the qualities of Brazilian life which foreigners can grasp and understand, though they wrote solely to interpret Brazil to Brazilians. Among them, they produced half a dozen novels which are modern classics.

The first, Jorge Amado, is undisciplined and uneven, guided mainly by intuition, concerned almost always with political or otherwise controversial subjects, and gifted with a poetic sense which greatly enhances his best books, *Jubiabá* (1935) and *Terras do Sem Fim* (The Violent Land, 1943). José Lins do Rego is the chronicler of the decadence suffered by the old plantation families. He has a rare capacity for the dramatic and one of the most powerful styles in the language. *Menino do Engenho* (Boy of the Sugar Mill, 1932) and *Banguê* (1934) are his outstanding books. The books of Graciliano Ramos are of quite another kind. In them the outside world and the development of a plot are, at very most, of secondary importance. Ramos, a classicist in style, was scarcely affected by "modernism" and remains the master of psychological analysis and the most universal novelist of the group. *São Bernardo* (1934) and *Angústia* (Anguish, 1941; published in English in 1946) are typical of his finest work.

Among the many names which ought to be mentioned, one virtually demands attention: Gilberto Freyre (born 1900). Historian, sociologist, literary critic, he has brought to his many books and essays the sensibility of a poet and the learning of a scholar. Even his earliest works are still highly respected in Brazil, and each new publication in his continuing interpretation of Brazilian life is an important event for serious readers. Two of his books have a special interest for North Americans: *Casa Grande e Senzala*, translated into English as *The Masters and the Slaves* (1946), and *Brazil: An Interpretation* (1945), which Senhor Freyre wrote directly in

English and which contains a particularly useful chapter entitled "The Modern Literature of Brazil: Its Relation to Brazilian Social Problems."

One of Brazil's most successful and popular writers is Érico Veríssimo, born in 1905 in the *gaúcho* state of Rio Grande do Sul. His widely read novels are concerned with everyday people and their problems and a clue to his technique is perhaps found in the fact that he has translated James Hilton, John Steinbeck, and Aldous Huxley. Veríssimo has written two books giving his impressions of the United States, the first having the engaging title *Black Cat in a Field of Snow*, and four of his novels, *Crossroads*, *The Rest Is Silence*, *Consider the Lilies of the Field*, and *Time and the Wind*, are available in English.

3

IN THE decade after 1940, there was an appreciable change of direction — a reaction against the novel of social significance and a search for new poetic forms. *Modernismo* was treated with open distrust by many young writers. As a result of this shift in attitude, the belligerence of the twenties and thirties died away, and instead there emerged a climate of literary opinion which was more receptive to varied interpretations and even to marginal or openly hostile writers. The success of such traditional novels as *O Amanuense Belmiro* (Belmiro the Amanuensis) by Ciro dos Anjos and *Perto do Coração Selvagem* (Near the Untamed Heart) by Clarice Lispector illustrates the point.

On the other hand, counteracting the social tendencies of the writers of the Northeast and of a Southern novelist like Veríssimo, there is a spiritual tendency which is becoming stronger and stronger. Such writers as Lúcio Cardoso and Otávio de Faria concern themselves with the problems of the inner life, even when they are stated in a social context.

On poetry, the influence of "modernism" has lasted more strongly as a form, a spirit, and even as a stimulus to rebellion. Besides coloring the work of our beloved academician Manuel Bandeira, it manifests itself in Carlos Drummond de Andrade (born 1902) who knows how to distill from the collective consciousness the purest substance of personal poetic expression, and who has succeeded, where his predecessors failed, in bringing humor to pathos. He is perhaps the writer in all of contemporary Brazilian literature who most appropriately personifies the word *anxiety*, in its most profound sense. His verse has been collected in *O Fazendeiro do Ar* (The Air Farmer) and *Poesia até Agora* (Poetry until Today). Murilo Mendes (born 1901) uses his heritage from the modernist movement quite differently. He has widened the boundaries of poetry and writes his tumultuous experience of discovery and revelation, forcing the

words into new meanings and combinations according to his laws of inspiration.

Author of *Poesia em Pânico* (Poetry in Panic, 1938) and *O Visionário* (The Visionary, 1941), Augusto Frederico Schmidt (born 1906), a businessman-poet, exalts in broad rhythms the faith and direct emotional revelation inherent in the spirit and themes of the romantic Brazilian tradition.

The magic of the poetry of Cecília Meireles (born 1901) springs partly from her fresh use of simple words and images and partly from the clear, cool, and often profound quality of her imagination. She is but another of the gifted women poets found in Latin America. And in passing, it might be recalled that Gabriela Mistral, the great Chilean poet and Nobel Prize winner, lived in Petrópolis (near Rio de Janeiro) from 1938 to 1946 and her influence on our literary life was not inconsiderable. Jorge de Lima (1895–1952) is the most versatile poet of all. Having started within the academic school and progressed through the regional phase, he then developed among us a religious poetry movement and finally produced works of abundant inspiration in which the imagination creates symbols for his poetic anguish. Among them are *A Túnica Inconsútil* (The Tunic without Hems, 1938) and *Invenção de Orfeu* (The Invention of Orpheus, 1952). With Vinícius de Moraes (born 1913) we come to the youngest of the post-modernists. He reveals the marked influence of those who came before him, but he has achieved an extremely personal poetic style vibrating with emotion and rare virtuosity. Two of his best-known collections are *Cinco Elegias* (1943) and *Poemas, Sonetos e Baladas* (1946).

Many young poets, with an attitude of combative negation, have repudiated the accomplishments of their predecessors; they are oriented by a kind of aesthetic intellectualism, through which they seek a poetry of the universal, eternal, and general, instead of the local, ordinary, and personal which was emphasized so strongly by the previous generation. The name of João Cabral de Melo Neto, who was born in 1920, will stand for the many in this younger generation. Better than most, he has combined the mode of technical experiment with an authentic expression of feeling.

A word should be said here on the *conto* or short story, for in this genre, our writers, like those of Spanish-speaking America, have given an immediate and telling picture of the national character and customs. Machado de Assis was a master of the form and we have had a number of gifted exponents such as the astonishingly fertile Coelho Neto (1864–1934), chronicler of our *vie de bohème*, and the aristocratic regionalist of Minas Gerais, Afonso Arinos de Melo Franco (1868–1916). In our day the diplomat-writer Ribeiro Couto (born 1898), with his tragicomic pictures of daily life, and the Northeastern illustrator Luis Jardim (born

1901), possessor of a dry pungent prose style, deserve mention. Perhaps the most talented of the generation, however, was Antônio de Alcântara Machado (1901–35), a keen student of human nature with a delicious sense of humor and a feeling for *le mot juste*. Deeply moved by the *Semana de Arte Moderna*, he was able to describe Brazilians and particularly *Paulistas* in such a way that their local qualities acquire universal symbolism. His death at the age of thirty-four deprived Brazil of its most promising fiction writer.

Again we cannot neglect the columnists and creators of sketches: for instance, Genolino Amado, who writes charmingly on practically every subject one can think of; Osório Borba, well-known for "The Literary Comedy"; and Marquês Rebelo, the chronicler of Rio de Janeiro, whose dialogue is so realistic that one can practically see his characters. Another, Rubem Braga (born 1913), who can be compared to certain contributors to *The New Yorker*, has a particular affection for the man in the street and a gentle sense of irony which delights Brazilian intellectuals.

Literary criticism has also developed in our day. Alceu Amoroso Lima (born 1893), who sometimes signs himself Tristão de Ataíde, is a neo-Thomist of broad background and carefully considered aesthetic principles expressed in limpid, harmonious prose. A recent book on the United States (*A Realidade Americana*) is worthy to be placed on the shelf of that long series of studies by foreigners, the most famous of which is by Alexis de Tocqueville. Álvaro Lins, erudite and high-minded; Sérgio Milliet, Director of the Municipal Library in São Paulo, sometimes called "the Brazilian Gide"; Lúcia Miguel Pereira, author of penetrating literary studies; and Andrade Muricy, music critic and editor of an indispensable anthology, *The New Brazilian Literature*, indicate the wide variety of the field.

4

IT WOULD be both difficult and pretentious to try to evaluate the nation's literature at this moment. One thing is clear, though, and that is that *modernismo* remains the essential core, determining the quality and quantity of output and defining the role of the writer in society. The Brazilian people continue to demand a poetic expression for their native life, and writers continue to refine the craftsman's techniques. So long as the two do not become incompatible, the way is open for a free and constructive development of modern literature and even for the rise of greatness.

But there is a more immediate and practical reason for optimism over the future of Brazilian literature, and that is the state of the book market. With the improvement of communications and the slow reduction of illiteracy, the book market has

grown steadily, until today writing is a real profession. Foreign readers probably do not realize the extent to which the pursuit of literature in the past was bound up with other professions, which unfortunately were the criteria of social recognition. Formerly, one was a professor *and* writer, a doctor *and* writer, a lawyer *and* writer. But today writers can at last feel that they have a genuine role in the life of the nation as writers.

This growth toward the autonomy of literature may be partly responsible for the perplexity of some of the younger writers who, although their attitude is strong and affirmative, have shown a definite bewilderment at finding themselves for the first time in control of their own destinies. The independence which the relatively prosperous book market has given them is not always easy to accept. Hence the profusion of reviews, programs, and manifestoes which have sprung up lately, most of them centered upon the argument between the exponents of aestheticism and those who advocate a social literature. But it is safe to predict that these forces will find an equilibrium, just as those which divided the older generations did.

The tropical splendors of Brazil are picturesque and often magnificent, yet it would be a shame if these were the only qualities of our national life to awaken interest beyond our borders. Brazilian writers believe that there are deeper currents in our culture which can offer something more posi-

tive to the intelligent and sensitive international public. A strong sense of experience and a generous inspiration are the marks of Brazilian writing. Of course, the picturesque is often a barrier to international understanding; it gets in the way of more important things. Thus Europeans are more curious about the "Deep South" of the United States than about the real problems of life today in Vermont or Ohio or Oklahoma, just as Americans are curious about Sicily or the Russian Steppes. And so it may take time before the Brazilian *sertão*, the customs of our cities, the qualities peculiar to our people, and the way in which the drama of our soul is lived out, are understood abroad, even if we find Faulkners, Vergas, and Sholokhovs to interpret them.

Our language is another barrier, of course, as can be seen from the unfortunate case of Machado de Assis. But it is not such an impassable barrier as people sometimes think. Portuguese, after all, is no more difficult or obscure than Russian, yet the great works of Russian literature have been known everywhere for many decades. If the translators will turn to Brazilian literature, past and present, they will find a rich and significant source. And this is what the young writers who browse through José Olympio's bookshop in Rio or gather in the cafés of São Paulo, reading and discussing the new reviews from Paris and New York, hope will happen.

Translated by Margery Elio

THE POEM

by João Cabral de Melo Neto

Ink and pencil
Write all the verses
Of the world.

What monsters exist
Swimming in the black
And fecund well?

What others glide
Freeing the carbon
From their bones?

How can the live being
Which is a poem,
An organism

With blood and breath,
Be born
From dead seed?

The paper
Is not always as white
As the first morning.

It is often
The sad and impoverished paper
For wrapping parcels.

Other times it is
Of the airmail letter,
Light as cloud.

But it is from paper,
The white aseptic,
That the poem explodes.

How can a live being
Be born
From a mineral soil?

Translated by Charles Edward Eaton

YEMANJÁ, MISTRESS OF THE SEA

A Story

by JORGE AMADO

1

NIGHT HAD closed in early. No one was expecting it, when it fell, heavy with clouds, upon the city. The lights on the wharf were still dark, and in the Lighthouse of the Stars, there was as yet no glow of little lamps brightening the glasses of rum. And many boats were still furrowing the waters of the sea when the wind brought the black-clouded night.

The men looked at one another in wonder. They gazed out over the blue ocean, as if asking where that night came from, unexpectedly, so much before its time. Yet it did come, heavy with clouds, preceded by the cold wind of dusk, like a fearful miracle darkening the sun.

Night arrived that evening with no music to greet it. The clear voice of the vesper bells did not echo through the city. On the wharf, no Negro had appeared with his guitar. No accordion greeted night from the prow of a boat. Not even the monotonous baticum of the *candomblés* and the *macumbas* had rolled down from the hills. Why, then, did night arrive, without waiting for its customary musical welcome, or the summons of the bells, or the cadence of guitars and accordions, or the mysterious playing of religious instruments? Why did it come thus, before its hour, outside its time?

That night was strange and anguished. The men were uneasy and the sailor drinking alone in the

Lighthouse of the Stars ran toward his boat as if to save it from irretrievable disaster. And the woman on the tiny market wharf, waiting for the boat of her loved one, began to tremble, not with the icy wind or the frozen rain, but with a chill that came from her anxious heart, filled with the evil omen of the sudden night. The night that had arrived, heavy with clouds, brought by the wind, was the squall that sank ships and tossed men into the air. The storm was the false night.

The rain beat down furiously, washed the wharf clean, pounded the sand, lashed the ships lying off-shore, stirred up the depths, and drove away all those who were waiting for the liner to dock.

Like an extravagant monster, a crane moved through the wind and the rain, loaded with bales. The waters beat like pitiless lashes upon the Negroes around the hold. The wind rushed swiftly, whistling, knocking things down, terrifying the women. The black shadow of the rain blinded the men. Only the black cranes were moving. A boat listed heavily and two men fell into the sea. One of them was young and strong. Perhaps he murmured a name in that last moment. It was surely not an oath, because it sounded gently through the storm.

The wind tore the sail from the boat and dragged it to the wharf like a tragic omen. The belly of the waters swelled, the waves dashed against the dike. The dories moved jerkily by the lumber wharf and the boatmen decided not to return that night to the little villages of the Recôncavo. The sail of the foundered sloop blew against the breakwater, and the lights went out abruptly on all the boats. The women began to chant the prayer for the dead and the eyes of the men searched the sea.

Opposite his glass of rum, Rufino no longer smiled. In that storm Esmeralda would not come.

JORGE AMADO, born in 1912 in the cacao region of Bahia, has drawn on the life of the poor people of the North for the background of several of his violent, tropical novels. He has also written a guide to the city of Bahia, a biography of Castro Alves, its great nineteenth-century abolitionist poet, and a life of the Communist leader Luis Carlos Prestes. His *Terras do Sem Fim* has been published in English as *The Violent Land*.

The lights came on. But they were weak and flickering. The men who were waiting for the liner could distinguish nothing. They had entered the sheds and they could scarcely make out the shape of the crane and that of the loaders who slouched through the rain. But they could not see the hoped-for ship aboard which were friends, parents, brothers and sisters, lovers, perhaps. Nor the man who was weeping down there in third class. On the face of the man who was crossing the paths of the sea, in the third class of a ship that docked at twenty different ports, the rain mingled with the tears, and the memory of the lampposts of his village merged with the foggy lights of the stormy city.

Captain Manuel, the sailor who knew most about those waters, decided not to go out with his boat that night. Love is a pleasant thing on stormy nights, and the flesh of Maria Clara smells of the sea.

The lights of the old fort were dark. Also the lanterns on the boats. And then, of a sudden, the city too was dark. Even the cranes stopped, and the stevedores took refuge in the sheds.

Guma, seeing that darkness from his boat, the *Valiant*, grew fearful. His hand grasped the rudder and the boat veered to one side.

The wharf was deserted.

Only Livia, thin, with drenched hair that clung to her face, stayed facing the boat dock, looking at the angry waves. She heard the amorous cries of Maria Clara. But her thoughts and her eyes were on the sea. The wind shook her like a reed and the rain lashed her face, her legs, and her hands. But she stood still, her body thrust forward, peering into the darkness, hoping to discover the red lantern of the *Valiant* crossing through the storm, lighting up the starless night, announcing the arrival of Guma.

2

ABRUPTLY, and as rapidly as it came, the storm went off to other waters, sinking other ships.

The cries of Maria Clara were no longer sharp cries of pleasure and of pain, cries of a wounded animal, piercing the storm with an air of challenge. Now that through the city, through the wharf, through the sea, true night was spreading, the night of love and music, the night of stars and moonlight, love on the boat of Captain Manuel was sweet and tranquil. Maria Clara uttered sobs of stifled joy, almost a song. Livia turned her gaze for a moment from the tranquil sea and heard her. Soon Guma would come; the *Valiant* would cross the bay and she would hold him in her dark arms, and they too would be making love.

Now the storm had ended and she was no longer afraid. Before long the glimmer of the boat's red lantern would shine faintly on the dark sea.

Little waves slapped against the stones of the dike and the boats rocked gently. In the distance, the

lights shone on the wet pavements of the city. Groups of men, no longer in a hurry or afraid, moved toward the great elevator.

A boat passes and its captain says good evening to Livia. Farther off, a group examines the sail of the foundered sloop. The sail, very white and torn, is near the wharf. Some of the men run to their dories to go in search of the bodies. But Livia thinks of Guma, who is still to arrive, and of the love that is waiting for her. She will be happier than Maria Clara, who did not wait and who was not afraid.

"Do you know who was drowned, Livia?"

Livia shuddered. But that sail is not the *Valiant's* sail. The sail of his boat is bigger and would not tear that way. She turned and asked Rufino: "Who?"

"Raimundo and his son. They were drowned near the city. It was a wild storm."

That night, thought Livia, Judith will have no love in her cabin, nor on her husband's boat. Jacques, Raimundo's son, is dead. She will go over there afterward, after Guma comes, after they have killed the *saudade*, after they have loved.

Rufino looks at the rising moon. "They have gone out to search for the bodies . . ."

"Does Judith know?"

"I'm going now to tell her . . ."

Livia looked at the Negro. He was gigantic and smelled of rum. He had certainly been drinking in the Lighthouse of the Stars. Why must he look at the full moon that rides skyward on the sea and brightens everything with a silver radiance?

Rufino does not move. From the old fort comes music. An accordion plays and they sing:

The night is for love . . .

A heavy, Negro voice. Rufino looks at the moon. Perhaps he too thinks that Judith will have no love that night. Nor ever any more, . . . Her man has died in the sea.

Come and love on the waters that shine beneath the moon . . .

The song will not console Judith. With a gesture, Rufino says: "Well, I'm going over there . . ."

"I'll be there shortly . . ."

Rufino took a few steps, and then stopped.

"It's very sad . . . Hard to say . . . to say that he died . . ."

And he scratched his head. Livia became sad. Judith will never love again. Never again will she love on the sea at the hour when the moon shines. For her, night will not be for love, but for tears.

Rufino stretched out his hand. "Why don't you come with me, Livia? You know how to say . . ."

But love is waiting for Livia. Guma will be coming soon on the *Valiant*; soon the red lantern will shine; soon the hour will come when their two bodies meet; soon he will sail across the mantle of light that the moon has spread upon the sea. Love is waiting for her. Livia cannot go. That day, after her fear,

after the vision that filled her with anguish, of Guma drowning, Livia wants only love, she wants joy, she wants to be possessed. No. She cannot go to weep with Judith, who will never love again.

"I am watching to see if Guma comes, Rufino."

Will the Negro think badly of her? But Guma can't be much longer. And she added, "I'll come afterward . . ."

Rufino waved his hand. "Good night, then."

"Good night."

Rufino took a few listless steps. He looked at the moon and began to listen to the man who was singing.

Come and love on the waters that shine beneath the moon . . .

Then he turned toward Livia. "Do you know that she is pregnant?"

"Judith?"

"Yes, she is."

And he began to walk, staring at the moon. From the old fort they are singing:

The night is for love . . .

Maria Clara murmurs and laughs in the arms of her man. Livia starts out almost running, calling to Rufino, outlined faintly in the distance.

"I'm going with you . . ."

They walk along. Livia goes on watching the sea for a long time. Who can tell whether that lantern shining far off is not the *Valiant's* lantern? . . .

3

JUDITH is a mulatto and her belly is big now under her misshapen percale dress. Everyone is silent. The Negro Rufino waves his hands, finding no place to put them, and looks at the others with frightened eyes. Livia is an image of pure consolation, her hands sheltering Judith's head. Other people have come now to bring their sympathy, and they stand around the room, waiting for the bodies that the men went to search for in the sea. From where Judith lies come broken sobs, and Livia's hands move with comforting gestures. Then Captain Manuel comes, and Maria Clara, with swollen eyes.

There is nothing left now to recall the storm. Maria Clara no longer sighs with love. Why, then, does Judith weep? Judith is a widow now, and the men are waiting for two bodies.

Gladly would the Negro Rufino flee to the joy of Esmeralda's arms. He is oppressed by the sadness of the house, by Judith's grief; he doesn't know what to do with his hands, and he knows that he will suffer even more when the body arrives and Judith has her last meeting with the man who loved her, who gave her a son, who possessed her body.

Livia is the one who is brave. And she is even more beautiful thus. Who wouldn't like to marry her, to be wept for by her when he died in the sea? Livia is at that moment a sister to Judith. Surely she too would like to flee and go to wait for Guma

at the edge of the wharf and spend a night beneath the stars.

Judith's suffering distresses them all, and Maria Clara thinks that some day Manuel may be left in the sea, on a stormy night, and that Livia may give up waiting for Guma to bring her the news. She clutches the arm of Manuel, who asks, "What's the matter with you?"

But she is weeping and Manuel is silent. They have brought a bottle of rum. Livia leads Judith to the bedroom. Maria Clara goes with them, taking Livia's place, and weeps with the widow, weeps for herself.

Livia returns to the other room. The men are talking now in low voices. They are discussing the storm, the fate of the father and son who died that night.

"The old fellow was a real man!" said one Negro. "He had courage enough for three."

Someone uncorked the bottle of rum. Livia crossed through the group and looked out the door. She listened to the murmur of the calm sea, its unchanging, everyday murmur. Guma must arrive soon and will surely come to look for her at Judith's house. Even across the blackness of the wharf she can make out the sails of the boats. Suddenly the same fear strikes her that struck Maria Clara. What if they should come one night to bring her the news that Guma was at the bottom of the sea, and that the *Valiant* was wandering without course, without rudder, without guide? Then she knew how completely she was Judith's sister, the sister of Maria Clara too, the sister of all the women of the sea, women with a common destiny: to wait on a stormy night for news of their husbands' death.

From the bedroom comes the sound of Judith's sobbing. She was left with child. Perhaps one day she will have to weep too for the death of that son in the sea.

In a group in the outer room, a man says: "He saved five men . . . it was a terrible night. Many saw that night the mother of waters. Raimundo . . ."

Judith goes on sobbing in the bedroom. It is the destiny of all of them. The men of the wharf have only one path in their lives: the path of the sea. They set out upon it because that is their destiny. The sea is the master of them all. From the sea come all their joys and all their sorrows, because the sea is a mystery that not even the most weather-beaten sailors understand; not even those ancient skippers who no longer put to sea, who only mend sails and tell stories. Who has deciphered the mystery of the sea? From the sea come music, love, and death. Is it not, perhaps, upon the sea that the moon seems most beautiful? The sea is ever-changing. Like it, too, is life for men on the boats. Who among them ever spent his last years like landmen who fondle grandchildren and unite the family for Sunday dinner? None of them walks with that firm

tread of the landmen. Each of them has someone in the depths of the sea: a son, a brother, an arm, a sunken boat, a sail torn to shreds by the storm.

But also, who among them cannot sing those songs of love in the nights by the wharf? Who among them cannot love violently and gently? Because each time they sing and each time they love may well be the last time. When they say good-by to their wives, they do not give quick kisses like landmen starting out to work. They give long farewells; hands that wave as if they beckoned . . .

Livia looks at the men who are climbing the slope. They are in two groups. The lanterns give a phantasmagoric quality to this funeral procession. As if she felt their arrival, Judith redoubles her sobbing. It is enough to see the men with bared heads to know that they are bringing the bodies.

Father and son died in the storm. There is no question that one of them tried to save the other, and both perished in the sea. Away in the background, coming from the fort, coming from the wharf, coming from the boats, coming from some distant and indefinable place, an inspiring music accompanies the bodies.

Sweet is death in the sea . . .

Livia sobs. She shelters Judith in her bosom, but she sobs too; she sobs with the certainty that her day will come, and Maria Clara's, and the day for all of them.

The music comes to them across the wharf.

Sweet is death in the sea . . .

But at that moment not even the presence of Guma, who walks in the cortege and who found the bodies, can console the heart of Livia.

A distant music, from the old fort, perhaps, singing "Sweet is death in the sea," bespeaks the fate of Judith's husband.

The bodies are stretched out in the room; Judith weeping, kneeling next to her husband. The men around her. Maria Clara with the fear that one day her Manuel too may drown.

4

BUT WHY think of this, why think of death, of sadness, when love is waiting for her? Because now they are on the prow of the *Valiant*, Livia stretched out on the deck, under the furled sail, looking at her man quietly smoking his pipe. Why think of death, of men who struggle against the waves, when her man is there; saved from the storm, smoking a pipe which is the fairest star on that sea? And yet Livia is thinking. She is sad because he does not hold her close in his tattooed arms. And she is waiting for him with her hands beneath her head, her breasts showing under the blouse that the night breeze, now gentle, lifts and stirs. The boat also stirs gently.

Livia waits and the waiting makes her beautiful:

she is the loveliest woman on the wharf or on any of the boats. No captain has a wife like Guma's. Everyone says so, and they smile at her when they see her pass. They would like to hold her in their storm-toughened arms. But she belongs only to Guma. She married him in the church of Montserrat, where fishermen, boatmen, and masters of ships are married. Even the sailors that voyage distant seas, in enormous ships, come to get married in the church of Montserrat, their church, that clings to the hill and looks out to sea. She married Guma there and, since then, in the nights on the wharf, on their boat, in the rooms of the Lighthouse of the Stars, on the sand of the wharf, they have loved and linked their bodies upon the sea and beneath the moon.

And today, after she had waited for him so long in the midst of the storm; today when she desires him so much because she was so much afraid, Guma smokes without thinking of her. That is why she remembers Judith, who will never again be loved; for whom night will be always the hour of weeping. She remembers her: kneeling next to her man, looking at his face, that face that no longer moved, no longer smiled; a face that had slipped now beneath the waves, eyes that were now seeing Yemanjá, the mother of waters.

Livia thinks angrily of Yemanjá. She is the mother of waters, the mistress of the sea, and therefore men who live upon the waves fear her and love her. Yemanjá punishes. She never shows herself to men except when they die in the sea. Those who die in the storm are her favorites. And those who die to save others, those go with her, into the sea, like a ship, sailing to all the ports, crossing all the seas. To see the mother of waters, there are many who have thrown themselves smiling into the sea, and have appeared no more. They go to Yemanjá. Can she be asleep with them all in the depths?

Livia thinks of her resentfully. At this hour she will be with the father and son who died in the storm, and they will be fighting over her, they who were so close together all their lives. Perhaps the father died trying to save the son. When Guma found the bodies, the old man's hand was grasping the shirt of the son. They died friends, and now — who knows? — perhaps because of Yemanjá, the mistress of the sea, the woman that only the dead can look upon, they are fighting: Raimundo drawing his knife, which the men did not find in his belt and which he must have taken with him. They are struggling perhaps in the depths of the ocean to learn which of them is to sail with her to the cities on the other side of the earth.

Judith who weeps, Judith who carries a son in her belly, Judith who will end her days in cruel toil, Judith who will never love a man again must have been forgotten by now, because the mother of waters is blond and has long hair and is nude beneath the waves, scarcely covered by her long tresses which

gleam faintly when the moon passes over the sea.

The landmen — what do they know? — say that they are moonbeams on the sea. But the sailors, the masters of ships, the boatmen laugh at the ignorant landmen. *They* know that it is the hair of the mother of waters who peers up to see the full moon. It is Yemanjá who comes to watch the moon. That is why men stand gazing at the silvered sea on moonlit nights. They know that the mother of waters is there.

The Negroes play guitars, accordions, dance the *batuque* and sing. It is the tribute that they pay to the mistress of the sea. Others smoke their pipes to light up the paths, so that Yemanjá can see her way. All love her and even forget their wives when the hair of the mother of waters is spread upon the sea.

And so Guma stands, looking at the silver curves of the water and hearing the music of the Negro who invites them to die, singing, "Sweet is death in the sea," for the drowned will go to meet the mother of waters, the loveliest woman in the world. Guma stares at her hair, forgetting Livia, with her body stretched out, offering her breasts; Livia who waited so long for the hour of love; Livia who saw the storm destroying everything, sinking boats, killing men; Livia who was so much afraid . . . How she would like to hold him in her arms, to kiss his mouth and discover on it whether he was afraid when the lights darkened; to clasp him to her body and know if the sea had drenched him!

Nevertheless, he stands there, Livia forgotten, thinking only of Yemanjá, the mistress of the sea. Perhaps even envying the father and son who died in the storm and who now are seeing worlds that only sailors on great steamships know. Livia is filled with hatred, with a desire to weep, to leave the sea, to go far away.

A boat passes. Livia raises her head and turns to see it better.

They call to Guma, "Good evening, Guma!"

Guma waves his hand. "A good trip to you!"

Livia looks at him. Now that a cloud has hidden the moon and that Yemanjá has gone, Guma puts out his pipe and smiles. She crouches, joyful, feeling herself already in his arms.

"Where can that Negro be singing?" says Guma.

"I don't know. Maybe in the fort."

"Lovely music!"

"Poor Judith!"

Guma looks back at the sea.

"You're right . . . Life is going to be hard for her! And with a son in her belly! . . ."

His face darkens, and he looks at Livia. She is lovely, lying there, offering herself. Her hands are not made for drudgery. If he should be left in the sea, she would have to belong to another man to go on living. Her hands are not made for drudgery.

This thought fills him with deep anger. Livia's breasts are showing under her blouse. All the men on the wharf desire her. All would like to possess her because she is the loveliest. And when it came his turn to go with Yemanjá? He would like to kill her as she lay there, so that she would never belong to another.

"And what if one day my boat should founder and I should be food for fishes?"

Her laughter was forced.

And once again the voice of the Negro pierces the night.

Sweet is death in the sea . . .

"Would you work to earn your living too? Or would you go off with another man?"

She began to cry with fear. She also fears that day when her man will be left at the bottom of the sea, never to return, that day when he will go with Yemanjá, the mistress of the sea, the mother of waters, to roam the oceans and the land. She straightens up and her arms clasp Guma's neck.

"Today I was afraid . . . I waited for you at the edge of the wharf. It seemed to me that you would never come . . ."

But Guma came. Yes, he knew how anxiously Livia waited; how much she feared. He came to her arms, to her love.

A voice sings in the distance:

Sweet, oh sweet, is death in the sea . . .

And now the hair of Yemanjá, mistress of the sea, no longer shines beneath the moon. What stopped the Negro's music were the love sounds of Livia, the woman on the wharf that all men desire, and who now, on the prow of the *Valiant*, is loving her man, because she feared so much for him and is still so much afraid.

The winds of the storm are far away now. The waters from the clouds of the false night are falling on other ports. Yemanjá will roam with other bodies through other lands. Now the sea is calm and pleasant. The sea is the friend of the masters of ships. Is the sea not their road, their street, their home? Is it not on the sea, on the prow of its boats, that they love and beget their sons?

Yes, Guma loves the sea and Livia loves it too. The sea is beautiful thus, in the blue night, endless blue, mirror of the stars, filled with the lanterns of boats, filled with the lanterns of embers in pipes, filled with murmurs of love. The sea is the friend, the pleasant friend, of all those who live on it.

And Livia smells the savor of the sea on Guma's flesh.

The *Valiant* sways like a hammock.

Translated by Donald Walsh

THE TIDE OF GOVERNMENT

From Colony to Constitutional Democracy

by AFONSO ARINOS DE MELO FRANCO

1

THE Brazilian Constitution of 1946 is an important attempt to employ the methods of public law, which are well developed and of long standing in Brazil, for adapting the American presidential system to the special conditions of our historical and cultural growth and of our people's psychology.

The development of government in Brazil was a slow but logical process growing out of the need to bring order first to the commercial exploitation of the country and secondly to its colonization. The concession granted by King Manoel to Fernão de Noronha in 1503 was the first of many intended to achieve these ends and was implemented by the necessary political power. In 1534 a captaincy system was set up which allowed the organizers of the twelve original settlements such great feudal and economic powers that the authority of the Crown was limited forever. Fifteen years later a Captain General was appointed to Bahia, the first colonial capital, who centralized the administration of these captaincies, thereby curbing abuses of power and setting up a common defense system and a fiscal center for the Crown.

During the sixty years of Spanish rule which started in 1580, the only great change in the governmental pattern was the creation of the Council

of the Indies (1604) which prepared laws and supervised the administration of the colonies.

The thirty years of Dutch occupation of the territory around Pernambuco (1624-54) came to an end with the re-establishment of the High Court of Bahia, and the extension of the authority of the central government, from then on designated a viceroyalty. In passing, it might be mentioned that the leaders of the resistance to the Dutch were a Negro, an Indian, and a white man.

The captaincies with subdivisions were frequently set up during the first half of the eighteenth century to take care of the expanding activities of mining and commerce and at the mid-century mark the government began to buy back the land from the various captains. In 1763 the Viceroy followed the economic trend to the South and established his capital in Rio de Janeiro.

While the relationship between Lisbon and Brazil grew more complicated as the colonies expanded, the affairs of each town and city were increasingly managed by the chief citizens, who set up city councils which kept an eye on local matters and influenced many of the decisions made in Rio and Lisbon. The administrative and military assistants in the captaincies, as well as the large landowners, accumulated vast powers and the same degree of authority was exercised by the missionaries over thousands of Indians.

By 1808 Brazil, though far from integrated or truly democratic, had the most stable government in Latin America and was projected into adulthood by the capture of Lisbon by the armies of Napoleon and the arrival in Rio of the Portuguese Court.

In 1821 King João VI returned to Lisbon, leaving his son Pedro as regent in Rio, but so secure and powerful had the Brazilians become that they were

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unwilling to return to colonial status. Pedro acceded to their demand for independence and in 1822 peacefully became their first Emperor.

The country's emergence from its former rural, patriarchal regime to one of incipient commercial capitalism took place during the nineteenth-century reign of Emperor Dom Pedro II, under the auspices of the Constitution of 1824 (and its single amendment, the "Additional Act" of 1834). Jurists and political theorists who have studied Brazil never fail to admire the stability of its institutions and the lofty plane of its political life between the coming of age of Pedro II, the second Emperor, in 1840 and the fall of the Empire in 1889. This period must be understood in the light of many complex factors, of both a general and a personal nature, which I shall try very briefly to summarize.

The first factor is the patriarchal system, economic and social, with its prime ingredients of agrarianism, plantations, and slaves. The feverish era of gold-mining had come to a close by the end of the eighteenth century — after leaving handsome evidence of its brilliant but ephemeral civilization in the towns and architecture of Minas Gerais — and Brazil entered the dramatic period of financial crisis and political instability which included the independence years (reign of Dom Pedro I, 1822–31) and the years of the Regency (minority of Dom Pedro II, 1831–40). The younger Pedro's coming of age coincided with the spread and intensification of coffee-planting which, in spite of the many ups and downs of that commodity, was thenceforth to be the mainstay of our economy. In fact, the advent of coffee as a source of internal fiscal revenue and of foreign exchange was, perhaps, the primary factor in the stability of the Empire.

Material progress was insignificant and was restricted to the coastal regions. With most of the expenditures going for railways, port facilities, gas-lighting, water and sewage systems, and other urban services, such progress was almost always achieved by means of foreign concessions and enterprises that enjoyed guaranteed interest rates and other privileges. The nation's exports, therefore, of which coffee was by all odds the most important, were called upon to supply the exchange market with merely enough funds to import industrial products for consumption by "society's" privileged few. Petroleum was not yet in use. Imported wheat was sold almost exclusively in the cities, for the rural areas generally used domestic corn. The consumption of foreign coal was very small, as there was virtually no industry and only an undersized network of railroads.

Upon this foundation rested a constitutional system extremely favorable to the formation of a ruling elite which, if it did not truly represent the mass of the people, nonetheless had undeniable capacities for governing, among them a sincere and effective attitude of tolerance. The electoral ma-

chinery of the Empire was specifically designed to form such an elite and to entrust it with the destinies of the country. In the first place, the number of citizens who took an active part in public life was restricted, owing to property qualifications for voters and the use of indirect suffrage. This electoral system lasted nearly as long as the Empire and encouraged the growth of an aristocracy, not of bluebloods but of landholders, the latter being mostly rural at first but subsequently joined by urban owners. It also favored an intellectual aristocracy, composed principally of those with legal training.

2

THE Brazilian Empire — agrarian, slaveholding, old-fashioned and patriarchal — was to all appearances the opposite of the industrialized, individualistic, progressive, and liberal Empire of the British. Paradoxically, however, there flourished in Brazilian public life a class of men who, if the proper differences and ratios are not forgotten, can be thought of as exemplifying the English parliamentary system. Joaquim Nabuco's classic book *A Statesman of the Empire*, a broad and profound study of political life under the Empire, indicates the great extent to which this flexible and complicated English system was adaptable to the backward environment of South America. Here as in England the Conservative and Liberal parties alternated in power, although in Brazil the Crown exercised a more decisive influence in forming cabinets. Here as there, the integrity, culture, and urbanity of those who were elected allowed one to forget the irregularities and inequities of the elections themselves.

The onerous and bloody war with Paraguay (1864–70) gave rise to a political party that had always existed in republican Latin America, although it had been unknown till then in monarchical Brazil: the party of the Army. Finally, conditions related to the evolution of world capitalism, by which slave labor had become outmoded and doomed, brought about the Abolition Law. The three factors — federalism, militarism, and abolition — in conjunction with other secondary ones overturned the throne of Dom Pedro II in 1889.

The Republic, scorning the English model, turned naturally toward the American system. The Constitution approved in 1891 was therefore presidential and federalist, and it expressly recognized arbitration by the judiciary in conflicts of a political nature. Two circumstances, however, prejudiced the effective adaptation of the American presidential system to the Brazilian scene: the absence of truly national political parties and the lack of political authority for the Federal Supreme Court. Contrary to what had happened in the United States, where special historical circumstances had caused the currents of public opinion to separate at the beginning into

two main streams, the regional, patriarchal society of Brazil gave rise to as many parties as there were states. These parties, in turn, remained mere instrumentalities of the various state governments — or rather, of the state governors or presidents.

The fragmentation of the legislative power into twenty parties (corresponding to the number of states, aside from the Federal District) dispersed the political currents irremediably and in so doing undermined the power and authority of the Congress. Thus, the inevitable happened. Internally divided, powerless to impose its authority upon the President of the Republic, the Congress of the republican period began to abdicate its constitutional responsibilities and to place itself — despite the protests of less and less articulate minorities — under the tutelage of Catete Palace, the building which symbolizes the presidential power.

As for the Supreme Court, it was never able in our country to assume the preponderant role which it has played in the United States. A number of causes brought about its failure as a political organ. Perhaps the principal one is the fact that, during the nearly seventy years of the Empire, Brazilian judges did not develop a mental outlook capable of exercising the important functions which the American judiciary was gradually taking over.

Justice in imperial Brazil was by preference administered along the lines of the French model, even though the parliamentary system had been copied, as described above, from the British. It is well known that the French tradition, after the era of the great Revolution, favored placing the judiciary under the aegis of the legislature; for this reason certain French writers consider the judiciary less as an independent power than as a kind of branch of the executive. The Constitution of the Brazilian Empire, in accord with French tradition, expressly included the function of interpreting the laws within the competence of the legislative power (Art. 15, No. 8). It thus withdrew from the judiciary that attribute which, in the United States, had existed in embryo during the colonial period and was developed after promulgation of the Constitution into a keystone of that country's political organization. As emphasized above, when the Brazilian Republic was proclaimed after the long period of the Empire, the nation's judiciary, with headquarters in Rio de Janeiro, the chief city of the Federal District and capital of the country, possessed neither the technical training, institutional traditions, nor political power to serve as watchdog against excesses of the legislature (whose sins were more frequently of omission than of excess) or of the executive, which in the absence of a counterweight became the aggressive power under the Republic. But the latter drew its main strength from the governors of the states, and especially of the two big ones, Minas Gerais and São

Paulo. Between these two existed a sort of gentlemen's agreement regulating an almost predestined alternation of control over the most important positions in the federal government.

Circumstances which there is no space to enumerate caused this agreement to collapse in 1930. São Paulo and Minas became alienated and then hostile over the presidential election of that year, and the *mineiro* politicians decided to look for an ally in the state which was third-ranking in political importance and which, in terms of fighting spirit and the militancy of its sons, led the whole nation: Rio Grande do Sul.

3

THE entrance upon the scene of the impetuous *gaúchos* — led there by the *mineiros*, who had won renown for their prudence and their mastery of political stratagem — had the effect after 1930 of completely upsetting the familiar historical patterns of the republican era. An important agent of that transformation was the personal influence of Getúlio Vargas who, after leaving the presidency of Rio Grande, became successively the candidate of the alliance of *mineiros* and *gaúchos* (1930), leader of the national revolution and dictator (1930–34), constitutional President (1934–37), dictator once again (1937–45), President once again (1951–54), and, in brief, the central figure on the stage for nearly a quarter of a century.

The intricate personal history of Getúlio Vargas united three elements that made him, if not an authentic revolutionary, at least a man wholly indifferent to the fate of legal institutions, which existed merely as obstacles to the fulfillment of his enormous ambition for power. Those three elements were *gauchismo*, militarism, and positivism. As a *gaúcho* from an old family of the southern frontier, Vargas carried in his blood the mixed tradition of the guerrilla wars of the pampas, and of a social life that was regulated more by the arms of the dominant patriarchy than by effective law and order. A soldier in his youth, Vargas did not continue his military career; from his barracks days he did however keep his taste for the methods of direct action, of radical intervention in political life, and for eliminating the lengthy and at times confusing delays generic to the functioning of democratic institutions. It should be pointed out that this interventionist militarism, from which the Empire was almost exempt and which became an influential factor only after the war with Paraguay, always had its main locus in the garrisons of Rio Grande do Sul. Finally, Vargas' family belonged to the Republican Party of Rio Grande, a party founded under the auspices of the political philosophy of Auguste Comte and nourished by its doctrines. Rio Grande was the Brazilian state in which positivism had its liveliest political reper-

cussions. For that reason its constitution represented an unusual and immoderate brand of law by comparison with the other states, guaranteeing and encouraging the dictatorship of the executive over the other powers, a dictatorship that was in fact exercised for decades by President Borges de Medeiros — today still alive and over ninety — the chief and mentor of Vargas and of the whole generation of *gaúchos* which came to dominate Brazil in 1930.

To these elements of his background Vargas added personal qualities that contributed in large measure to his historical destiny. Keen intelligence, personal courage, serenity, deliberation in making decisions, a taste for listening, and a talent for keeping quiet (in contrast with the Latin penchant for oratory), a startling lack of sentiments, either of hate or of affection, that guarded him against passionate impulses — these were some of his character traits. Although he was personally honest, his general cynicism and, in some measure, his scorn for the men who habitually surround those in power left him wholly unscrupulous in his choice of means for coaxing support from anyone who might be necessary or useful to his ambitions. This was the most unfortunate mark of his character and the one which, accentuated by the weariness natural for his age, carried his final constitutional government to the phase of disintegration and corruption in which it tragically foundered.

As a public figure Vargas was a patriot; he sincerely loved his land and his people. His ambition for power, his love for the game of politics, and his irrepressible bent for demagoguery perverted those noble sentiments into unfortunate excesses. His love of country led him gradually into a kind of elementary nationalism; at first, perhaps, this served merely as a useful weapon, but it came to be the natural characteristic of a man who, in spite of his intelligence, was not truly cultured and lacked a broad vision of the world — and who had never left Brazil except for formal visits of a few days to neighboring countries. His love of the people, which became manifest only after he had been chief executive for several years, was transformed into deliberate rabble-rousing — the so-called “populism” of Vargas; its principal aim was to capture, by instilling fear of the masses, the support of the elite and of the military, who he felt were becoming alienated by the universal suspicion that he might be planning to restore the dictatorship.

It was in that tense and unpredictable atmosphere that I took on the arduous task of leading the parliamentary opposition against Vargas. I carried out the assignment as best I could, and lived through the Brazilian crisis of 1951 to 1954 at peak intensity. Although I of course feel myself unqualified to analyze my own conduct, I believe myself well enough informed to be able to summarize the

causes and nature of the political struggle which broke out in Brazil, the most dramatic in our history as a republic and one of the most important of the century in all of Latin America. As I see it, the facts can be set forth and interpreted in the following manner.

With the diversification of the Brazilian economy, and particularly with its strides toward industrialization, the economic pattern of the first Republic (1889–1930), dominated by coffee-planting, underwent profound change. The slogan of the times had been: “Brazil is basically an agricultural country.” In certain respects this ceased to be true. Although it is a fact that coffee continues to account for the lion's share of our foreign exchange, it is equally true that, in the domestic market, industrial production has acquired a social and even economic importance substantially larger than that of coffee.

This diversification of the economy made impossible — in a free country, as Brazil has nearly always been — the onetime political unity of the state parties under the command of state presidents who were more or less submissive to the President of the Republic. Significantly, it was in São Paulo, the most wealthy and progressive state, that the new economic and social forces began to find expression through new political organizations, distinct from the old statewide republican parties. At first these new opposition parties represented the demands of the liberal urban bourgeoisie, such as elimination of electoral fraud, closer control of administrative acts, a curb on the powers of the President of the Republic, and extension of the inherent powers of the Congress.

The vigorous and powerful personalities of the last three Presidents of the first Republic, Epitácio Pessoa (1919–22), Artur Bernardes (1922–26), and Washington Luís (1926–30), all of them committed to an obstinate defense of the traditional presidential prerogatives which were now being threatened, aggravated the conflict instead of allowing the concessions that would have lessened it. The national revolution of 1930 broke out and swept into power the *gaúcho*, Getúlio Vargas.

4

VARGAS, who was leader more in name than in fact of the triumphant revolutionary forces, little by little made himself the fulcrum of events by virtue of both his qualities and his defects. By 1934 the change was complete. Having made no commitments of any sort and cherishing the desire, after the example of his master, Borges de Medeiros, of keeping himself indefinitely in power, he became ever more convinced that the liberalism of the revolution represented merely the thinking of an elite. The masses, he felt, awakened by industrialization and other factors, were making social demands of a very different nature; these were not to be con-

fused with the legalistic ideals of the revolution of 1930 that he had stood for. The more he became aware of this fact, the more Vargas identified himself with these new longings and disengaged himself from his former liberal involvements. With characteristic acumen and intelligence, he began to establish himself as the knight of the new crusade.

It was, indeed, not true that social progress could be attained only at the expense of freedom. To maintain himself in power, however, Vargas increasingly associated his policy of meeting popular demands with anti-liberal practices. He was perhaps truly convinced at the end of his life that the future of the Brazilian people depended upon his remaining in power and that therefore to oppose his tenure was the same as to work against bettering the living standard of the people. After the defeat of world fascism, however, it became impossible to keep up this equivocation in a country with Brazil's liberal traditions. The liberal demands of privileged groups were decisively confirmed by the people, and after 1943 one could predict an early end of the dictatorship. Vargas was turned out in 1945 by the armed forces, who were now thoroughly converted to the democratic cause by the allied victory to which they had contributed in Italy — but only to find himself spectacularly returned to power in 1950. This, in contrast to his election to the presidency in 1934 by the Constituent Assembly, was his first elevation to the office by a popular vote, although the election was more nearly a plebiscite in favor of a single man and against the organized parties.

Restored to power, and still in possession of his nimble intelligence and his talent for accommodation, Vargas soon perceived that his tenure depended upon other elements than that of force. When he had established the dictatorship in 1937 he had done so with the support of the military, who were hostile to communism and impressed with the success of the Italian and German dictatorships. In 1950 the situation was different. The armed forces were sincerely and firmly committed to the democratic camp and would never again serve as an instrument to destroy the Constitution. Vargas therefore turned to the proletariat as the *point d'appui* of his perennial ambition for power; and the indefatigable politico began to make use of the labor unions, which were now converted into mere cat's-paws of the palace; strikes arranged by his most intimate agents; and the direct pressure of the masses upon existing institutions. However, this new brand of action, or rather, of conspiracy, demanded methods of corruption and violence which soon became public knowledge and caused widespread repugnance.

Vargas, who had never cast off his *gaúcho* habits of the *guerrilheiro* and of the provisional troop commander, resided in his palace like certain

princes of the Renaissance, surrounded by his little army of personal guards. These men, recruited from the common people, were one of the most important agents of his downfall. Getting on in years, strangely isolated although constantly in company, badly informed, possibly weary and bereft of faith, Vargas was little by little losing control of the situation which had crystallized around him. Then, when the crime took place which had been plotted inside the palace itself with the aim of eliminating Carlos Lacerda, the most notable newspaperman of the opposition — a crime in which the journalist escaped and a young air corps officer lost his life — an intolerable state of affairs within the government was suddenly revealed to the startled country. It is only fair to make clear that Vargas, although blameworthy for that state of affairs, was not responsible for the crime itself or for the more unsavory aspects of his environment. His vehement condemnation of the "river of mud" flowing through the cellar of his palace, made to an intimate colleague during his last days, allows the belief that his surprise at this reality of his own making was almost as great as that of his enemies. Psychologically oppressed by such numerous and diverse emotions, in August 1954 Vargas turned to suicide.

A man's self-destruction is always a mysterious act which, in combination with the psychological pressures of the moment, distant and more profound influences may be expected to precipitate. Vargas' suicide, which produced a world sensation, caused tremendous shock in Brazil itself. His friends and his enemies gave contradictory explanations. Probably both were right in much of what they said. It seems certain that Vargas killed himself so as to defend the Constitution, under which he was the chief executive, and so as not to yield to a dismissal which, in spite of the euphemism of forced "vacation," he felt would be permanent. He furthermore wished to save the lives of his most devoted friends, who were at his side in the palace and who might have been sacrificed had they offered armed resistance to the popular and military demonstrations that urged the President's resignation.

In addition, however, it must be recognized that through his suicide Vargas wished also to redeem himself in the eyes of history. By killing himself he became dissociated from the crimes and blunders which had engulfed his government, and thus assured his survival for posterity. Had he lived out the few remaining years of his life he might have been forgotten by the distant future. Therefore his death was a kind of resurrection. It was most probably this last consideration which fortified his spirit — the spirit of a man who was, before all else, a public figure.

Translated by Richard M. Morse

DRAMATIC RENAISSANCE

The Theater and Cinema Come to Life

by DÉCIO DE ALMEIDA PRADO

I

PERHAPS the most striking feature of the Brazilian theater today is its extreme youth. It is not rare, for example, to see actors under thirty playing roles which in other countries would be considered the crowning of a long career. The fact is that, in spite of its four hundred and fifty years, Brazil is young. But in the world of the theater its youth is even more marked because during the last World War a veritable revolution took place which affected everyone in the theater from producers and actors to critics and audiences.

Before the war, such veteran actors as Procópio Ferreira and Jaime Costa usually had to content themselves with superficial and hasty productions because few plays ever enjoyed continuous runs of longer than one or two weeks. To survive, companies had to take to the road, playing in all the larger cities. The repertory consisted chiefly of unambitious Brazilian comedies and translations of foreign farces. The director was more technician than artist, expert in improvising a new set from old backdrops, and the prompter gave his generous support to the actors in their difficult moments. The direction usually developed by itself, indicated in broad sweeps by the leader of the troupe; everyone did the best he could, drawing on his intuition and knowledge of the stage. We lived as though Stanislavski and Copeau had never existed.

By contrast, the situation in recent years seems

unbelievably lively and varied. In little more than a decade, stimulated by the economic growth of the country and by the presence of a few foreign producers, we have caught up with what was happening in the theaters of Europe and North America. We have produced O'Neill and Sartre, García Lorca and Pirandello, Bernard Shaw and Arthur Miller, Tennessee Williams and Montherlant, Giraudoux and Anouilh, without forgetting Noel Coward and André Roussin, or an occasional classic — Shakespeare, Goldoni, Molière, Sophocles. We have most enthusiastically rediscovered the modern trends, from expressionism to genuine realism (which we had scarcely known). We have experimented with lighting, with non-realistic scenery, and every aspect of staging, just as was done in Europe some forty years before.

With the intellectual gluttony of M. Jourdain in *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, we have tried to cram into a few years several decades of artistic and aesthetic experience. And I think I can honestly report that our success has been beyond our highest expectations. Nowadays we have fewer new productions each year than before, but their average quality is higher and the best can measure up honorably to any international standard. Public interest in serious theater is on the increase, so that the producer of a really good play can now look forward to a run of several months. Among our actors enthusiasm, an almost adolescent fervor in the struggle for leading parts, makes up for what may be lacking in maturity or artistic finish. A feeling that we are progressing rapidly makes the task of the Brazilian critic most rewarding, in spite of our frank awareness of deficiencies which still remain. Perhaps the North American theater of the 1920's was in a comparable state.

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Such growth could, of course, only be the collective accomplishment of a whole generation. But it is possible to name certain outstanding leaders. By 1943 an amateur group, "Os Comediantes," was in the vanguard of our theater movement. It was directed by Ziembinski, recently arrived from Poland, and its leading actress was Dulcina de Moraes, who risked her established name and reputation to bring new spirit into the commercial theater. A French actress who has made Brazil her home, Henriette Morineau, was also most influential in the new trend. In São Paulo the "Teatro Brasileiro de Comédia" took the lead; directed by two Italians, Adolfo Celi and Luciano Salce, it has acquired its own theater and formed a permanent company of fifteen to twenty actors. Celi and Salce have given our theater two things it badly needed: stability and a repertory system able to reconcile the artistic with the commercial, one which can satisfy at the same time the demands both of art and of the public. They produced with equal box-office success Kaufman and Hart's *You Can't Take It With You*, and Pirandello's *Six Characters in Search of an Author*. In 1954 the Teatro Brasileiro de Comédia was able to establish itself in Rio as well, where it is now inspiring rival groups organized along similar lines, such as the "Teatro Maria Della Costa," also directed by an Italian, Gianni Ratto, who was for many years the director of "Il Teatro della Città" in Milan.

The European directors who are working here — and we should add the names of the Italians Ruggero Jacobi and Flaminio Bollini, the Portuguese Ester Leão, and the German Hoffman Harnisch — have brought with them a taste for European plays. There are more translations on our stage today than pieces written in Portuguese. But in this respect Europe finds stiff competition from the United States; many of Broadway's hits soon find their way to São Paulo in translation. Why is North American drama so popular in Brazil? It could be that our audiences, especially the serious ones, are more in tune with North American writers than with the French who are always colder and more intellectualized, less concerned with the mysteries of human personality and more with abstract, moral, or metaphysical questions.

2

CERTAIN modern Brazilian plays are of particular interest to the foreigner, either because of their real value or simply their unusual success. The first of these, in chronological order, is *Deus Lhe Pague* (May God Reward You), written in 1932 by Joracy Camargo. Interesting as it was in the thirties, it has not worn too well, although it has recently been filmed in Argentina. It is the story of a beggar-philosopher who discourses paradoxically and amusingly on social problems. The point

is that his paradoxes are nothing but the purest common sense.

Vestido de Noiva (The Wedding Dress), by Nelson Rodrigues, has a certain artistic importance. As produced by "Os Comediantes" and directed by Ziembinski in 1943, it was practically the beginning of our modern theater movement, introducing expressionist techniques such as the slowing down or speeding up of rhythm, and bringing the figures in and out of focus to show the delirium of a woman in agony. We no longer consider expressionism a novelty, but even so, *Vestido de Noiva* will remain in our modern repertory as a great play.

As Mãos de Eurídice (The Hands of Eurydice), a monologue in two acts by Pedro Bloch, owes its fame in South America to the fact that it is both an intense drama and an excellent vehicle for good actors to demonstrate some tearful histrionics. Other interesting plays are *Amanhã, se não Chover* (Tomorrow If It Doesn't Rain), by Henrique Pongetti; *Um Deus Dormiu lá em Casa* (A God Slept in Our House), a treatment of the Amphitryon theme by Guilherme Figueiredo; *Paol Velho* (Old Silo), by Abílio Pereira de Almeida; *A Canção dentro do Pão* (The Song inside the Bread), by Raimundo Magalhães, Jr., who spent several years in the United States during the war; and *Para Onde a Terra Cresce* (Where the Earth Grows), by Edgard da Rocha Miranda, who writes with equal facility in English or Portuguese. A series of three comedies by Silveira Sampaio called *A Trilogia do Herói Grotesco* (The Trilogy of the Grotesque Hero) has delighted audiences with its delicate irony.

One of our most promising new playwrights is Jorge Andrade, the thirty-year-old winner of several literary prizes, whose first play, *A Moratória* (The Moratorium), produced in May, 1955, suggests certain remote affinities with Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman*. But Andrade's solution of the time problem is all his own, and the subject matter and characters could not be more Brazilian, revolving as they do around the coffee crisis of 1929.

In a still maturing theater world, amateur enterprise is frequently more interesting than professional. Among the amateur producers there are three dominating figures: in Rio, Pascoal Carlos Magno, the moving spirit of the Teatro do Estudante, whose production of *Hamlet* was outstanding; Alfredo Mesquita, Director of the "Escola de Arte Dramática," in São Paulo, the most efficient school of its kind in the country; and in Recife, Waldemar de Oliveira, the imaginative director of one of our best and oldest experimental groups. This geographic distribution is in itself a good sign; until 1940, Rio was the only city with real interest in the theater. Today, São Paulo, with eight or nine theaters, is offering real competition, and Recife and Porto Alegre are not far behind.

To complete the picture two more facts should be mentioned. Here, as elsewhere, there exists an

intelligentsia of theater people who know what is happening in Paris, London, and New York, and students capable of criticizing the production methods of Jean Vilar or the plays of Christopher Fry. Then too, our knowledge of the European theater is increased by tours every year of important French and Italian companies.

At the other end of the intellectual scale we find the musical revue, which although limited in scope and without much originality, reflects the wit of the people and the humor of the streets and circus. If the amusing revues of a Walter Pinto are no more than imitations of the *Folies-Bergère* or the *Casino de Paris*, comediennes like Alda Garrido and Dercy Gonçalves express whatever is most genuinely Brazilian on our stage in spite of the lack of authors worthy of them.

Among our young actors and actresses, Cacilda Becker perhaps holds the first place; she has developed an epic sense which is extremely moving. Maria della Costa, who now has her own theater, possesses a strong individual style, and Cleide Yaconis, an unusual talent for characterization. Bibi Ferreira delights us with her delicious sense of humor, while Jardel Filho, among the handsomest and most successful juveniles, is taking several years off to study acting, directing, and producing at the University of California.

New theater buildings have contributed to our theatrical renaissance, with such distinguished architects as Rino Levi and Oscar Niemeyer designing unusually attractive buildings. On the outskirts of Rio, for instance, Afonso Reidy has created the charming *Marcehal Hermes Theater*, seating four hundred people, with the inside curtain and outside surrounding gardens designed by Roberto Burle-Marx.

Although, as I have said, a first-rate play can enjoy a long run in Brazil, I believe that the greatest problem still facing our theater is not so much one of aesthetic innovation as of creating and educating audiences. Even Eric Bentley, who is usually unwilling to cater to the box office, felt obliged when he visited Italy to state a truth that to us is elementary. "Sheer quantity may not theoretically be important, but it is essential for theater that a certain body of players should be regularly at work." The problem of financial success is constant. What good is an avant-garde without an army behind it? Let us remember the famous phrase of Dr. Johnson, "For we that live to please must please to live." It is in this bondage, to which Molière and Shakespeare submitted so gracefully, that lie, as we all know, the stigma and greatness of the theater.

3

AS FOR the cinema in Brazil, it is even more difficult than the theater to discuss without con-

sidering its economic aspects. Although artistic problems are not lacking, the financial one of putting the motion picture industry on a solid commercial footing is the most imperative of all. While moving pictures are by far the most popular form of entertainment in Brazil, our native films in Portuguese must still compete with the often more exciting importations from Hollywood. Then too, tickets to our motion picture theaters still sell for a very low price — they are one thing which has not gone up in our recent inflation — and there is often difficulty in collecting the profits through lack of legal controls and organization within the industry.

These questions have come more into relief since 1949 with the appearance of several large producing companies, of which the most important both economically and artistically is the "Vera Cruz" of São Paulo, organized by more or less the same group which directs the "Teatro Brasileiro de Comédia." Until then our cinema industry had led a difficult and irregular existence, full of gambles and financial disasters, creating around itself a climate of discouragement and discredit. Only one company, the "Atlântida," of Rio de Janeiro, had prospered at all, and this by means of an extremely modest program of two or three films a year and with the support of a few very popular comedians such as Grande Otelo and Oscarito, both of whom come from radio and revues. These films consisted of a series of songs and sketches strung together with primitive technique and even more primitive artistic intentions.

Just before 1930 there had been a slight wave of activity pioneered by Humberto Mauro and Carmen Santos, and the few critics who saw the silent film *Limite* (The Boundary), by Mario Peixoto, considered it a minor masterpiece. But the advent of the sound track, with its new technical and financial problems, sent us back to the starting post, although there have been a few successful films such as *O Ébrio* (The Drunkard), a superdrama which made a 6,000 per cent profit — unhappily, a far from typical case. Only a certain amount of government subsidy to the infant industry kept it alive.

Into this atmosphere of uncertainty the "Vera Cruz" group brought a surge of hope. The company had capital and ideas; beyond that, it knew how to secure whatever was lacking, from foreign equipment to such experienced technicians as the film editor Oswaldo Haffenrichter and the Brazilian director Alberto Cavalcanti, who had made his mark in France and England. In four years "Vera Cruz" constructed 25,000 square meters of studio space and turned out nineteen long films. Cavalcanti was responsible for *Sinhá-Moça* (Missy), directed by Tom Payne, a film about the last days of slavery, which won prizes at the festivals of Berlin and Venice. Indeed Cavalcanti's participation in the cinema life of the country raised standards on all sides. *Caçara* (Vagabond) and *Tico-Tico no Fubá*, directed by Adolfo Celi, were shown with great suc-

cess at the festival of Cannes, and a thrilling drama, *O Cangaceiro* (The Outlaw), by Lima Barreto, not only won a prize at Cannes but has been acclaimed in many foreign countries.

Little by little, technical errors and production weaknesses were being eliminated when suddenly the state and federal governments discontinued their subsidies to the industry. So the "Vera Cruz," as well as other smaller companies such as "Maristela" and "Multifilmes," temporarily went out of business in 1953. Just recently a federal loan has been granted, but it is only enough to guarantee ten or twelve months of reduced activity. Many now feel that the government should buy the studios, which have greatly enhanced in value with the real estate boom, and then rent them back to the private companies. In this way some economic and full artistic responsibility would rest with the producers, while the government would assure the smooth-running production mechanics which are almost unobtainable without a very large initial investment.

Yet we should not overlook the occasional independent films born of a partnership between a courageous and earnest, if not rich, producer and a director, possibly talented and probably poor. Such frankly adventurous activity is carried on, mostly in Rio de Janeiro, by directors like Watson Macedo and Eurides Ramos. In São Paulo the trend is more toward larger organizations based on an industrial pattern. In 1954 our total production was more than thirty full-length films.

An evaluation of Brazilian cinema from the artistic point of view shows that it is more advanced

in its photography than in its acting or scenarios. It seems easier to get good sound and camera work than first-rate dramatic talent and really interesting scripts. Too many of our films consist of little more than locale plus actors; we fail to create a tradition which, seen with the eye of the camera, seems authentically Brazilian. In these terms, our best film by all odds has been *The Outlaw*, which in spite of historical inaccuracies and a kind of ingenuous exoticism, has stature. It is the only important Brazilian film which could not as well have been made in some other country; its beautiful music, dancing, and costumes, are typical of our northeastern region, which is extraordinarily rich in folklore.

Notable among Brazilian documentaries have been one by Lima Barreto on the work of our great colonial sculptor O Aleijadinho, and another by Barreto and Cavalcanti on Cândido Portinari's *Tiradentes*, the huge mural at the Cataguazes High School (designed by Oscar Niemeyer) in Minas Gerais. Cavalcanti, I might add, has expressed his views on the cinema, both as an art and an industry, in a most provocative book entitled *Films and Reality*.

As one reflects on the ideas of a gifted director like Cavalcanti and considers the energy and inventiveness of many others who are at work in various branches of the field, it seems obvious that if the financial problems of the industry can be solved the Brazilian cinema will one day win for itself the same international recognition which has been accorded to our contemporary painters, composers, and architects.

Translated by Margery Eliot

CHILDHOOD

by Carlos Drummond de Andrade

My father mounted his horse and rode away
into the country.
My mother stayed behind, sewing in her chair.
My little brother lay asleep.
I, a lonely child under the mango trees,
read the story of Robinson Crusoe,
a long story that never came to an end.

In the white sunlight of noontime a voice that
had learned
to sing us to sleep long ago in the slave quarters
— and had never been forgotten —
called us to coffee.
Coffee black as the old Negress herself
savory coffee,
good coffee.

My mother sat sewing,
looking at me:
— Hush . . . Don't wake the baby! —
at the cradle on which a mosquito had lit,
and sighed from the depths of her being.

Somewhere far off my father was exploring
the endless woods of the plantation.

And I never knew that my own story
was more beautiful than Robinson Crusoe's.

Translated by Dudley Poore

THE FUNNYMAN WHO REPENTED

A Story

by MONTEIRO LOBATO

I

FRANCISCO Teixeira de Souza Pontes, illegitimate scion of a Souza Pontes who owned some large Barreiro plantations, began to think seriously on life only upon reaching his thirty-second year.

A natural clown, he had used his comic gifts until then to make his way and provide him with home, food, clothing, and the rest. The currency he used in payment consisted of funny faces, jokes, stories about the English, and everything calculated to produce an effect on the facial muscles of the laughing animal commonly called man, by summoning him to chortle or break into guffaws.

He knew by heart the *Encyclopedia of Laughter and Merriment* by Fuão Pechincha, the most insipid author God ever let into this world; but Pontes' art was so fine that the most pointless tales received, when recounted by him, a special tang, enough to make his listeners froth at the mouth with pure joy.

He was a genius at imitating people or animals. The entire gamut of canine noises, from the baying at the wild boar, to the howling at the moon, and the rest, all these were molded in his mouth with such perfection that he could fool the dogs themselves — and even the moon.

He could also grunt like a pig, cackle like a hen, croak like a toad, scold like an old woman, whimper like a crybaby, call for silence like a congressman in power, or harangue like a patriot on the balcony. Faced with a favorable audience, what cry of biped

or quadruped could he not imitate to perfection?

On other occasions, he would hark back to pre-historic times. As he had received some education, when his listeners were not ignorant he would reconstruct for them the paleontological roar of extinct monsters — snarls of mastodons or the bellows made by colossal creatures at their first glimpse of hairy, apelike men lolling on tree ferns — a performance that would have greatly enhanced the lectures on fossils by our famous Barros Barreto.

On the street, if he ran across a group of friends standing on the corner, he would steal up behind and — bing! — he would deliver a slap with his wrist on the calf of the handiest leg. It was fun to witness the frightened leap and the startled exclamation of the unsuspecting victim, and, after that, the continuous laughter of the others, and of Pontes who guffawed in a manner all his own, a combination of the boisterous and musical as in Offenbach's operas. Pontes' laugh was a parody on the normal spontaneous laughter of a human being, presumably the only creature that could make that sound except a drunken fox; but he would suddenly stop, without being gradual about it, falling abruptly into a seriousness that was irresistibly funny.

In all his gestures and ways, in walking, reading, eating, in the most insignificant doings of life, this devilish fellow was different from all the others because he made them seem terribly ridiculous to one another. This reached such a point that merely to open his mouth or begin a gesture was sufficient to send all around him into spasms. Just his being present was enough. They hardly spied him before their faces were creased in smiles; if he made a move, ripples of laughter spread; if he opened his mouth, some roared, others loosened their belts, still others unbuttoned their vests. If he merely

MONTEIRO LOBATO (1883-1948) began life as a coffee planter and later became a writer, critic, and publisher, as well as Brazil's most beloved creator of children's stories. His collections of tales of the country people include *Urupês*, *Contos Pesados*, from which our tragicomic story is taken, and *Contos Leves*. His anthology, *Brazilian Short Stories*, has been published in English.

started to speak, Holy Mother! what outbursts, horselaughs, screams, chokings, snorts, and terrifying efforts to catch one's breath.

"That fellow Pontes is unbeatable!"

"Stop, man, you're killing me!"

The joker however wore an air of innocence on his idiotic face. "But I'm not doing anything. I didn't even open my lips."

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" the whole company shouted, tears streaming down their cheeks as they shook in spasms of uncontrollable laughter.

With the passing of time the mere mention of his name was enough to kindle boisterous merriment. If anybody uttered the word "Pontes," the round of snorting hilarity was set going, the noise by which man rises superior to the animals that don't laugh.

In this manner Pontes lived along in his early thirties in the midst of a smiling parabola, as it were, himself laughing and making others laugh, and never thinking of anything serious — the life of a sponger who exchanges funny grimaces for his meals and pays his small debts with a currency of excellent jokes.

A merchant to whom he owed some money said to him one day amidst sputters of laughter, "You at least are amusing — not like Major Sourpuss, who lets his bills go unpaid with a frown."

This left-handed compliment vexed our joker, more or less; but his debt amounted to fifteen *mil-reis*, and it seemed better to swallow the taunt. However, the memory of that prick stuck in his mind like a pin in the cushion of his self-respect. Later on he felt the pins stick into him more and more, some lightly, others right up to their heads.

In the end, he couldn't take it any longer. Fed up with the life he was leading, our playboy began to reflect on the pleasure of being taken seriously, of speaking and being heard without the exertion of facial muscles, of gesturing without breaking down the composure of friends, of walking along a street without hearing on his trail a chorus of "Here comes Pontes!" shouted in tones of people doubled up in bursts of merriment or all prepared to let out huge belly-laughs.

Reacting to this, Pontes tried to be serious.

Catastrophe.

Pontes, now harping on a sober string, naturally fell into the English style of humor. Whereas before he had figured as a diverting clown, now he was considered even more amusing as Gloomy Gus.

2

THE resounding success of what everybody imagined to be a new facet of his comic gifts made more morose the soul of our repentant joker. Was it then fated that he would never be able to strike out afresh on a road different from the one he had followed and which he now hated? Laugh, clown, laugh, that is thy destiny.

But the life of an adult has its solemn requirements, calling for gravity and dignity not so essential in the immature years. The most modest position in an office, the job of simple town selectman, demands the facial steadiness of at least some idiot who doesn't laugh. One just can't imagine a boisterous city father. Rabelais's dictum has one exception: laughter is common to all the human species except to city aldermen.

With accumulating years, his judgment matured, his self-respect steadied, and parasitic meals began to taste sour. His currency of tricks seemed harder to coin; he could no longer cast it with wonted freshness, for he was using it now for a livelihood and not for idle relaxation as formerly. In his mind he compared himself to a circus clown, old and ailing, whom poverty forces to make funny faces out of his rheumatic pains because the paying public enjoys them.

He began to avoid people, and spent several months studying the changes necessary in him for the attainment of an honest job. He thought of being a counter salesman, or working in some factory, or being foreman of a plantation, or possibly opening up a bar — for anything seemed preferable to the comic foolishness of his present life.

One day, his plans well advanced, he decided to change his way of living. He went to a business friend and earnestly explained his wish to mend his ways, ending by asking him for a job in his firm, even if only as sweeper. Hardly had he finished his statement when his Portuguese friend, and those who were watching them nearby waiting for the point of the joke, all broke out into loud guffaws as if someone were tickling them.

"That's a good one! It's the best he has pulled off! Ha! Ha! Ha! So that now . . . Ha! Ha! Ha! You're killing me, man! If you're thinking of what you owe me for tobacco, forget it, for I've got my money's worth. That Pontes is full of tricks."

And the clerks, the customers, the idlers at the counters and even the passers-by halted on the sidewalk in front to enjoy the joke, and made the air quiver with their roars like the beat of a rattle, till their diaphragms ached.

Perturbed and insistently solemn, Pontes tried to make them understand they were wrong.

"I'm speaking seriously and you don't have the right to laugh at me. For the love of God, don't make sport of a poor man who is begging you for a job and who doesn't want your laughs."

The merchant loosened the belt of his trousers. "He's speaking seriously, pff! Ha! Ha! Ha! Look, Pontes, you . . ."

Pontes walked out on him in the middle of his sentence and went off, his soul torn between despair and anger. This was too much. So society was rejecting him? Was he condemned to remain frozen forever in his comic mold?

He visited other firms, explained as best he could,

implored. But his act was judged by unanimous agreement as one of the neatest tricks of an incorrigible joker. Many persons repeated the usual comment: "That devil of a fellow refuses to change his ways! And yet, he is no longer a child . . ."

Thwarted in his commercial quest, he turned toward agriculture. He sought out a ranch owner who had discharged his foreman and explained his situation to him.

After listening attentively to his statements, followed by the request to get the foreman's place, the Colonel exploded in a hilarious burst, "Pontes the foreman! Sh! Sh! Sh!"

"But . . ."

"Let me laugh, man, for I don't often get the chance here in the backwoods. Sh! Sh! Sh! That's a good one! I've always said that for making jokes, Pontes, old boy, there's no one your equal!"

And bellowing into the house, "Maricota, come out here and listen to this new one of Pontes. It's a scream! Sh! Sh! Sh!"

On that day our unhappy joker wept. He finally understood that one cannot destroy in a twinkling what it has taken years to build. His reputation as the unexcelled life of the party, and as a joker unequalled and monumental, was built of lime too good and cement too hard to be overthrown suddenly.

3

YET he felt impelled to change his way of living. Pontes now turned his consideration toward a political job, for government is an accommodating employer, perhaps the only one approachable under the circumstances; it is impersonal, it has nothing to do with laughter and doesn't even know intimately the separate units that make it up. Such an employer alone would take him seriously — yes, the road to salvation led that way.

He examined the possibility of serving in the post office, or the Department of Justice, or with the tax collector, and all the rest. Weighing the pros and cons carefully, with all the trumps in the deck, he fixed his choice upon the Federal Internal Revenue Office, whose head, Major Bentes, would probably not last long because of his age and a heart ailment. There was talk about his aneurism or tumor in an artery that might burst any time.

Pontes' ace card was a relative in Rio, a wealthy fellow able to exert political pressure if certain changes in the government took place. Pontes followed him around and did so much to win him over to his idea that his relative finally dismissed him with a formal promise.

"Don't worry, for if I get the break I expect in the government and your collector's artery explodes opportunely, nobody is ever going to laugh at you again. Now get along, and tell me when your man dies, and don't wait for his corpse to get cold."

Pontes returned home radiant with hope and

patiently awaited the movement of events, one eye on politics and the other on the tumor that was to provide his salvation.

The political crisis came first; ministers fell, others replaced them, and among the latter a party big-shot who was associated with Pontes' relative. The road now was half traveled. Just the second part remained.

Unfortunately, the Major's health seemed steady, affording no evident signs of an early decline. In the opinion of the doctors who killed patients allopathically, the tumor was a dangerous thing that might burst under the slightest strain. But the surly old tax collector, thus warned, was in no hurry to depart for a better world, leaving behind a life for which the fates had provided plenty of comfort and ease. He did his best therefore to doublecross his incurable malady by following a rigidly methodical regimen. If some violent effort was to kill him, they needn't worry, he just wouldn't make such an effort.

Naturally, Pontes, already mentally the occupant of that sinecure, became impatient with this unsettling stalemate to his project. How was he going to remove this obstacle from his path? He studied up in the Chernoviz medical volumes the chapters on tumors, in fact memorized them; he went about investigating all that was said or written on the subject; he began to know more about it than Dr. Iodope, the local physician, of whom it may be reported here confidentially that he never knew anything at all in his whole life.

Having thus bitten into this tempting apple of science, Pontes was gradually led to the notion that he might hurry the man's death by helping him to burst. Any exertion would kill him? Very well then, Souza Pontes would bring him to make that exertion.

"A burst of laughter is an exertion," he reflected satanically to himself. "A sudden guffaw could kill. Well, I'm an expert at making people laugh . . ."

Pontes passed many days in seclusion, holding a mental dialogue with the serpent of his temptation.

"Is it a crime? No! According to what code is it criminal to cause laughter? If a man should die of it, the blame should fall on his weak aorta."

The mind of our evildoer became a battlefield where his plan fought a duel against all the objections sent against it by his conscience. His embittered ambition served as judge and God knows how many times said judge prevaricated, influenced by scandalous partiality for one of the contending parties.

As was to be expected, the serpent won and Pontes emerged once more into society a bit more lean, with hollows under his eyes, yet with a queer light of victorious resolution shining in them. Also noticeable to those who looked at him with penetration was the nervousness of his manner — but

penetration was not an abundant virtue among his fellow citizens, and moreover the state of mind of a Pontes was a matter of no significance.

The future officeholder now began to forge careful plans for his campaign. First it was necessary to make contact with Major Bentes, a man who lived a retired life and was very little given to idle conversation; then to insinuate himself into his intimacy; study his whims and hobbies until he found in what part of his anatomy was located his heel of Achilles.

He began to frequent regularly the collector's office under various pretexts, now for stamps on documents, again for information concerning taxes, anything that served as an opportunity for a bit of clever skillful conversation intended to undermine the old man's hostility.

He even went there on the business of other people, to pay excise taxes, obtain permits, and errands of the sort; he made himself very useful to friends who had dealings with the Treasury.

The Major was astonished at the frequency of his visits and told him so but Pontes parried this remark by inventing masterful pretexts and persisted in his well-calculated plan of letting time take its course in wearing down the sharp angles of his acquaintance of the weak heart.

By the end of two months Bentes had become accustomed to that lively "chipmunk," as he nicknamed Pontes, who after all seemed to him a kind-hearted fellow, eager to be of service and quite inoffensive. It was only a step from that point to the time when he asked Pontes to help him out on a day when the work had piled up, and again after that, and even once more. This development finally made Pontes a sort of unofficial associate in his department. For certain services, there was no one like him. What industry! What subtlety! What tact! On scolding one of his clerks once, the Major held up Pontes' diplomacy as an example and a reprimand. "You big idiot! Learn from Pontes who is skillful in everything and who is witty into the bargain."

On that same day he invited him to dinner. Great was the exultation in the heart of Pontes! The fortress was opening its doors to him.

That meal marked the beginning of a series of movements in which the "chipmunk," now an indispensable factotum, had a free field for his tactics.

Yet Major Bentes appeared invulnerable. He never laughed, but limited his manifestations of hilarity to ironic smiles. A jest that forced other table companions to get up from their chairs and stuff their napkins in their mouths, hardly did more than bring a curl to the Major's lips. And if the humor was not of extraordinary keenness, he used to humble the narrator without pity. "That's an old joke, Pontes. You'll find it in the Laemmer almanac for 1850; I remember reading it."

Pontes smiled meekly, but within himself he took comfort with the reflection that if he hadn't caught him that time, he would catch him some other time.

4

ALL his sagacity was focused now on the single goal of sounding out the weakness of the Major. Every man has some preference for a certain type of humor or satire. One is fond of licentious tales about fat friars. Another dotes on good-humored jests connected with German folk songs. Another would sell his life for a tale with Gallic spice. The Brazilian adores satire which exposes the boorish stupidity of the natives of Portugal or the Azores.

But the Major? Well, he didn't laugh at humor served English fashion, nor German, nor French, nor even Brazilian. What was his type?

A systematic exploration, with the exclusion of humorous types proven ineffective, brought Pontes to the realization of the special weakness of his tough adversary; the Major licked his fingers for tales about Englishmen and friars. However, it was necessary for these to be worked in together. Separately, they missed fire. Such are the peculiarities of an old man. Whenever in the same story, beef-eating, ruddy Englishmen, in checkered suits, with cork helmets, formidable boots, with a pipe in their mouths, figured together with chubby friars, addicted to pipes and to feminine flesh, there and then the Major would actually open his mouth and interrupt the process of chewing, like a child who is being enticed with coconut candy. And when the point of the joke was sprung, he would laugh with pleasure, frankly, although without any abandonment endangering his state of health.

With infinite patience, Pontes banked on this sole type of humor and never left it for any other. He increased his repertory, regulated the dosage of wit and malice, and systematically bombarded the Major's aorta with the products of a skillful combination.

When the story was lengthy because the narrator embellished it to delay and conceal the ending or heighten its effect, the old man showed his quickened interest and during the cleverly placed pauses he would ask for clarification or for the rest of the story. "Well, how about that rascal of a befeater? What happened then? Did Mister John whistle?"

Although the fatal guffaw was slow in coming, the future tax collector did not despair, trusting in the fable about the pitcher that went to the water so often that it finally cracked. His plan was really not too bad. Psychology was working for him — and also Lent.

On a certain occasion toward the end of the Carnival, the Major gathered his friends around an enormous stuffed fish presented to him by one of his colleagues. The Carnival sports had enlivened the spirits of his table companions as well as those of

their host, who on that day was contented with himself and the world, as if he had beheld some extraordinary marvel. The odors of cooking coming from the kitchen took the place of liquid appetizers and called forth upon all faces an expression of gastronomic anticipation.

When the fish was brought in the Major's eyes sparkled. He doted on excellent fish, all the more when cooked by his faithful Gertrude. And at that banquet Gertrude surpassed herself in the seasoning which excelled the limits of the culinary art and rose to lyrical heights. What a fish! Vatel would have signed it himself with the pen of his helplessness moistened in the ink of envy, one of the clerks remarked, an observation read in Brillat-Savarin and in other artists of the palate.

Amidst swallows of strong but inferior wine, the fish was gradually being inserted into stomachs with appreciative fervor. No one dared to break the silence of this alimentary blissfulness.

Pontes felt that this was the opportune moment for his final blow. He had prepared a story about an Englishman, his wife, and two Franciscan friars, an anecdote that he had elaborated by the effort of the best gray matter in his brain, perfecting it during long nights of insomnia. For a number of days he had his trap all set, always awaiting the right occasion when everything would co-operate to obtain for him the maximum result.

This was the final hope of our villain, his last cartridge. If it misfired, he was resolved to put two bullets into his own brain. He realized it was impossible to contrive a more ingenious explosive than this story. If the sick artery resisted this shock, then the so-called tumor was a fake, the aorta a figment of the imagination, the Chernoviz medical disquisition a stream of nonsense, medicine a failure, Dr. Iodope an ass, and he, Pontes, the most complete simpleton ever warmed by the sun — and therefore unfit to live.

Thus Pontes meditated, gazing appealingly with the eyes of psychology, on his intended victim, when the Major met him halfway; he blinked his left eye, a sign that he was all set to listen.

"Here goes now," thought our bandit; and with peerless naturalness, picking up as if by chance a bottle of sauce, he began to read the label. "Perrins: Lea and Perrins. I wonder if he can be a relative of that Lord Perrins who tricked two Franciscan friars?"

Intoxicated by the delicious fish, the Major's eyes sparkled with a lustful light of greediness for a spicy story. "Two friars and a lord! This story must be A-1. Tell it to us, chipmunk." And chewing unconsciously, he became absorbed in the fateful tale.

The anecdote ran along craftily, combining the usual threads of events until the denouement was near. It was related with a masterly art, clear and precise, in a strategic development full of genius.

Halfway toward the end, the plot had the old man so spellbound that it held him in suspense, his mouth half-open, an olive stuck on his fork stopped in mid-air. A readiness to burst out laughing — now held in check but eager to explode — a roaring laugh about to erupt, illuminated his face.

Pontes hesitated. He foresaw the bursting of the artery. For an instant his conscience put a brake on his tongue, but Pontes kicked it aside and with a steady voice pulled the trigger.

Major Antonio Pereira da Silva Bentes let forth the first guffaw in his life, a loud resounding roar that could be heard to the end of the street, a bellow like that of Carlyle's Teufelsdröckh facing Jean Paul Richter. It was his first, to be sure, but also his last, for in the midst of it his astounded companions saw him slump face down over his plate, as a jet of blood reddened the tablecloth.

The assassin rose, hallucinated. Taking advantage of the confusion, he slipped out into the street like a second Cain. He hid himself in his house, bolting the door of his room; his teeth chattered all night long, his perspiration ran cold. The slightest noise filled him with terror. Could it be the police?

It took weeks for that agitation of his soul to begin to calm down. Everybody attributed his indisposition to his sorrow over the death of his friend. Nevertheless, his eyes constantly beheld the same vision: the collector slumped over his plate, his mouth spurting blood, while in the air there echoed that shriek of his last laughter.

While he was in this depressed frame of mind, he received a letter from his Rio relative. Among other things, this influential person wrote: "As you didn't notify me in time according to our understanding, it was only through the newspapers that I found out about the death of Bentes. I went to the Minister but it was too late, the name of a successor had already been selected. Your carelessness made you lose the best chance in your life. Keep in mind for your guidance this Latin dictum: *'tarde venientibus ossa'*, whoever arrives late finds only bones' — and be more alert in the future."

5

ONE month later Pontes was found hanging from a beam, stiff, his tongue out. He had strangled himself with the leg of a pair of drawers.

When the news spread in the city, everyone was amused by this detail. The Portuguese department-store owner passed this comment before his clerks: "What a funny fellow he was! Even at his death he thinks up a prank. To hang oneself on one's drawers! That's a trick that only Pontes could pull off."

And the group around him echoed in chorus a half-dozen "Ha! Ha!"s — the sole epitaph granted by society to poor Pontes.

Translated by Harry Kurz

A CHRONOLOGY OF BRAZILIAN HISTORY

1494: Portugal acquires the eastern portion of present-day Brazil by the Treaty of Tordesillas.

1500: The navigator Pedro Alvares Cabral sights Brazil and claims it for Portugal.

1532: Colonists led by Martim Afonso de Sousa found the first permanent settlement at São Vicente, near Santos. Brazilwood becomes profitable.

1538: The first cargo of African slaves arrive to work on sugar plantations.

1549: The new territory is brought under direct Portuguese control with the appointment of the first Governor General, Thomé de Sousa, at Bahia. With him arrive colonists and the first Jesuits in the New World.

1557-67: The French under Villegaignon occupy the harbor of Rio de Janeiro but are eventually driven out by the Portuguese who found a settlement there.

1580-1640: After King Sebastian of Portugal dies in Africa fighting the Moors, his Empire falls to Spain. Independence is restored under the House of Braganza.

1624-1654: The Dutch West India Company occupies the sugar-growing district of Pernambuco and remains there for thirty years. Enlightened government of Prince Maurice of Nassau. Franz Post and Albert Eckhout paint their meticulously accurate landscapes.

1693-1727: Gold and diamonds are discovered in the central provinces, hence Minas Gerais (general mines).

1759: The Jesuits are banned from Brazil.

1763: The capital is moved from Bahia to Rio de Janeiro.

c. 1770-1810: O Aleijadinho (the "Little Cripple") carves the monumental figures for churches in Minas Gerais.

1789: A liberal conspiracy, inspired by the French Enlightenment and the American Revolution, is crushed in the State of Minas Gerais. Its leader, Tiradentes, is hanged and others are exiled to Portuguese Africa.

1798-1808: Creative years of José Maurício Nunes Garcia, the "father of Brazilian music."

1808: The Prince Regent, the future João VI of Portugal, and his court, escorted by the British fleet, take refuge in Brazil from the Napoleonic invasion. Liberal reforms and cultural development ensue.

1815: Brazil is elevated to equal status with Portugal and declared an integral part of the Monarchy.

1821: João VI returns to Portugal, leaving his son Pedro as Prince Regent.

1822: José Bonifácio de Andrada e Silva is the political Patriarch of Independence. Dom Pedro refuses to return to Portugal and proclaims the independence of Brazil September 7; crowned Emperor one month later.

1824: A qualifiedly liberal constitution grants Emperor Pedro I discretionary "moderate" power. A revolt of the northern provinces is quickly suppressed.

1825-30: Uruguay gains independence from Brazil.

1831: Pedro I is forced to abdicate in favor of his five-year-old son, Pedro II.

1841: Pedro II is crowned Emperor.

1845: General Luís Alves de Lima e Silva, later Duke of Caxias, Brazil's most revered soldier, brings peace to the rebellious central and southern provinces. A pattern is set for military support of constitutional formulas.

c. 1850: Coffee begins to dominate the economy.

1850: The Queiroz Law prohibits the further importation of Negro slaves and is completely enforced within the next three years.

1854: A railway starts operating between Rio de Janeiro and Petrópolis.

1864-70: Brazil with Argentina and Uruguay wins a costly and bloody war against Paraguay's dictator López.

1870: The Republican Party is formed. Carlos Gomes' opera, *Il Guarani*, has its triumphant première at La Scala Theater in Milan.

1871: The Rio Branco Act declares that all children born of slave mothers are free.

1876: Pedro II opens the Philadelphia Centennial.

1885: Large-scale immigration begins, notably from Italy, for work in the coffee fields and industry.

1888: Princess Isabel, while the Emperor is in Europe, abolishes slavery without compensation to owners.

1889: Pedro II is deposed. Positivist theories of Auguste Comte fostered by Benjamin Constant Botelho de Magalhães, mathematics professor in military college, inspire establishment of Republic. General Deodoro da Fonseca becomes President.

1891: The National Assembly promulgates a Constitution, largely the work of Ruy Barbosa, modeled on that of the United States.

1894: The first civilian President, Prudente José de Moraes Barros, is elected to office.

1897: The classic novelist, Machado de Assis, becomes founder of the Brazilian Academy of Letters.

1902: Euclides da Cunha publishes his epic of a politico-religious uprising, *Os Sertões* (Rebellion in the Backlands).

1903: Acre Territory acquired from Bolivia for an indemnity and agreement to construct the Madeira-Mamoré railroad.

1903-09: Dr. Oswaldo Cruz frees Rio of yellow fever.

1905: Joaquim Nabuco is appointed first Ambassador to the United States.

1917: Brazil declares war on Germany.

1922: São Paulo is rocked by "Modern Art Week," sponsored by Brazil's young artists and writers.

1929: The world collapse of the coffee market sets off financial and political disorders.

1930: After losing the presidential election, Getúlio Vargas is placed in power through the support of the States of Rio Grande do Sul and Minas Gerais.

1932: The State of São Paulo unsuccessfully revolts against the Vargas regime, in an effort to return to constitutional guarantees.

1934: A new Constitution is promulgated giving the central government greater power and providing advanced social legislation.

1937: Vargas sets aside the 1934 Constitution and proclaims a more centralized "New State." Work is begun on the Ministry of Education and Health Building in Rio de Janeiro.

1941: Brazil's most renowned artist, Cândido Portinari, paints murals for the Library of Congress.

1942: Brazil declares war on Italy and Germany.

1945: Vargas resigns under military pressure and General Eurico Gaspar Dutra is elected President. Heitor Villa-Lobos makes his first concert tour of the U.S.

1946: A new Constitution re-establishes bicameral legislation.

1950: Vargas is re-elected President.

1954: Following exposure of corruption in the government, President Vargas commits suicide August 24, and is succeeded by João Café Filho.

1955: Juscelino Kubitschek is elected President of Brazil, to assume office January 31, 1956.

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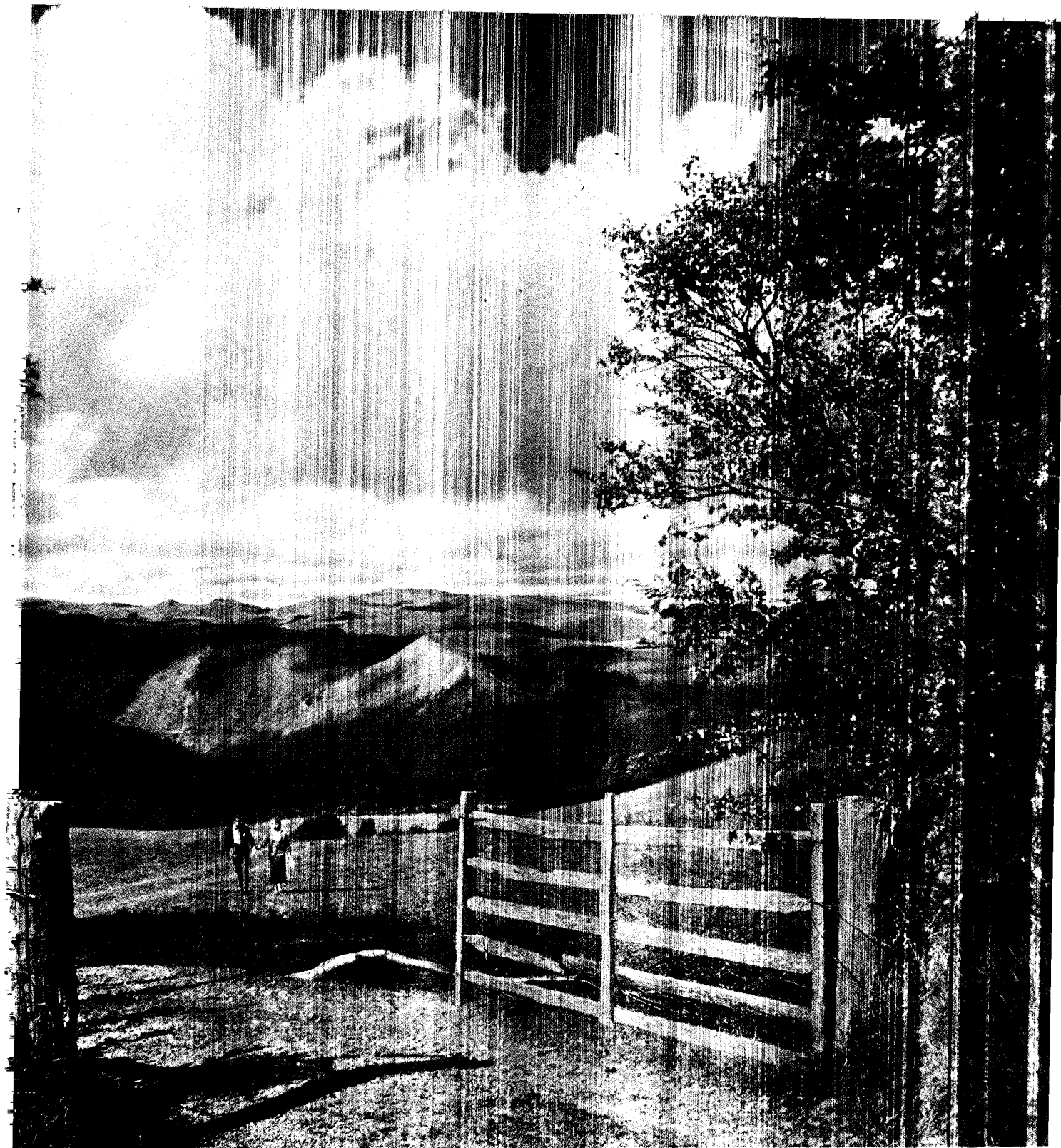
A GLOSSARY OF BRAZILIAN WORDS

- batuque*: a dance of African origin accompanied by percussion instruments.
- caboclo*: a Brazilian Indian or a person of Indian-white stock; also, a rural laborer or hillbilly.
- candomblé*: an Afro-Brazilian fetish cult (see *macumba*).
- Carioca*: pertaining to the city of Rio de Janeiro.
- chôro*: originally a serenade played by street musicians.
- conto*: one thousand *milréis*, or one thousand *cruzeiros*.
One conto was worth approximately \$280 before 1920, \$100 in the mid-twenties, \$50 during World War II. Its value is about \$15 on the free market today.
- cruzeiro*: the present unit of currency (replacing the *milréis*).
- gaúcho*: pertaining to the state of Rio Grande do Sul.
- guerrilheiro*: one who takes part in irregular warfare.
- macumba*: a fetish ceremony of African origin with Christian influence, featuring music and dance.
- maxixe*: a syncopated, urban dance.
- marcha de rancho*: a gay one-step popular at Carnival.
- matê*: an herb tea, popular in Southern Latin America.
- mestiço*: a person of mixed blood.
- milréis*: see *cruzeiro*, above.
- Mineiro*: pertaining to the state of Minas Gerais.
- Paulista*: pertaining to or native of the state of São Paulo.
- samba*: the most popular Carnival dance today.
- saudade*: a gentle nostalgia or longing for absent persons or things.
- seresta*: a serenade.
- sertanejo*: the common man of the *sertão*.
- sertão* (plural *sertões*): the backlands; often signifying the semi-arid Northeast.

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“Deuwch pan fynnoch, croeso pan ddeloch”

CRYPTIC? It's Cymric. Ask a Welshman to put it into English. He'll do more than that. He'll seem to *sing* it—“Come when you will, and welcome when you come!”

Yes, they speak *your* language, too, in Wales. But *differently*. Liltingly. With a charming “change of key” that you'll find reflected in everything you see.

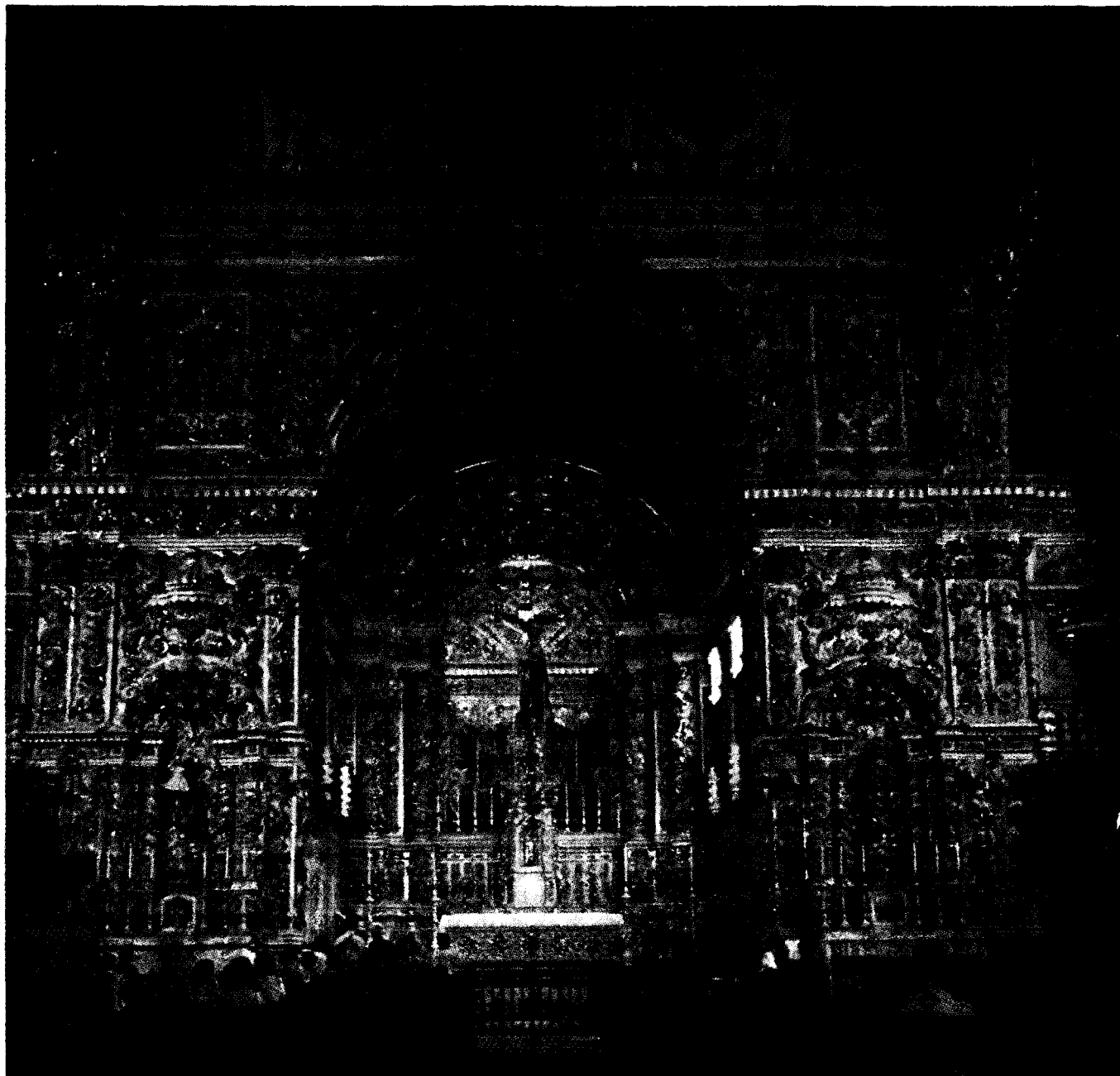
Wales is so easy to reach: less than six hours by train from London. But it gives you such a faraway feeling.

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The convent church of São Francisco, Bahia, Brasil

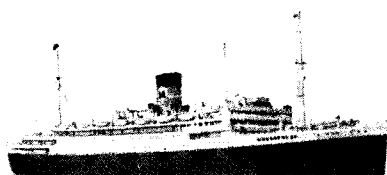
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